Chas. H. Gabbey.

# Millennial Revival

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,

MUSIC PUBLISHER,

LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE

# A SOUL WINNER FOR JESUS.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 19: 7.

J. W. F. J. W. FERRELL.

1. I want to be a soul win-ner For Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He does so much for me;
2. I want to be a soul win-ner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know;
3. I want to be a soul win-ner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down;

I want to aid the lost sinner To leave His erring way, And be from bondage free.
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Because He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."

CHORUS.

A soul..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul winner for Je - sus Christ, the Lord, A soul win-ner for Je - sus

Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ, the Lord, O let me be each day A soul win-ner for Je - sus

Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ, the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ, the Lord,

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# MILLENNIAL REVIVAL

FOR

## Revival, Church and General Use.

BY

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,

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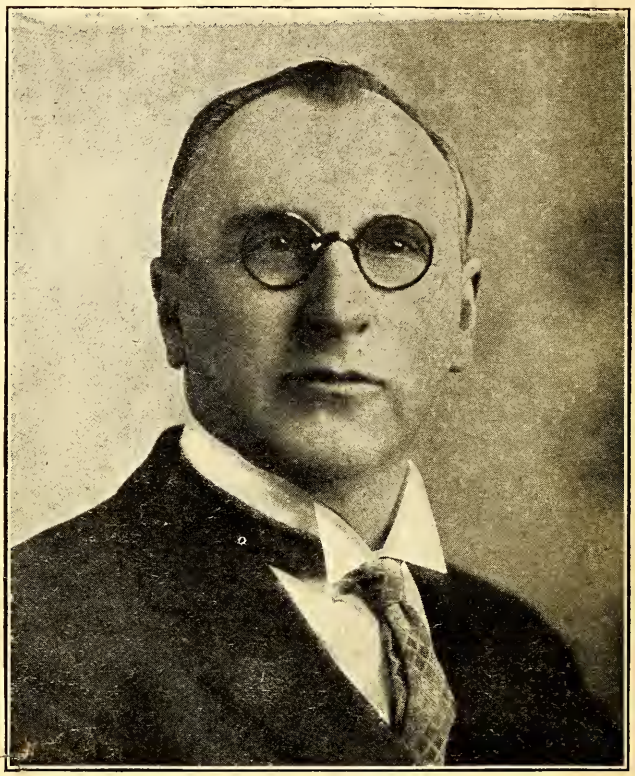
MUSIC PUBLISHER,

LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.

Published, 1928

# PREFACE.



JAMES D. VAUGHAN

In these last days, with the coming of our Lord so near, "even at the doors," and the glorious Millennium so rapidly approaching, let us pray earnestly that a mighty revival of "Old Time Religion" sweep over the earth to prepare the way for His coming.

This song book, MILLENNIAL REVIVAL, has been carefully edited, thanking and praising our heavenly Father that He has permitted us to live to see this day and to take part, in a small way, in the great work assigned to the Church in the world.

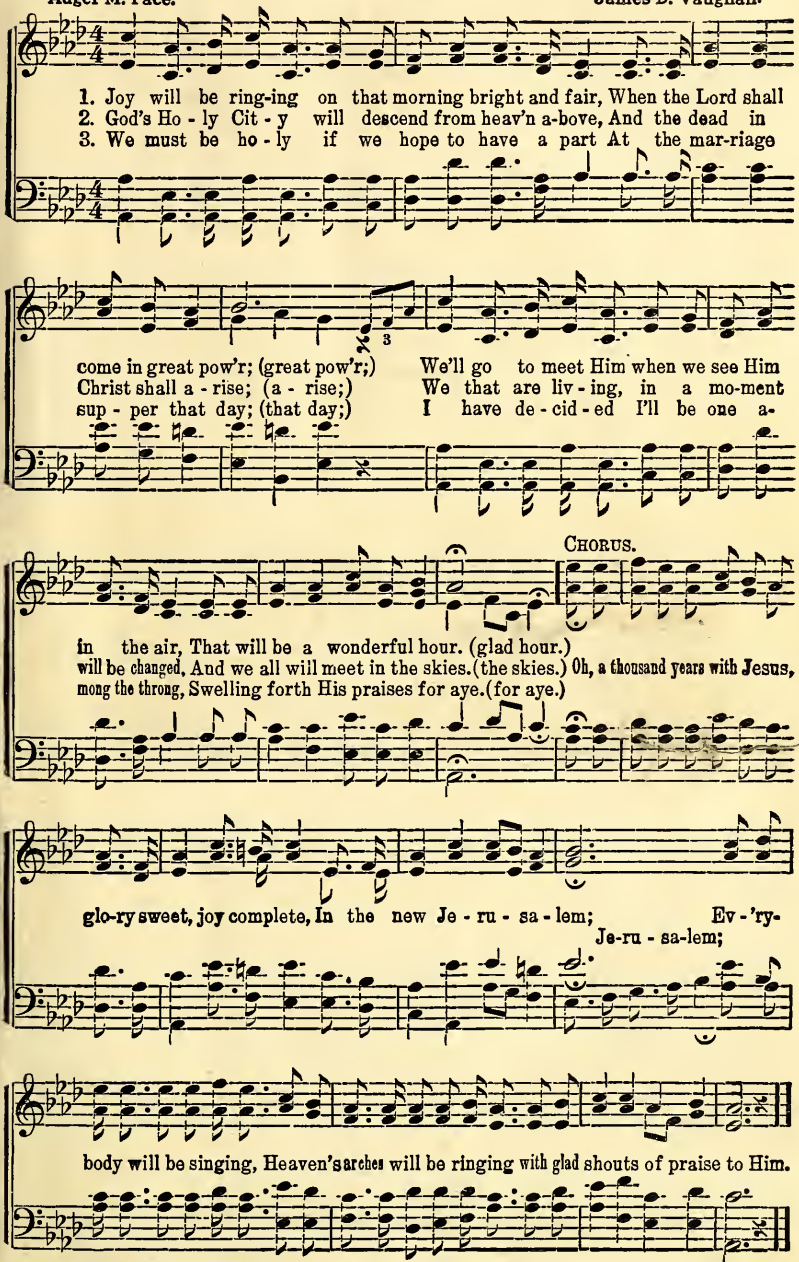
We would be glad to meet personally the millions of friends who have bought our books and sung our songs, but this is impossible, so we are sending the picture on this page, with greetings in the Master's name. We pray that you may all safely reach "the other side," and meet us at the Eastern Gate.

Finally, may we all be ready to meet our blessed Saviour in the air when He descends, gather with joy and gladness at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and return to live and reign with Him on this earth for a thousand years, and then, to all eternity.

*JAMES D. VAUGHAN*

# No. 1. MILLENNIAL PRAISE.

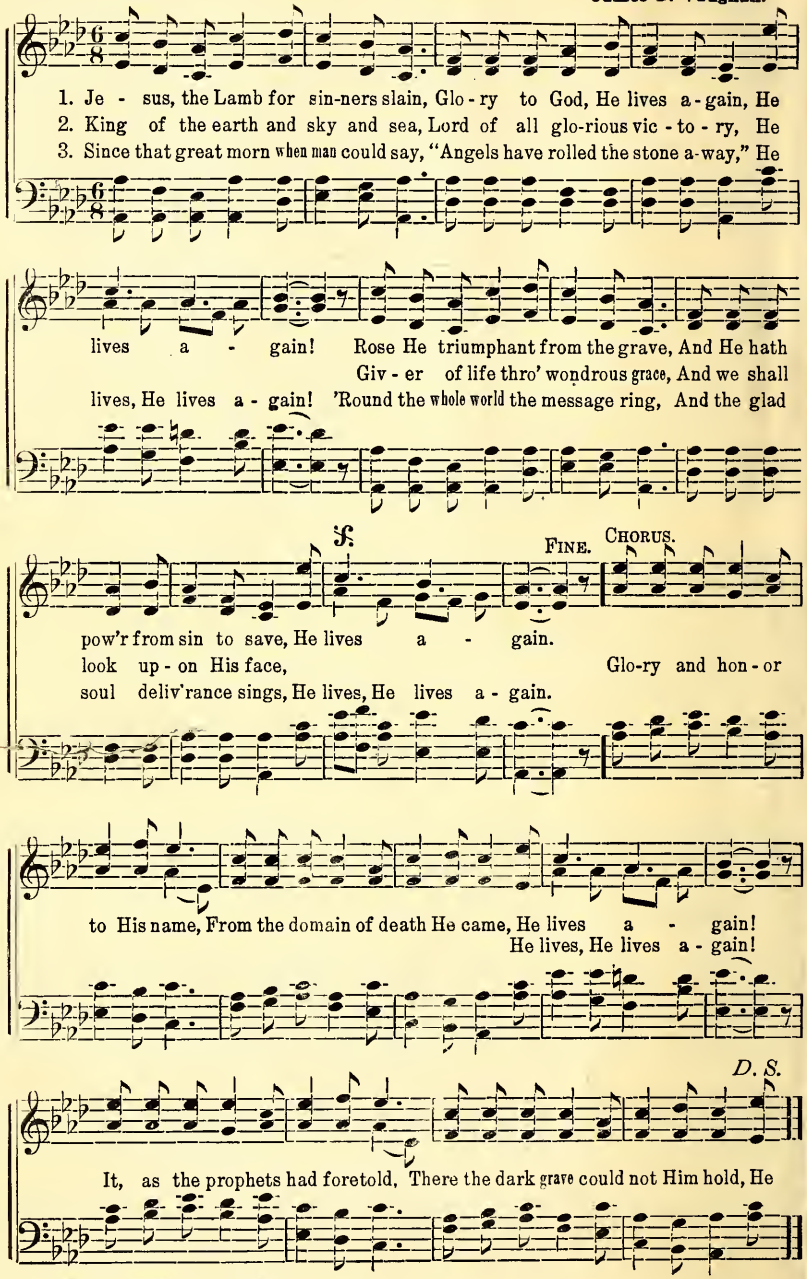
Adger M. Pace. James D. Vaughan.


1. Joy will be ring-ing on that morning bright and fair, When the Lord shall
2. God's Ho - ly Cit - y will descend from heav'n a-bove, And the dead in
3. We must be ho - ly if we hope to have a part At the mar-riage
come in great pow'r; (great pow'r;) We'll go to meet Him when we see Him
Christ shall a - rise; (a - rise;) We that are liv - ing, in a mo-ment
sup - per that day; (that day;) I have de - cid - ed I'll be one a-
CHORUS.
in the air, That will be a wonderful hour. (glad hour.)
will be changed, And we all will meet in the skies. (the skies.) Oh, a thousand years with Jesus,
mong the throng, Swelling forth His praises for aye. (for aye.)
glo-ry sweet, joy complete, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem; Ev - 'ry-
Je-ru - sa-lem;
body will be singing, Heaven's arches will be ringing with glad shouts of praise to Him.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1927.

No. 2. HE LIVES AGAIN.

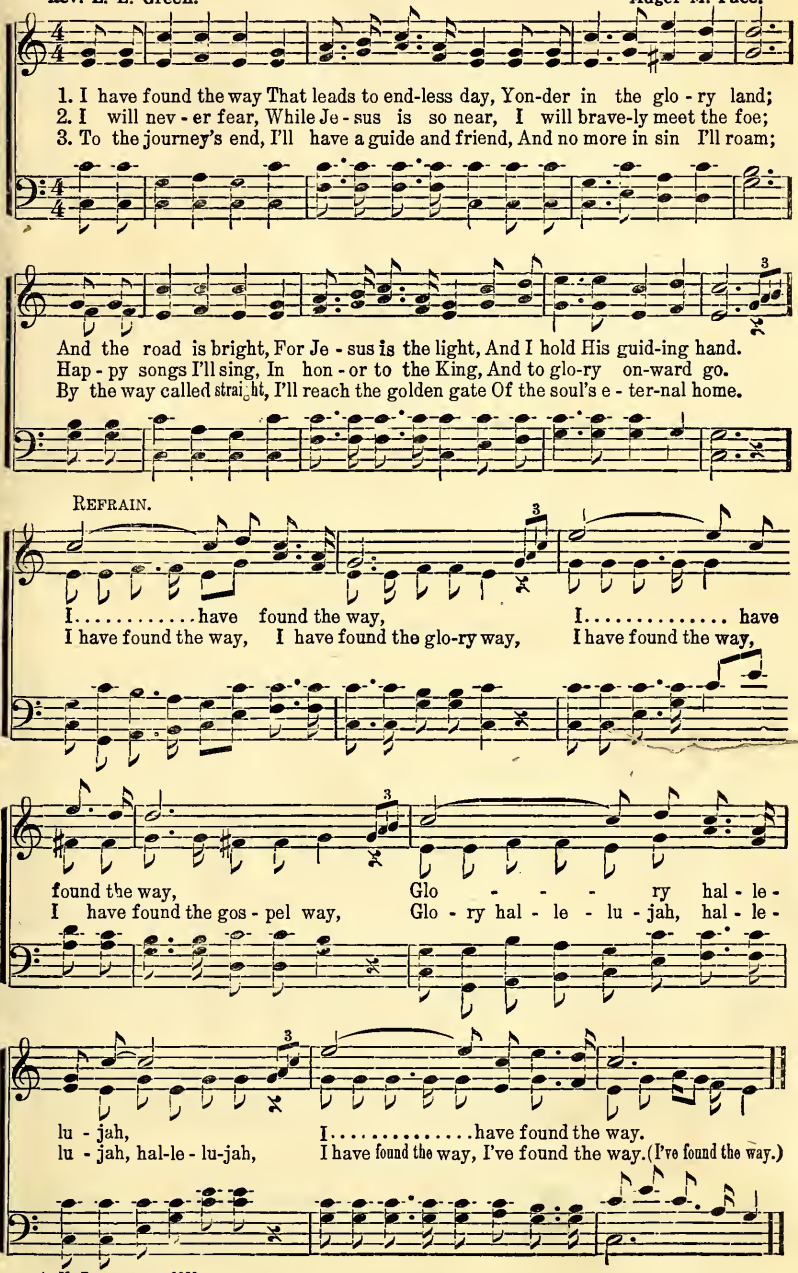
F. L. Eiland. James D. Vaughan.


1. Je - sus, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, Glo - ry to God, He lives a - gain, He
2. King of the earth and sky and sea, Lord of all glo-rious vic - to - ry, He
3. Since that great morn when man could say, "Angels have rolled the stone a-way," He
lives a - gain! Rose He triumphant from the grave, And He hath
Giv - er of life thro' wondrous grace, And we shall
lives, He lives a - gain! 'Round the whole world the message ring, And the glad
FINE.
CHORUS.
pow'r from sin to save, He lives a - gain.
look up - on His face, Glo-ry and hon - or
soul deliv'rance sings, He lives, He lives a - gain.
to His name, From the domain of death He came, He lives a - gain!
He lives, He lives a - gain!
D. S.
It, as the prophets had foretold, There the dark grave could not Him hold, He

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1928.

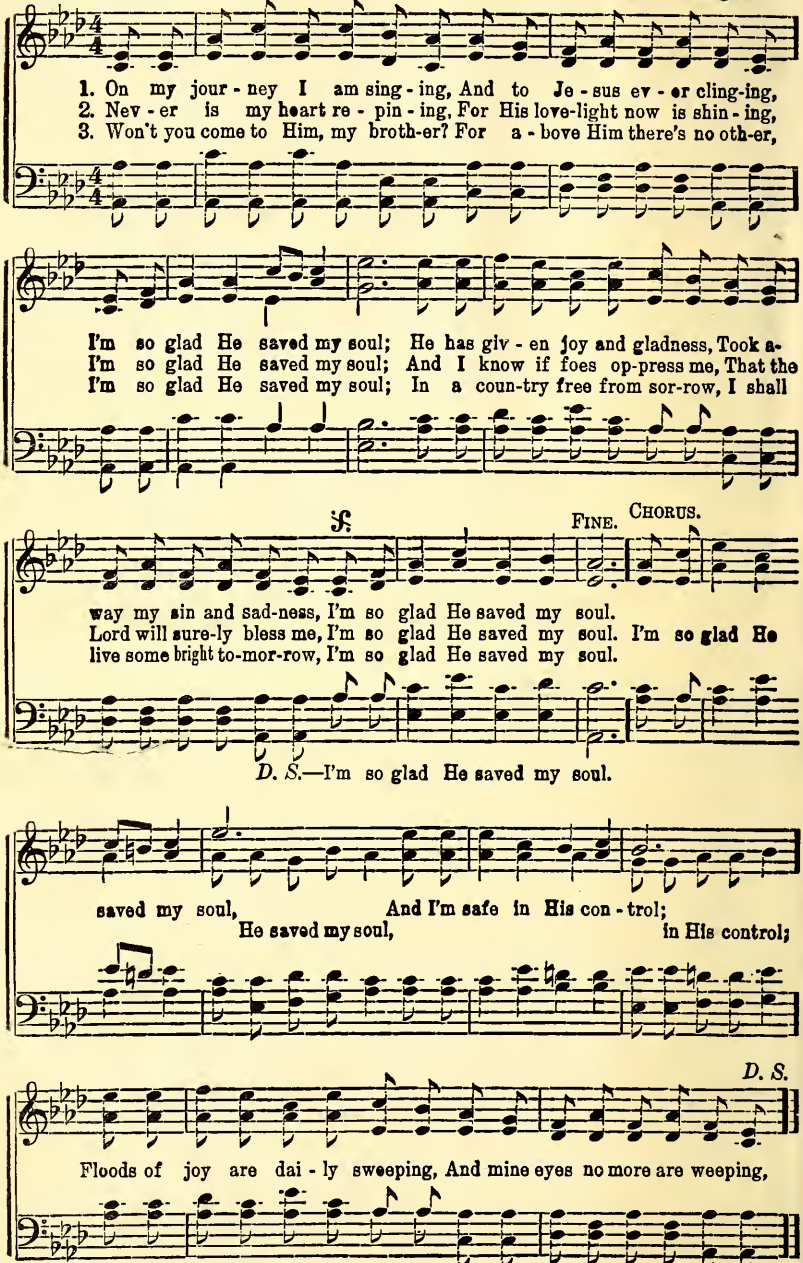
## No. 3. I HAVE FOUND THE WAY.

Rev. L. E. Green. Adger M. Pace.


1. I have found the way That leads to end-less day, Yon-der in the glo - ry land;
2. I will nev - er fear, While Je - sus is so near, I will brave-ly meet the foe;
3. To the journey's end, I'll have a guide and friend, And no more in sin I'll roam;
And the road is bright, For Je - sus is the light, And I hold His guid-ing hand.
Hap - py songs I'll sing, In hon - or to the King, And to glo-ry on-ward go.
By the way called straight, I'll reach the golden gate Of the soul's e - ter-nal home.
REFRAIN.
I.....have found the way, I.....have
I have found the way, I have found the glo-ry way, I have found the way,
found the way, Glo - - - - ry hal - le -
I have found the gos - pel way, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
lu - jah, I.....have found the way.
lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah, I have found the way, I've found the way. (I've found the way.)

A. M. Pace, owner, 1922.

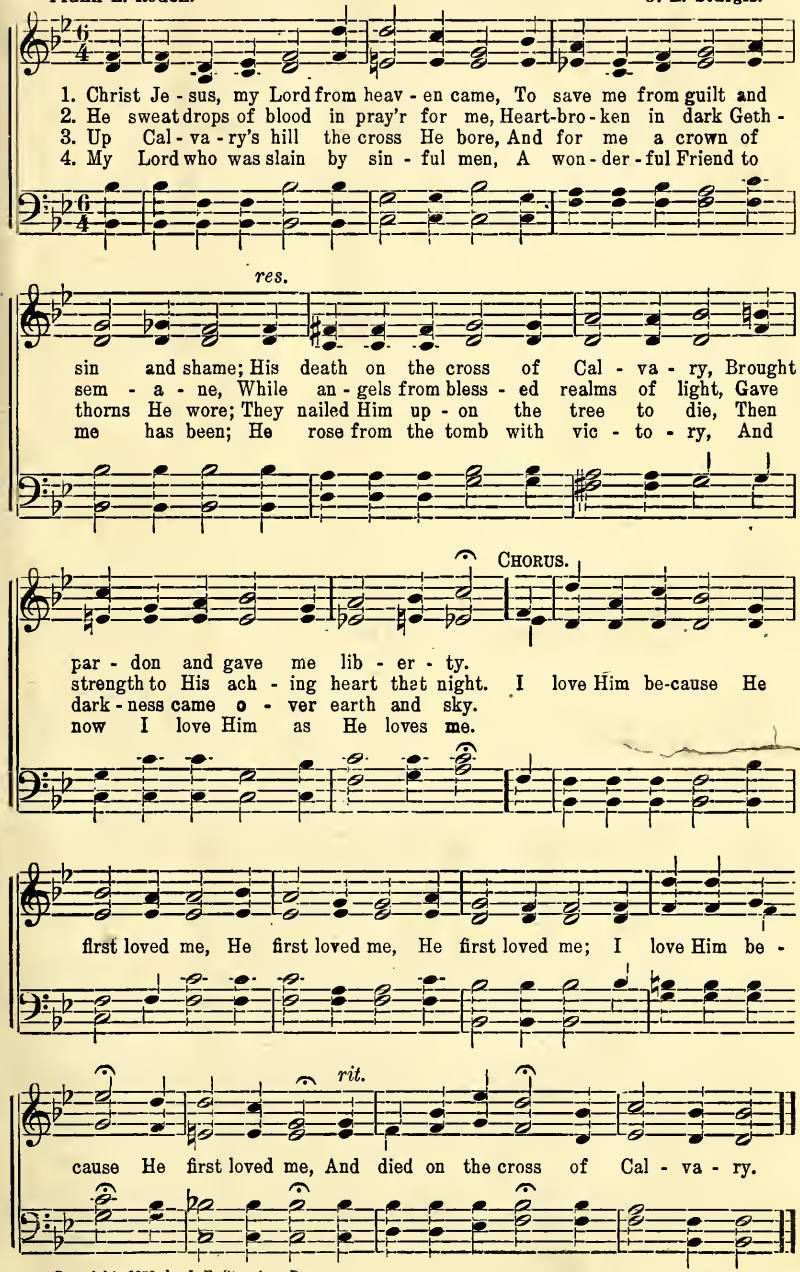
## No. 4. I'M SO GLAD HE SAVED MY SOUL.

Mrs. Clint Shelton. James D. Vaughan.

1. On my jour - ney I am sing - ing, And to Je - sus ev - er cling-ing,
2. Nev - er is my heart re - pin - ing, For His love-light now is shin - ing,
3. Won't you come to Him, my broth-er? For a - bove Him there's no oth-er,
I'm so glad He saved my soul; He has giv - en joy and gladness, Took a-
I'm so glad He saved my soul; And I know if foes op-press me, That the
I'm so glad He saved my soul; In a coun-try free from sor-row, I shall
Fine.
Chorus.
way my sin and sad-ness, I'm so glad He saved my soul.
Lord will sure-ly bless me, I'm so glad He saved my soul. I'm so glad He
live some bright to-mor-row, I'm so glad He saved my soul.
D. S.—I'm so glad He saved my soul.
saved my soul, And I'm safe in His con - trol;
He saved my soul, in His control;
D. S.
Floods of joy are dai - ly sweeping, And mine eyes no more are weeping,

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1925.

# No. 5. I LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

Frank E. Rouch. J. E. Sturgis.


1. Christ Je - sus, my Lord from heav - en came, To save me from guilt and
2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart-bro - ken in dark Geth -
3. Up Cal - va - ry's hill the cross He bore, And for me a crown of
4. My Lord who was slain by sin - ful men, A won - der - ful Friend to
rres.
sin and shame; His death on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Brought
sem - a - ne, While an - gels from bless - ed realms of light, Gave
thorns He wore; They nailed Him up - on the tree to die, Then
me has been; He rose from the tomb with vic - to - ry, And
CHORUS.
par - don and gave me lib - er - ty.
strength to His ach - ing heart that night. I love Him be-cause He
dark - ness came o - ver earth and sky.
now I love Him as He loves me.
first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be -
rit.
cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.

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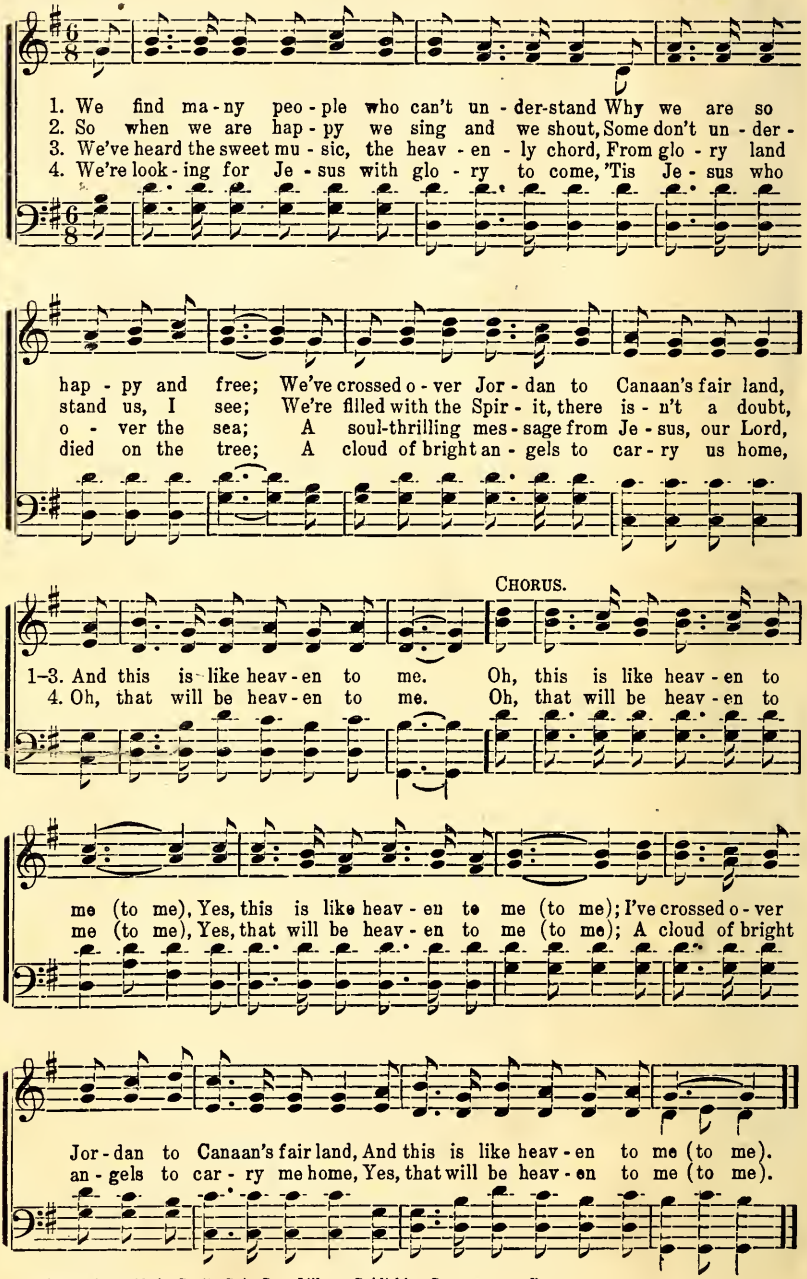
## No. 6. THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME.

J. E. F. J. E. French.

1. We find ma - ny peo - ple who can't un - der-stand Why we are so
2. So when we are hap - py we sing and we shout, Some don't un - der -
3. We've heard the sweet mu - sic, the heav - en - ly chord, From glo - ry land
4. We're look - ing for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis Je - sus who
hap - py and free; We've crossed o - ver Jor - dan to Canaan's fair land,
stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir - it, there is - n't a doubt,
o - ver the sea; A soul-thrilling mes - sage from Je - sus, our Lord,
died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry us home,
CHORUS.
1–3. And this is like heav - en to me. Oh, this is like heav - en to
4. Oh, that will be heav - en to me. Oh, that will be heav - en to
me (to me), Yes, this is like heav - en to me (to me); I've crossed o - ver
me (to me), Yes, that will be heav - en to me (to me); A cloud of bright
Jor - dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav - en to me (to me).
an - gels to car - ry me home, Yes, that will be heav - en to me (to me).

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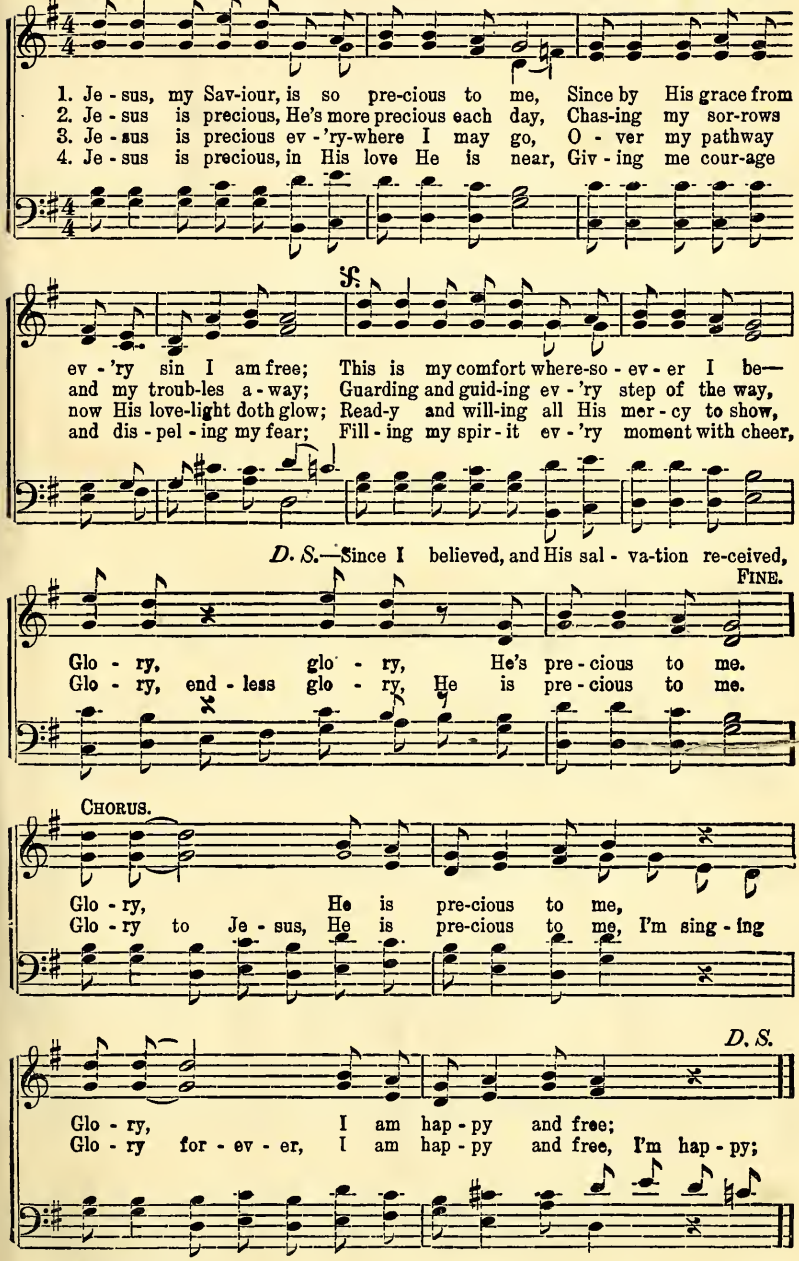
## No. 7. JESUS IS PRECIOUS TO ME.

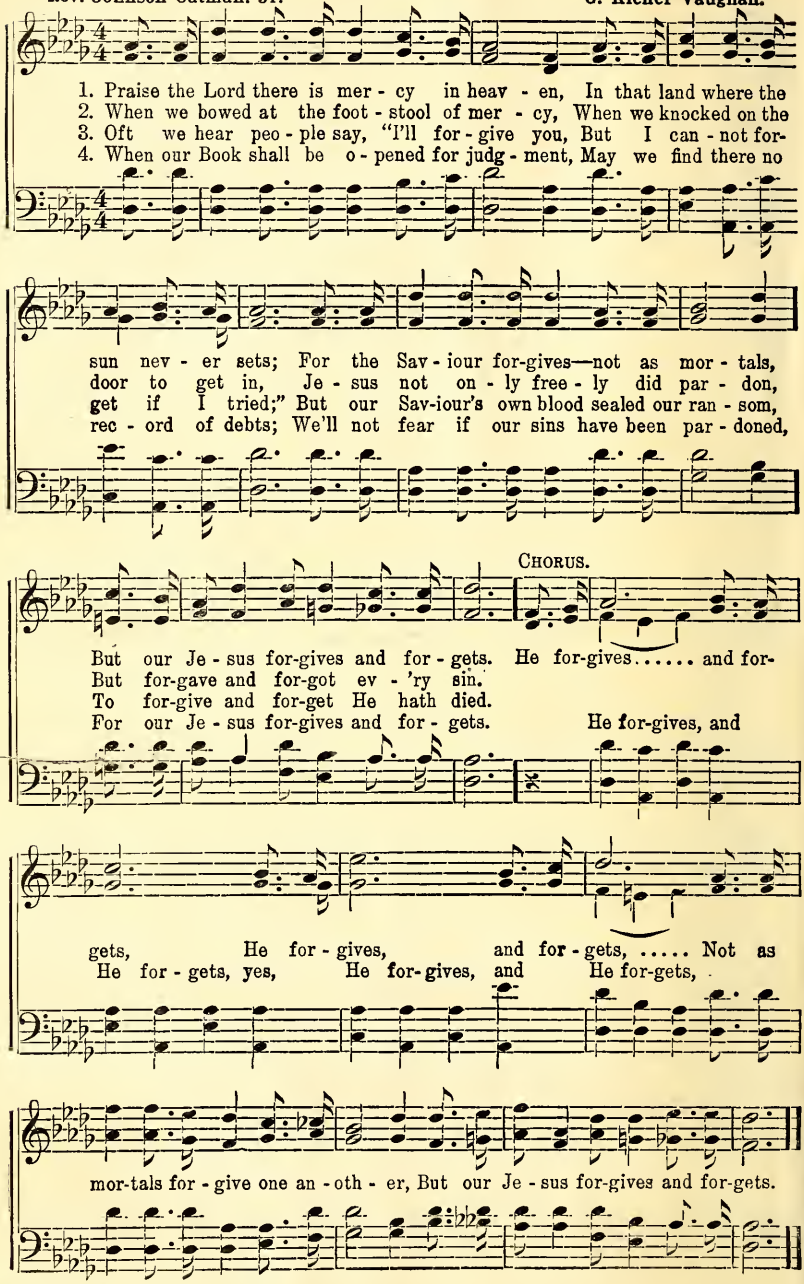
Rev. Alfred Barratt. Adger M. Pace.


1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is so pre-cious to me, Since by His grace from
2. Je - sus is precious, He's more precious each day, Chas-ing my sor-rows
3. Je - sus is precious ev - 'ry-where I may go, O - ver my pathway
4. Je - sus is precious, in His love He is near, Giv - ing me cour-age
f.
ev - 'ry sin I am free; This is my comfort where-so - ev - er I be—
and my troub-les a - way; Guarding and guid-ing ev - 'ry step of the way,
now His love-light doth glow; Read-y and will-ing all His mer - cy to show,
and dis - pel - ing my fear; Fill - ing my spir - it ev - 'ry moment with cheer,
D. S.—Since I believed, and His sal - va-tion re-ceived,
FINE.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, He's pre - cious to me.
Glo - ry, end - less glo - ry, He is pre - cious to me.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, He is pre-cious to me,
Glo - ry to Je - sus, He is pre-cious to me, I'm sing - ing
D. S.
Glo - ry, I am hap - py and free;
Glo - ry for - ev - er, I am hap - py and free, I'm hap - py;

A. M. Pace, owner, 1927.

No. 8. **JESUS FORGIVES AND FORGETS.**

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. G. Kieffer Vaughan.

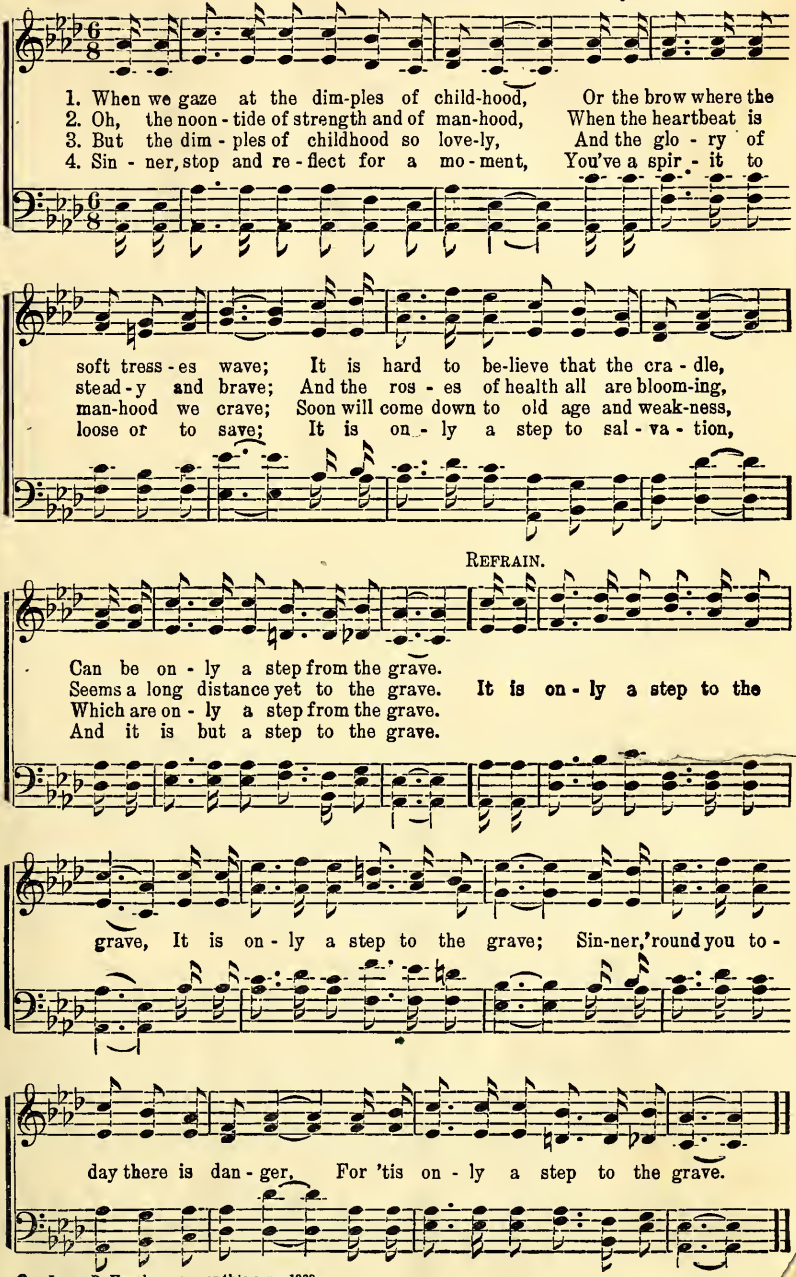

1. Praise the Lord there is mer - cy in heav - en, In that land where the
2. When we bowed at the foot - stool of mer - cy, When we knocked on the
3. Oft we hear peo - ple say, "I'll for - give you, But I can - not for-
4. When our Book shall be o - pened for judg - ment, May we find there no
sun nev - er sets; For the Sav - iour for-gives—not as mor - tals,
door to get in, Je - sus not on - ly free - ly did par - don,
get if I tried;" But our Sav-iour's own blood sealed our ran - som,
rec - ord of debts; We'll not fear if our sins have been par - doned,
CHORUS.
But our Je - sus for-gives and for - gets. He for-gives..... and for-
But for-gave and for-got ev - 'ry sin.
To for-give and for-get He hath died.
For our Je - sus for-gives and for - gets. He for-gives, and
gets, He for - gives, and for - gets, ..... Not as
He for - gets, yes, He for-gives, and He for-gets,
mor-tals for - give one an - oth - er, But our Je - sus for-gives and for-gets.

G. Kieffer Vaughan, owner, 1923.

No. 9.

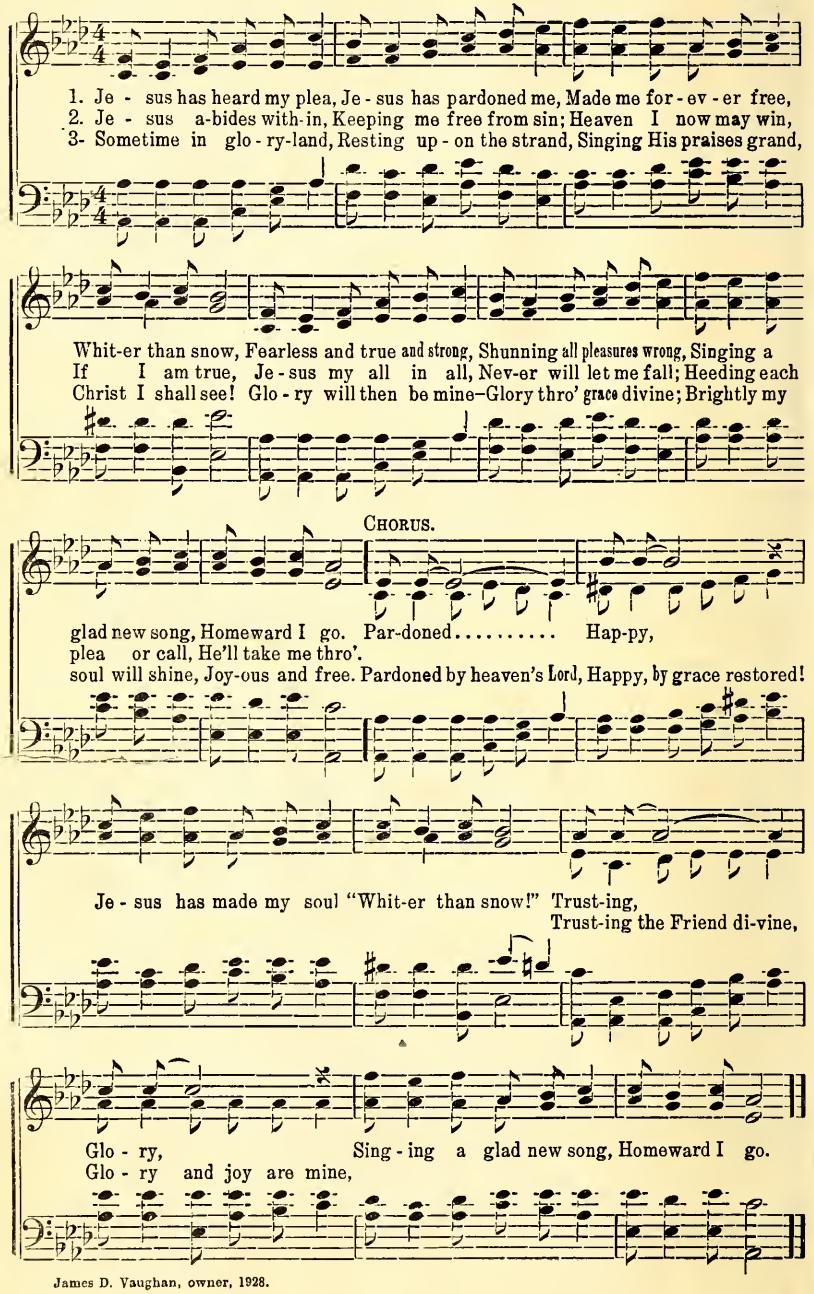
# ONLY A STEP TO THE GRAVE.

Words and music arr. by A. B. Sebren.


1. When we gaze at the dim-ples of child-hood, Or the brow where the
2. Oh, the noon-tide of strength and of man-hood, When the heartbeat is
3. But the dim-ples of childhood so love-ly, And the glo-ry of
4. Sin-ner, stop and re-flect for a mo-ment, You've a spir-it to
soft tress-es wave; It is hard to be-lieve that the cra-dle,
stead-y and brave; And the ros-es of health all are bloom-ing,
man-hood we crave; Soon will come down to old age and weak-ness,
loose or to save; It is on-ly a step to sal-va-tion,
REFRAIN.
Can be on-ly a step from the grave.
Seems a long distance yet to the grave.
Which are on-ly a step from the grave.
And it is but a step to the grave.
It is on-ly a step to the
grave, It is on-ly a step to the grave; Sin-ner, 'round you to-
day there is dan-ger, For 'tis on-ly a step to the grave.


James D. Vaughan, owner this arr., 1928.

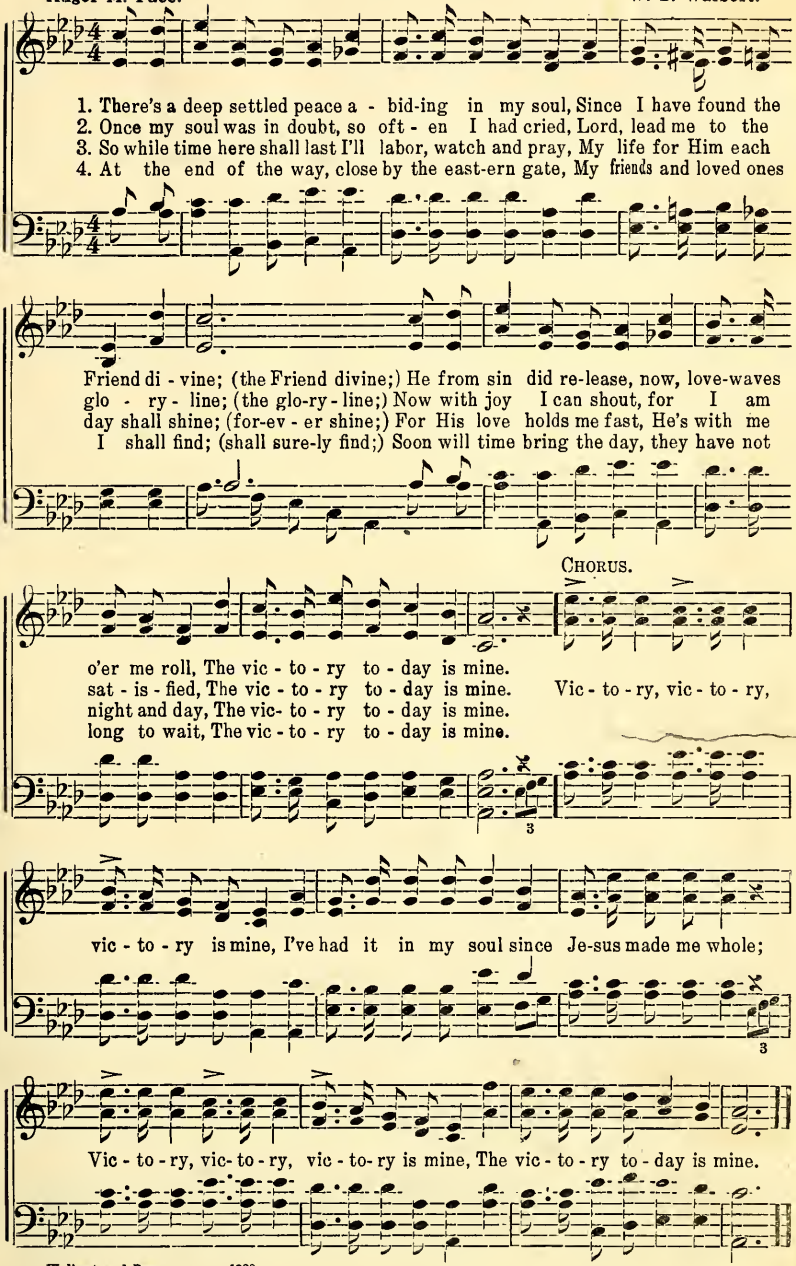
No. 10. **A GLAD NEW SONG.**

James Rowe. A. B. Sebren.

1. Je - sus has heard my plea, Je - sus has pardoned me, Made me for - ev - er free,
2. Je - sus a-bides with-in, Keeping me free from sin; Heaven I now may win,
3- Sometime in glo - ry-land, Resting up - on the strand, Singing His praises grand,
Whit-er than snow, Fearless and true and strong, Shunning all pleasures wrong, Singing a
If I am true, Je - sus my all in all, Nev-er will let me fall; Heeding each
Christ I shall see! Glo - ry will then be mine–Glory thro' grace divine; Brightly my
CHORUS.
glad new song, Homeward I go. Par-doned..... Hap-py,
plea or call, He'll take me thro'.
soul will shine, Joy-ous and free. Pardoned by heaven's Lord, Happy, by grace restored!
Je - sus has made my soul "Whit-er than snow!" Trust-ing,
Trust-ing the Friend di-vine,
Glo - ry, Sing - ing a glad new song, Homeward I go.
Glo - ry and joy are mine,

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1928.

## No. 11. VICTORY TODAY IS MINE.

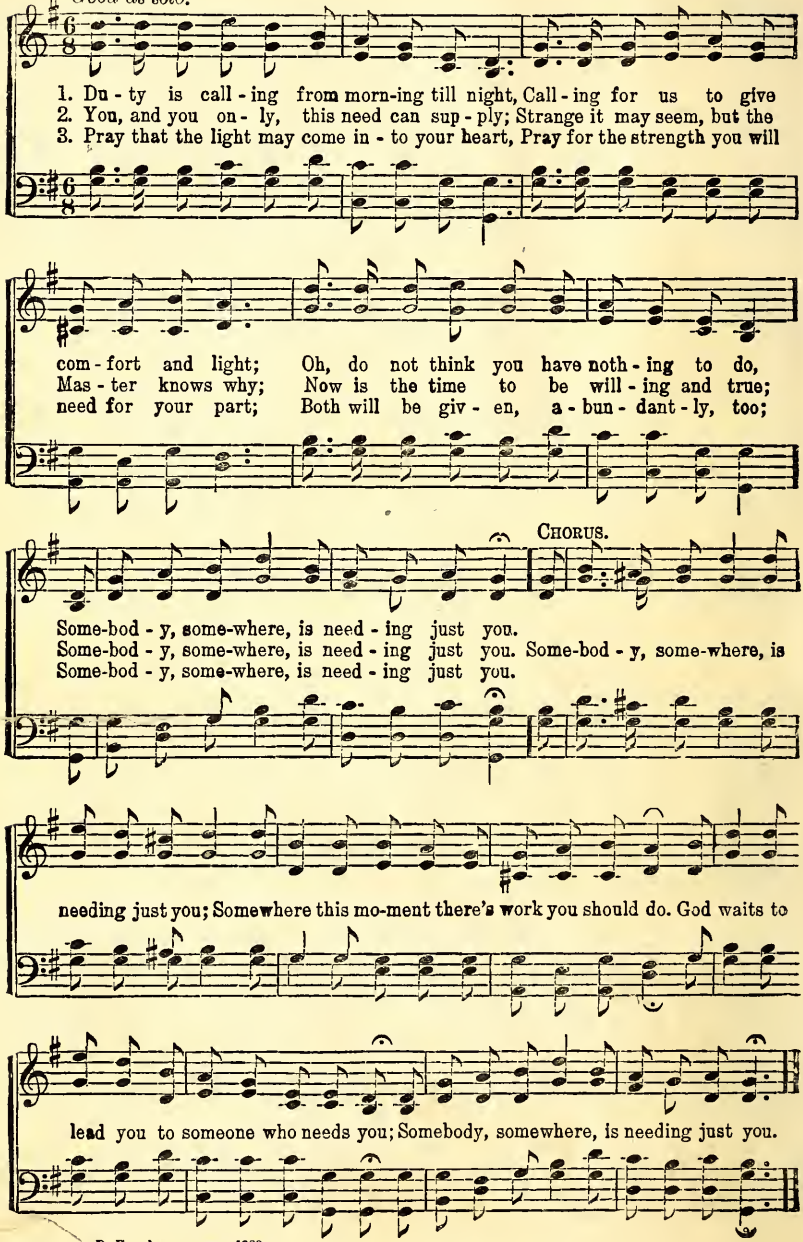
Adger M. Pace. W. B. Walbert.


1. There's a deep settled peace a - bid-ing in my soul, Since I have found the
2. Once my soul was in doubt, so oft - en I had cried, Lord, lead me to the
3. So while time here shall last I'll labor, watch and pray, My life for Him each
4. At the end of the way, close by the east-ern gate, My friends and loved ones
Friend di - vine; (the Friend divine;) He from sin did re-lease, now, love-waves
glo - ry - line; (the glo-ry - line;) Now with joy I can shout, for I am
day shall shine; (for-ev - er shine;) For His love holds me fast, He's with me
I shall find; (shall sure-ly find;) Soon will time bring the day, they have not
CHORUS.
o'er me roll, The vic - to - ry to - day is mine.
sat - is - fied, The vic - to - ry to - day is mine.
night and day, The vic- to - ry to - day is mine.
long to wait, The vic - to - ry to - day is mine.
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
vic - to - ry is mine, I've had it in my soul since Je-sus made me whole;
Vic - to - ry, vic- to - ry, vic - to- ry is mine, The vic - to - ry to - day is mine.

Walbert and Pace, owners, 1928.

## No. 12. SOMEBODY NEEDS JUST YOU.

James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.

*Good as solo.*

1. Du - ty is call - ing from morn-ing till night, Call - ing for us to give
2. You, and you on - ly, this need can sup - ply; Strange it may seem, but the
3. Pray that the light may come in - to your heart, Pray for the strength you will
com - fort and light; Oh, do not think you have noth - ing to do,
Mas - ter knows why; Now is the time to be will - ing and true;
need for your part; Both will be giv - en, a - bun - dant - ly, too;
CHORUS.
Some-bod - y, some-where, is need - ing just you.
Some-bod - y, some-where, is need - ing just you. Some-bod - y, some-where, is
Some-bod - y, some-where, is need - ing just you.
needing just you; Somewhere this mo-ment there's work you should do. God waits to
lead you to someone who needs you; Somebody, somewhere, is needing just you.

. D. Vaughan, owner, 1920.

# No. 13. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... ....like crim-son, They shall be as wool."
He is of great..... .....com-pas - sion, And of won-drous love.
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God.

Tho' they be red
He is of great
"Look un - to Me,

DUET. *dp* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*p rit.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God.
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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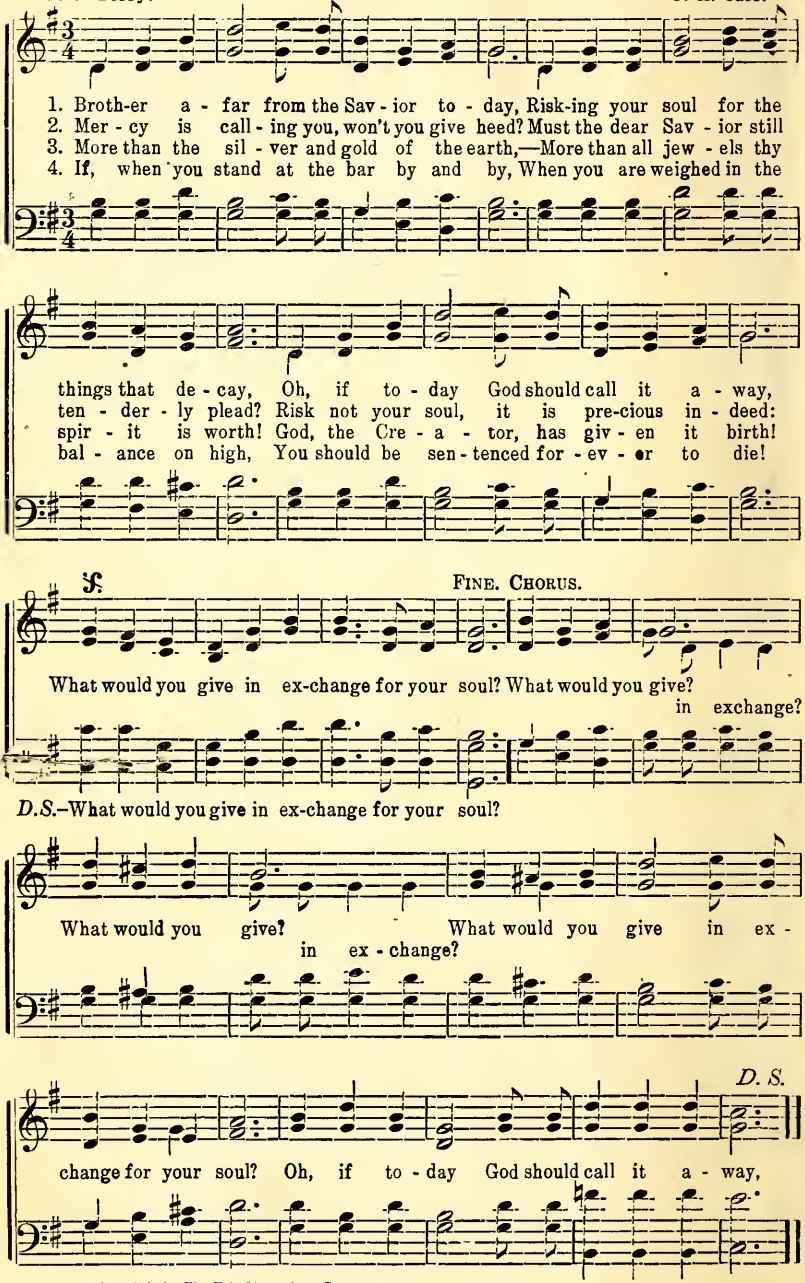
# No. 14. WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE IN EXCHANGE?

F. J. Berry. J. H. Carr.

1. Broth-er a - far from the Sav - ior to - day, Risk-ing your soul for the
2. Mer - cy is call - ing you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Sav - ior still
3. More than the sil - ver and gold of the earth,—More than all jew - els thy
4. If, when you stand at the bar by and by, When you are weighed in the
things that de - cay, Oh, if to - day God should call it a - way,
ten - der - ly plead? Risk not your soul, it is pre-cious in - deed:
spir - it is worth! God, the Cre - a - tor, has giv - en it birth!
bal - ance on high, You should be sen - tenced for - ev - er to die!
FINE. CHORUS.
What would you give in ex-change for your soul? What would you give?
in exchange?
D.S.–What would you give in ex-change for your soul?
What would you give? What would you give in ex -
in ex - change?
D. S.
change for your soul? Oh, if to - day God should call it a - way,

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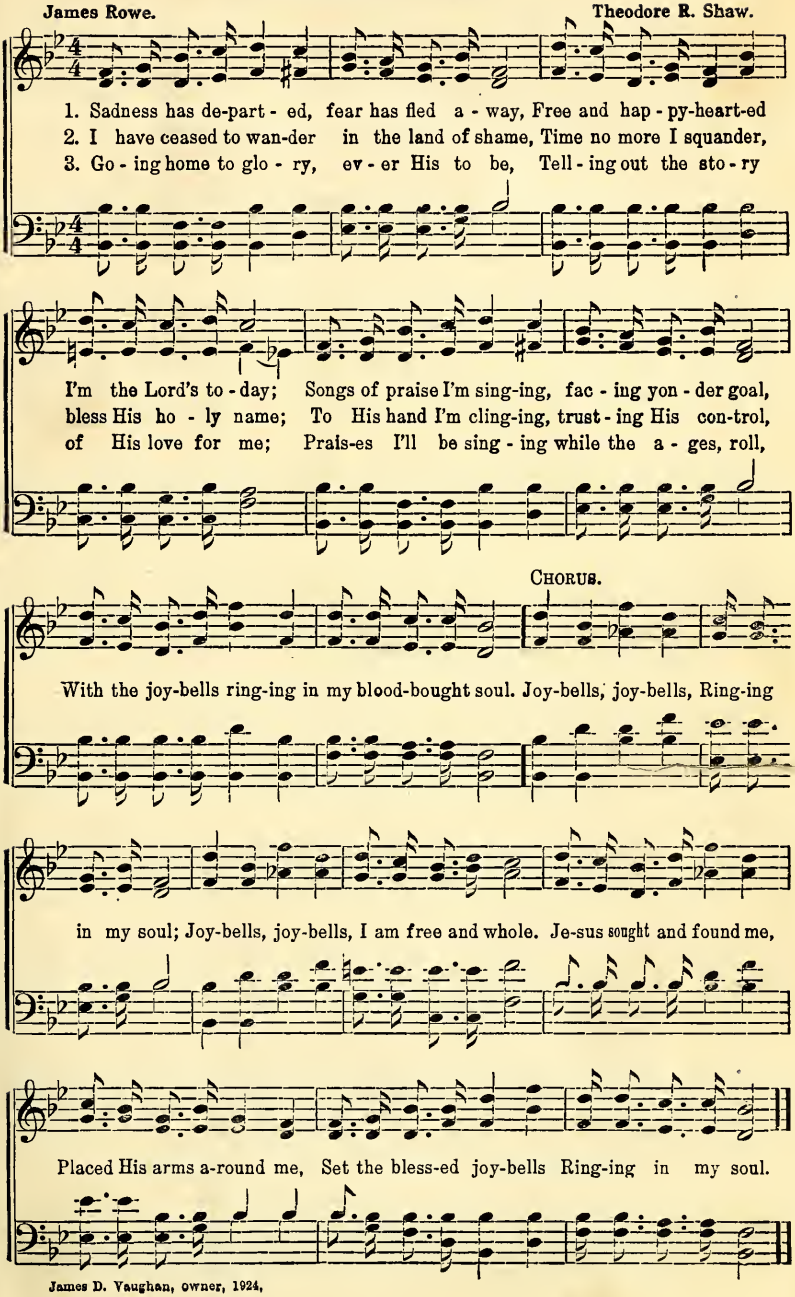
No. 15.

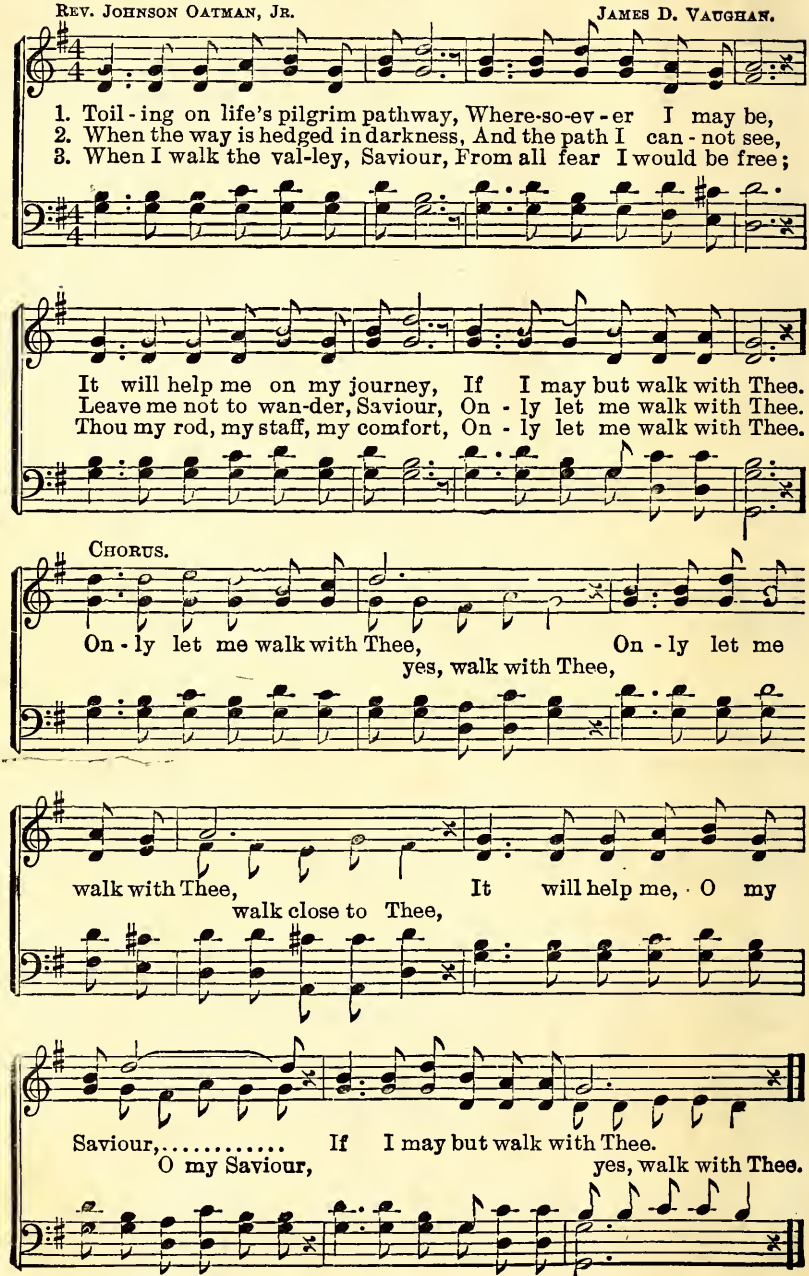
# JOY-BELLS IN MY SOUL.

James Rowe. Theodore R. Shaw.

1. Sadness has de-part - ed, fear has fled a - way, Free and hap - py-heart-ed
2. I have ceased to wan-der in the land of shame, Time no more I squander,
3. Go - ing home to glo - ry, ev - er His to be, Tell - ing out the sto - ry
I'm the Lord's to - day; Songs of praise I'm sing-ing, fac - ing yon - der goal,
bless His ho - ly name; To His hand I'm cling-ing, trust - ing His con-trol,
of His love for me; Prais-es I'll be sing - ing while the a - ges, roll,
CHORUS.
With the joy-bells ring-ing in my blood-bought soul. Joy-bells, joy-bells, Ring-ing
in my soul; Joy-bells, joy-bells, I am free and whole. Je-sus sought and found me,
Placed His arms a-round me, Set the bless-ed joy-bells Ring-ing in my soul.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1924.

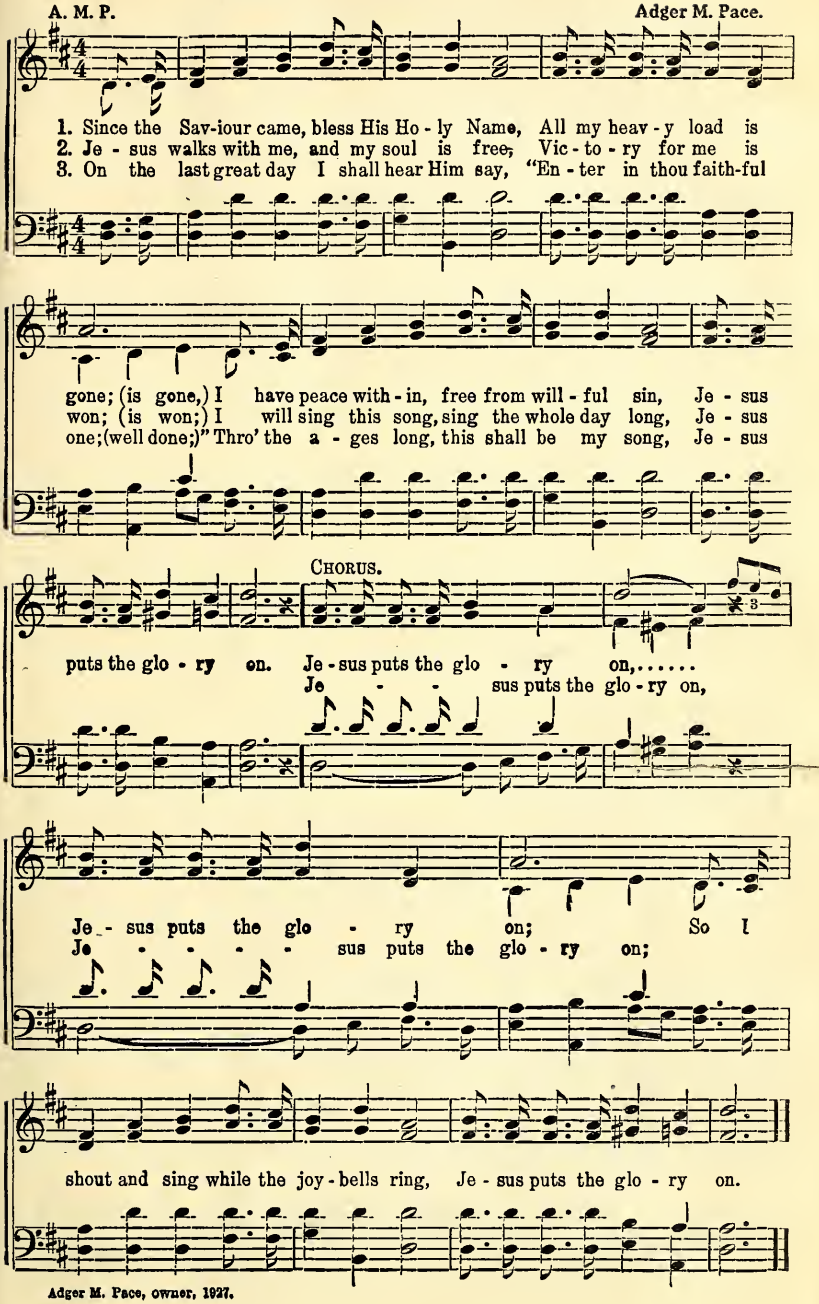
## No. 16. ONLY LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Toil - ing on life's pilgrim pathway, Where-so-ev - er I may be,
2. When the way is hedged in darkness, And the path I can - not see,
3. When I walk the val-ley, Saviour, From all fear I would be free;
It will help me on my journey, If I may but walk with Thee.
Leave me not to wan-der, Saviour, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Thou my rod, my staff, my comfort, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
CHORUS.
On - ly let me walk with Thee, On - ly let me
yes, walk with Thee,
walk with Thee, It will help me, O my
walk close to Thee,
Saviour,..... If I may but walk with Thee.
O my Saviour, yes, walk with Thee.

Copyright, 1915, by James D. Vaughan.

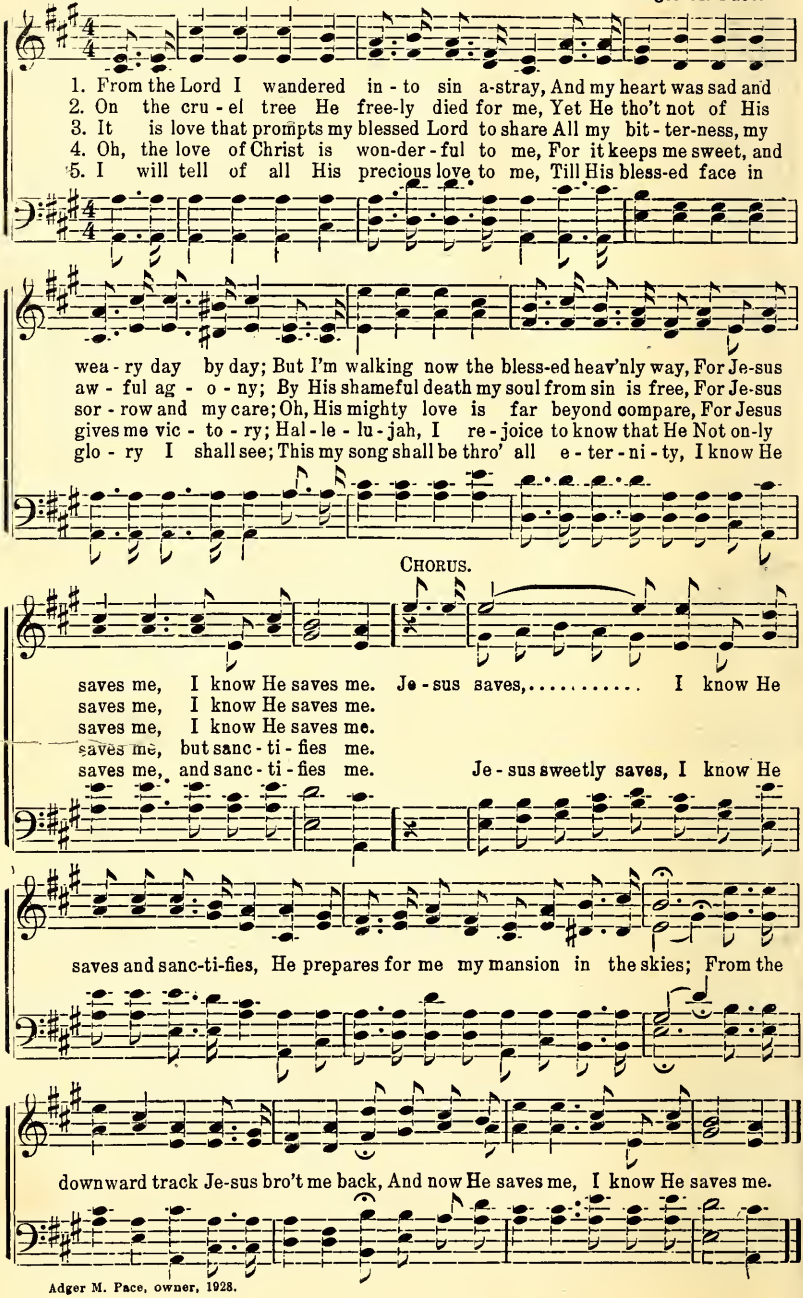
No. 17. **JESUS PUTS THE GLORY ON.**

A. M. P. Adger M. Pace.

1. Since the Sav-iour came, bless His Ho - ly Name, All my heav - y load is
2. Je - sus walks with me, and my soul is free, Vic - to - ry for me is
3. On the last great day I shall hear Him say, "En - ter in thou faith-ful
gone; (is gone,) I have peace with - in, free from will - ful sin, Je - sus
won; (is won;) I will sing this song, sing the whole day long, Je - sus
one; (well done;)" Thro' the a - ges long, this shall be my song, Je - sus
CHORUS.
puts the glo - ry on. Je - sus puts the glo - ry on,.....
Je - - - sus puts the glo - ry on,
Je - sus puts the glo - ry on; So I
Je - - - - - sus puts the glo - ry on;
shout and sing while the joy - bells ring, Je - sus puts the glo - ry on.

Adger M. Pace, owner, 1927.

No. 18. # I KNOW HE SAVES ME.

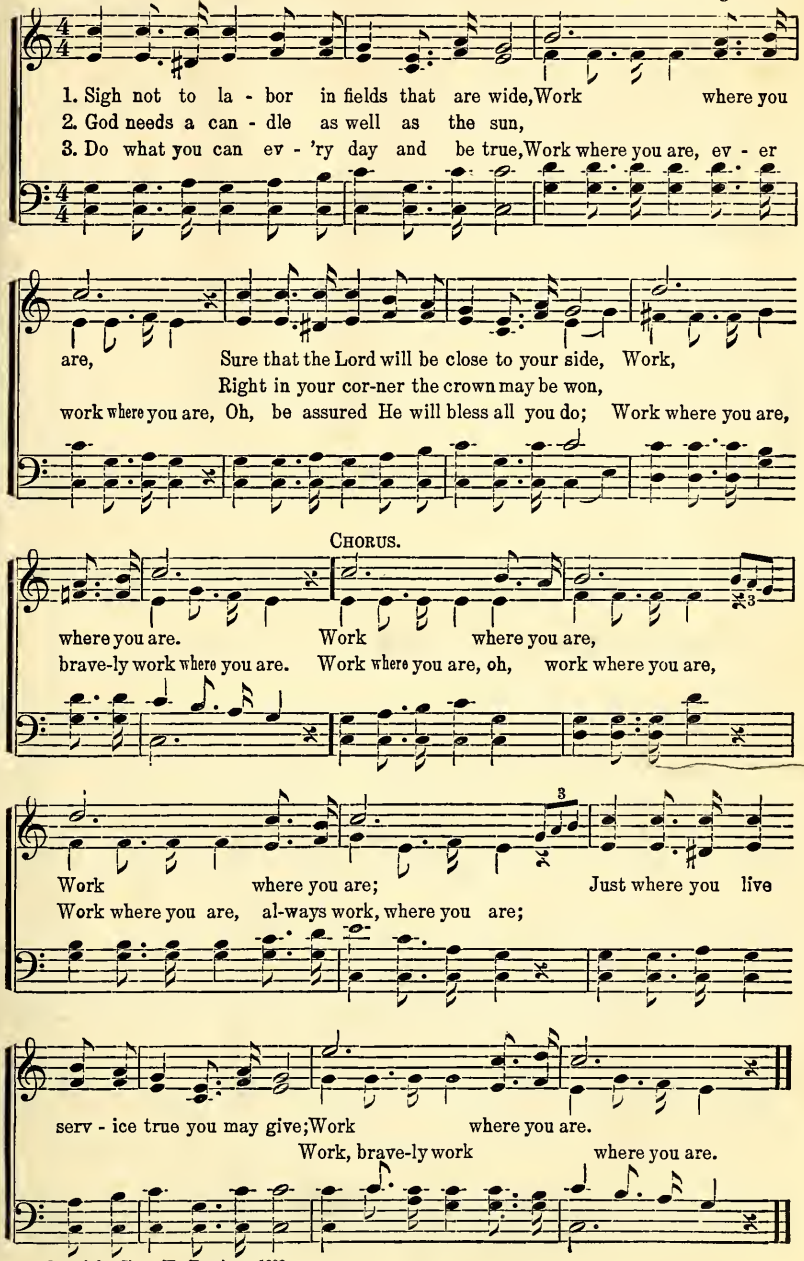
Rev. Alfred Barratt. Arr. by A. M. P. Adger M. Pace.


1. From the Lord I wandered in - to sin a-stray, And my heart was sad and
2. On the cru - el tree He free-ly died for me, Yet He tho't not of His
3. It is love that prompts my blessed Lord to share All my bit - ter-ness, my
4. Oh, the love of Christ is won-der - ful to me, For it keeps me sweet, and
5. I will tell of all His precious love to me, Till His bless-ed face in
wea - ry day by day; But I'm walking now the bless-ed heav'nly way, For Je-sus
aw - ful ag - o - ny; By His shameful death my soul from sin is free, For Je-sus
sor - row and my care; Oh, His mighty love is far beyond compare, For Jesus
gives me vic - to - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah, I re - joice to know that He Not on-ly
glo - ry I shall see; This my song shall be thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, I know He
CHORUS.
saves me, I know He saves me. Je - sus saves,..... I know He
saves me, I know He saves me.
saves me, I know He saves me.
saves me, but sanc - ti - fies me.
saves me, and sanc - ti - fies me.
Je - sus sweetly saves, I know He
saves and sanc-ti-fies, He prepares for me my mansion in the skies; From the
downward track Je-sus bro't me back, And now He saves me, I know He saves me.

Adger M. Pace, owner, 1928.

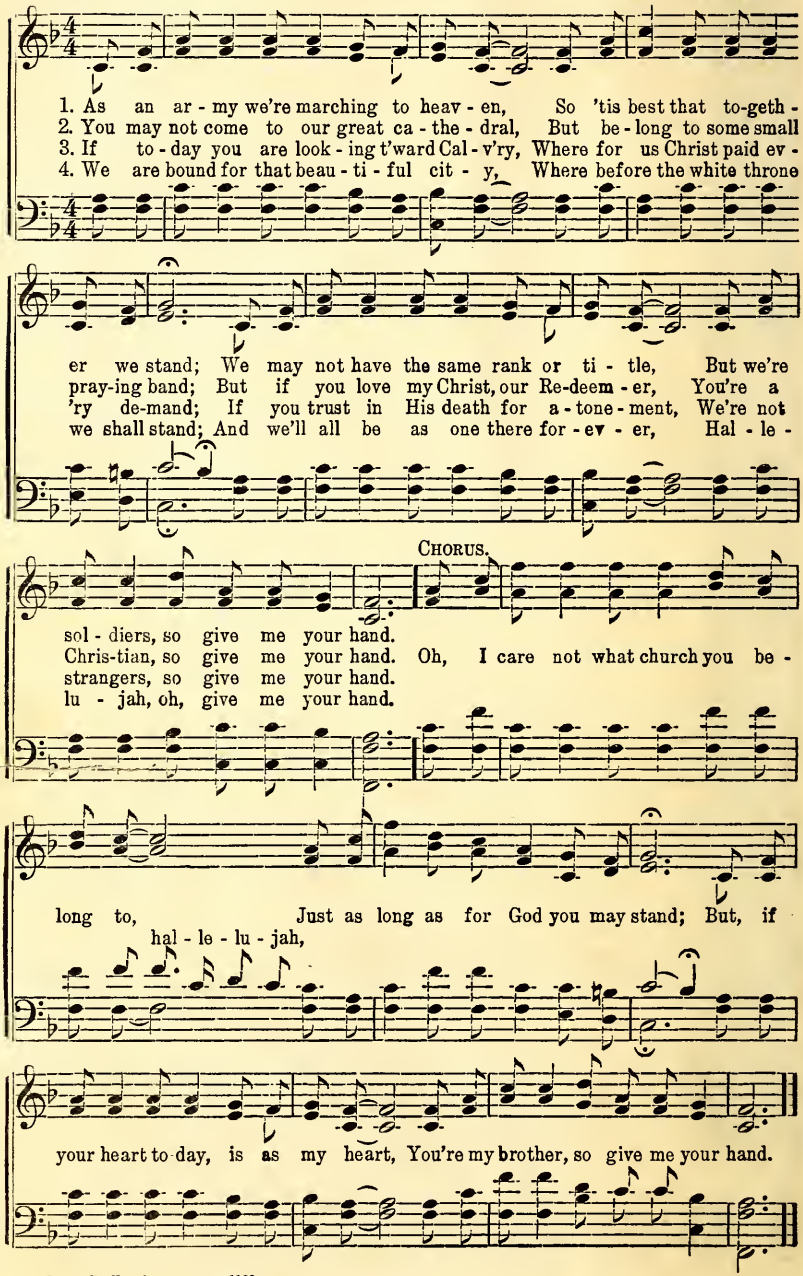
No. 19. **WORK WHERE YOU ARE.**

James Rowe. Chas. W. Vaughan.


1. Sigh not to la - bor in fields that are wide, Work where you
2. God needs a can - dle as well as the sun,
3. Do what you can ev - 'ry day and be true, Work where you are, ev - er
are, Sure that the Lord will be close to your side, Work,
Right in your cor-ner the crown may be won,
work where you are, Oh, be assured He will bless all you do; Work where you are,
CHORUS.
where you are. Work where you are,
brave-ly work where you are. Work where you are, oh, work where you are,
Work where you are; Just where you live
Work where you are, al-ways work, where you are;
serv - ice true you may give; Work where you are.
Work, brave-ly work where you are.

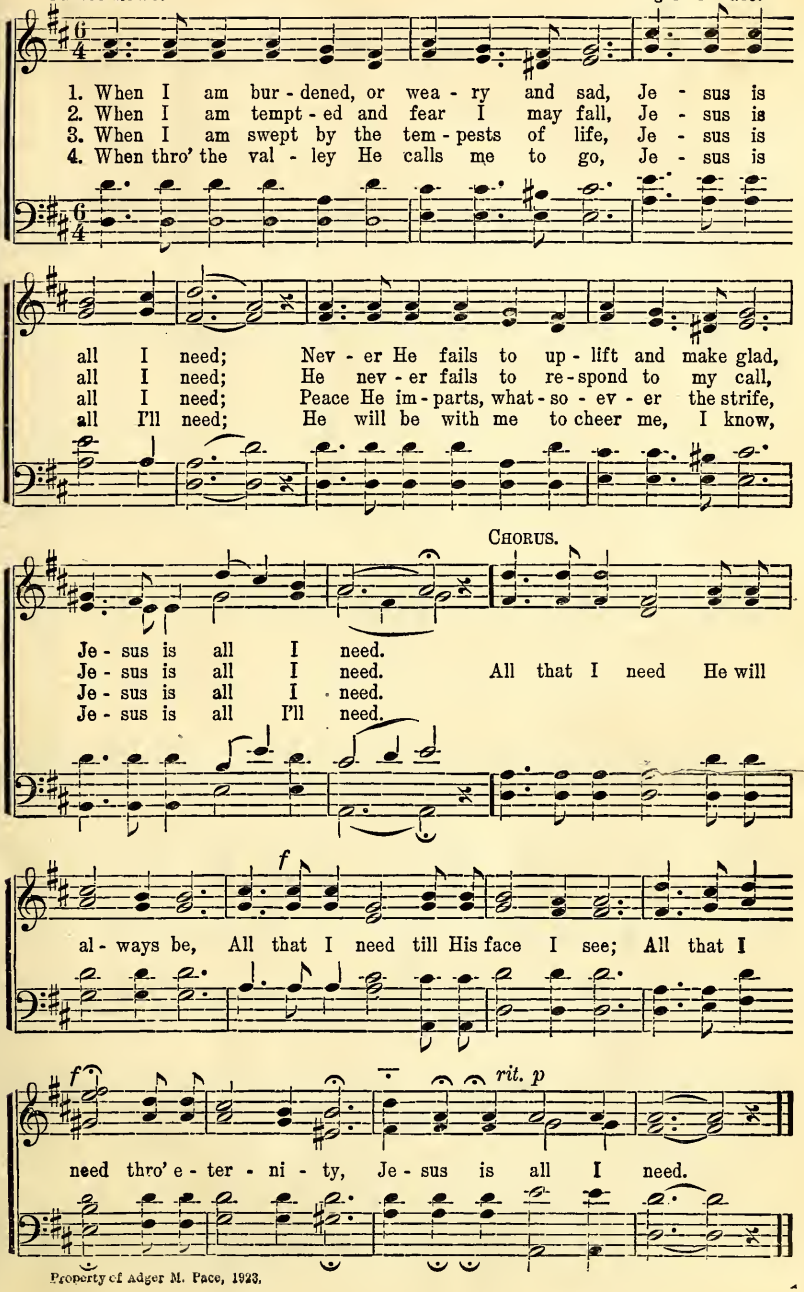
Owned by Chas. W. Vaughan, 1923.

## No. 20. GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. James D. Vaughan.

1. As an ar - my we're marching to heav - en, So 'tis best that to-geth -
2. You may not come to our great ca - the - dral, But be - long to some small
3. If to - day you are look - ing t'ward Cal - v'ry, Where for us Christ paid ev -
4. We are bound for that beau - ti - ful cit - y, Where before the white throne
er we stand; We may not have the same rank or ti - tle, But we're
pray-ing band; But if you love my Christ, our Re-deem - er, You're a
'ry de-mand; If you trust in His death for a - tone - ment, We're not
we shall stand; And we'll all be as one there for - ev - er, Hal - le -
CHORUS.
sol - diers, so give me your hand.
Chris-tian, so give me your hand. Oh, I care not what church you be -
strangers, so give me your hand.
lu - jah, oh, give me your hand.
long to, Just as long as for God you may stand; But, if
hal - le - lu - jah,
your heart to-day, is as my heart, You're my brother, so give me your hand.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1923.

No. 21. JESUS IS ALL I NEED.

James Rowe. Adger M. Pace.

1. When I am bur - dened, or wea - ry and sad, Je - sus is
2. When I am tempt - ed and fear I may fall, Je - sus is
3. When I am swept by the tem - pests of life, Je - sus is
4. When thro' the val - ley He calls me to go, Je - sus is
all I need; Nev - er He fails to up - lift and make glad,
all I need; He nev - er fails to re - spond to my call,
all I need; Peace He im - parts, what - so - ev - er the strife,
all I'll need; He will be with me to cheer me, I know,
Chorus.
Je - sus is all I need.
Je - sus is all I need.
Je - sus is all I need.
Je - sus is all I'll need.
All that I need He will
f
al - ways be, All that I need till His face I see; All that I
f
rit. p
need thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is all I need.

Property of Adger M. Pace, 1923.

## No. 22. ONLY A STEP.

Henry H. Tilson. G. Kieffer Vaughan

1. Somewhere a voice is call - ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Somewhere a heart is yearning, Yearning for love that is true;
3. Somewhere a hand is beck'ning, Can you not heed it, my friend?

Where the calm bil - lows roll There is rest for the soul, And all are from
For the mes-sage that cures, For the peace that en-dures; Does that yearning
Will you an-swer the call That includes one and all, And walk in that

CHORUS.

bond-age made free.
per - son mean you? On - ly a step, on - ly a step,
faith to the end?

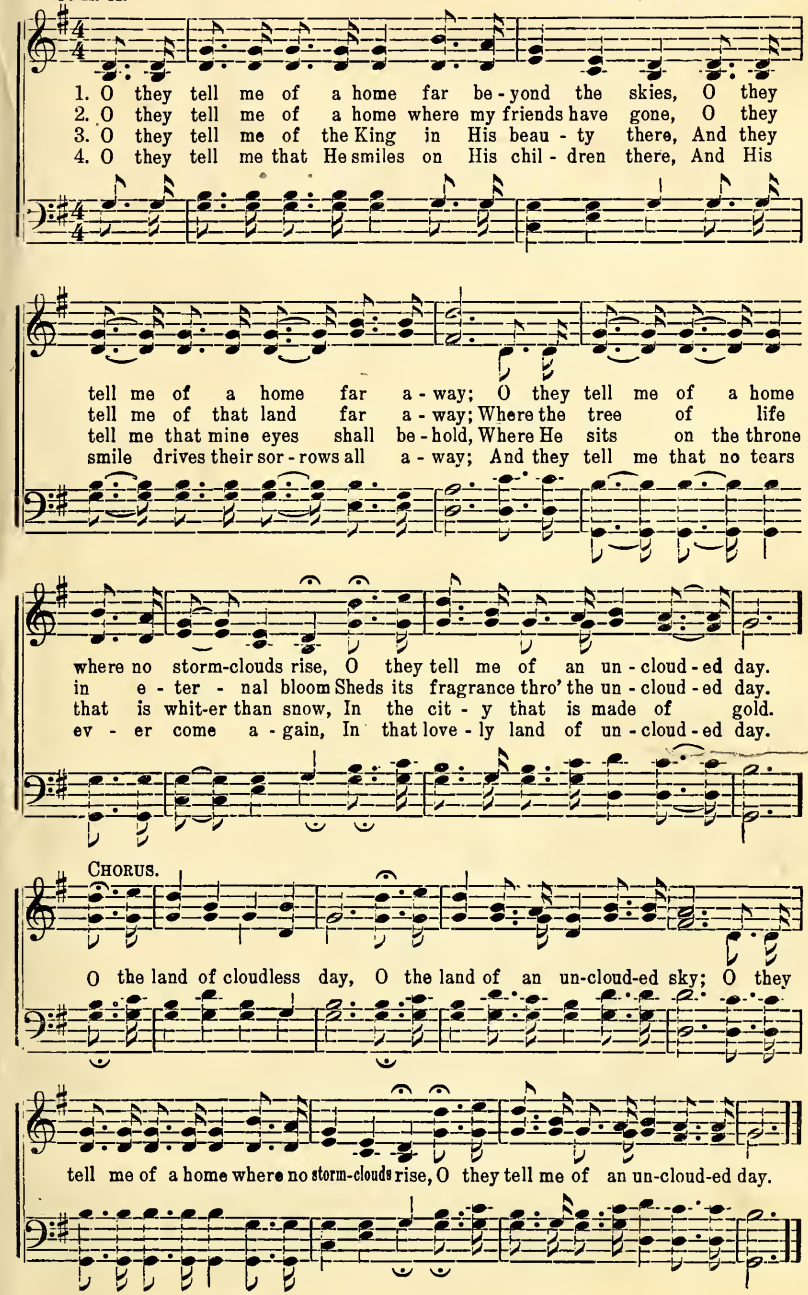
Why do you lin - ger so long? What have you to fear? The

king - dom is near, For it's on - ly a step to Je - sus.

G. K. Vaughan, owner, 1923.

No. 23.

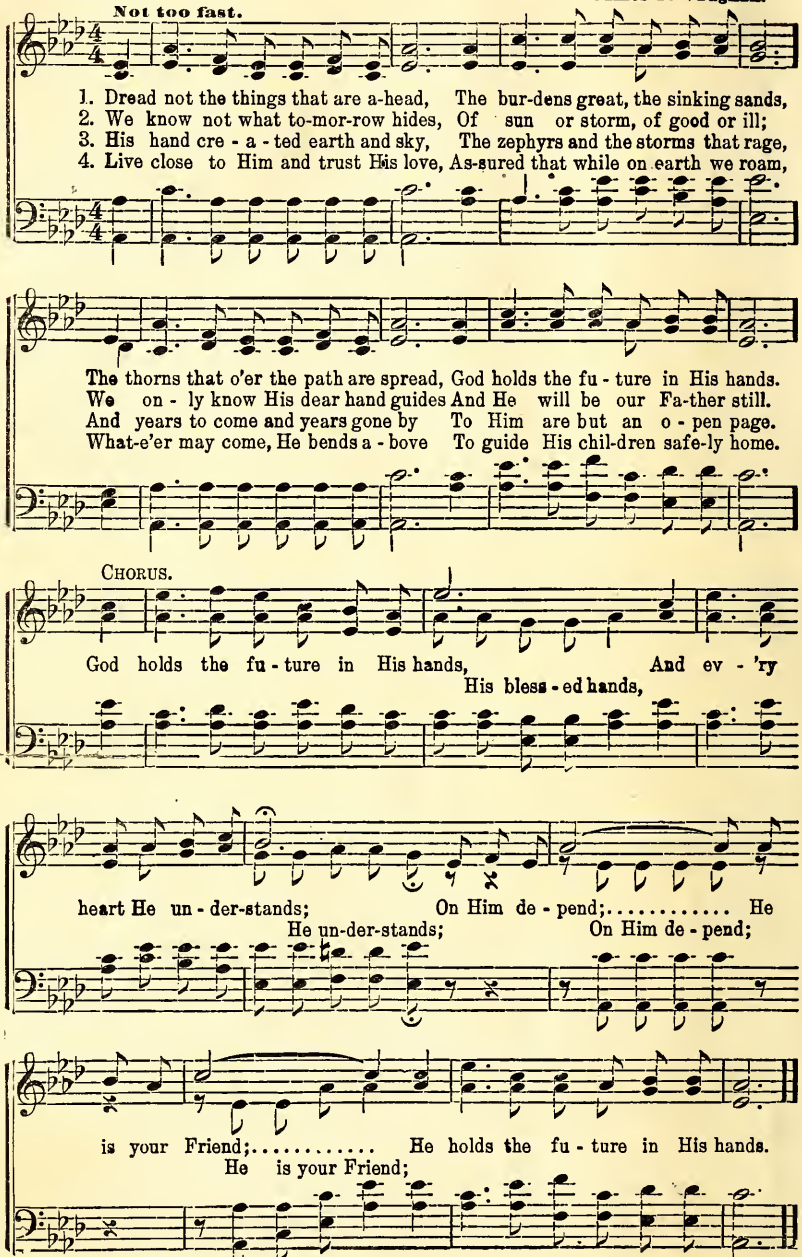
# THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud - ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.
Chorus.
O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

## No. 24. GOD HOLDS THE FUTURE IN HIS HANDS.

James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.

Not too fast.

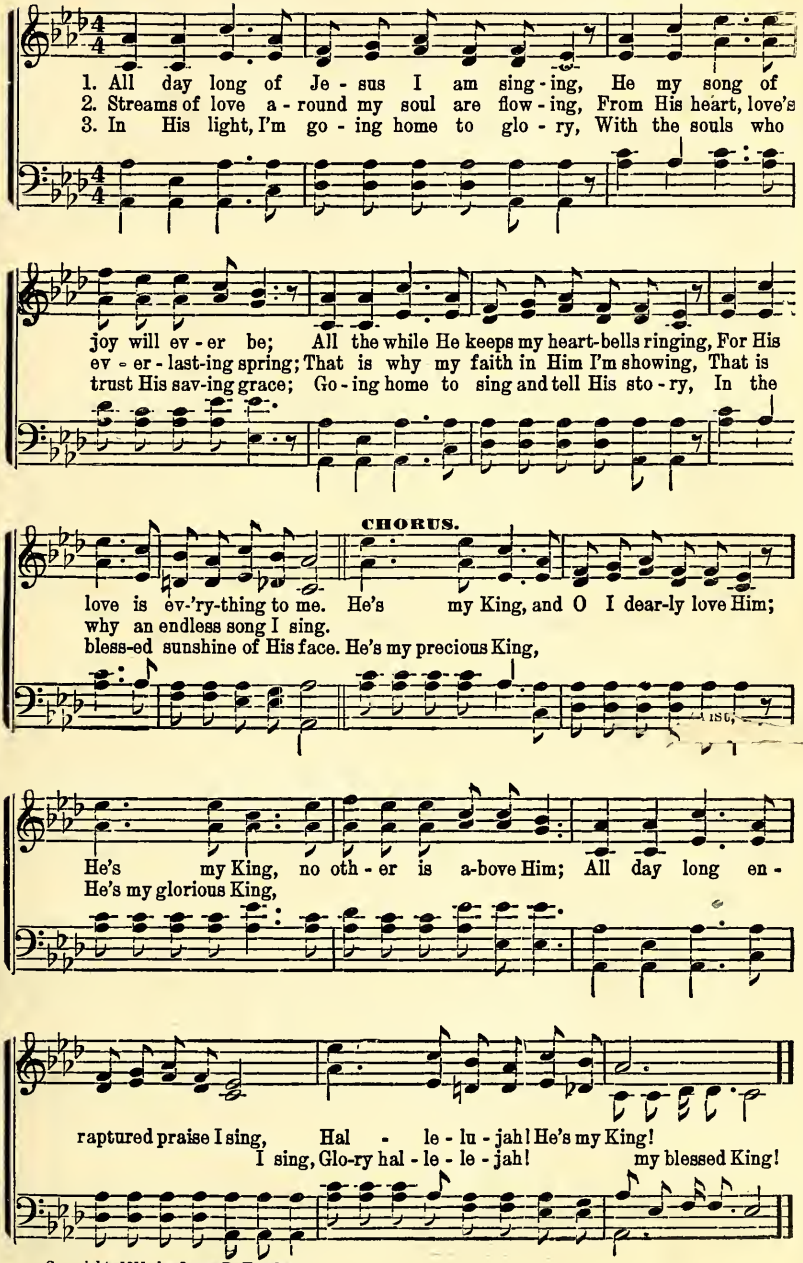

1. Dread not the things that are a-head, The bur-dens great, the sinking sands,
2. We know not what to-mor-row hides, Of sun or storm, of good or ill;
3. His hand cre - a - ted earth and sky, The zephyrs and the storms that rage,
4. Live close to Him and trust His love, As-sured that while on earth we roam,
The thorns that o'er the path are spread, God holds the fu - ture in His hands.
We on - ly know His dear hand guides And He will be our Fa-ther still.
And years to come and years gone by To Him are but an o - pen page.
What-e'er may come, He bends a - bove To guide His chil-dren safe-ly home.
CHORUS.
God holds the fu - ture in His hands, And ev - 'ry
His bless - ed hands,
heart He un - der-stands; On Him de - pend;..... He
He un-der-stands; On Him de - pend;
is your Friend;..... He holds the fu - ture in His hands.
He is your Friend;

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1922.

No. 25.

# HE'S MY KING.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. All day long of Je - sus I am sing - ing, He my song of
2. Streams of love a - round my soul are flow - ing, From His heart, love's
3. In His light, I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, With the souls who
joy will ev - er be; All the while He keeps my heart-bells ringing, For His
ev - er - last-ing spring; That is why my faith in Him I'm showing, That is
trust His sav-ing grace; Go - ing home to sing and tell His sto - ry, In the
CHORUS.
love is ev-'ry-thing to me. He's my King, and O I dear-ly love Him;
why an endless song I sing.
bless-ed sunshine of His face. He's my precious King,
He's my King, no oth - er is a-bove Him; All day long en -
He's my glorious King,
raptured praise I sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He's my King!
I sing, Glo-ry hal - le - le - jah! my blessed King!

Copyright, 1911, by James D. Vaughan.

# No. 26. WHAT IS HE WORTH TO YOUR SOUL?

James Rowe. W. B. Walbert and Adger M. Pace.

Very slow.

1. Je - sus the Lord laid His glo - ry a - side, Sin-ners to save and make
2. All that was His for the sin - ner He gave, Point-ed the path to the
3. All that He saves He will keep till the end, Un - der His bless-ed con -
4. All who will trust Him in sun-shine and gloam, Shall, when they reach the bright

whole, Free - ly He died our trans-gres-sions to hide, What is He
goal; Sin would de - prave, but the Sav - ior would save. What is He
trol; Men may de - pend on this won - der - ful Friend. What is He
goal, Ceas - ing to roam, be for - ev - er at home. What is He

CHORUS.

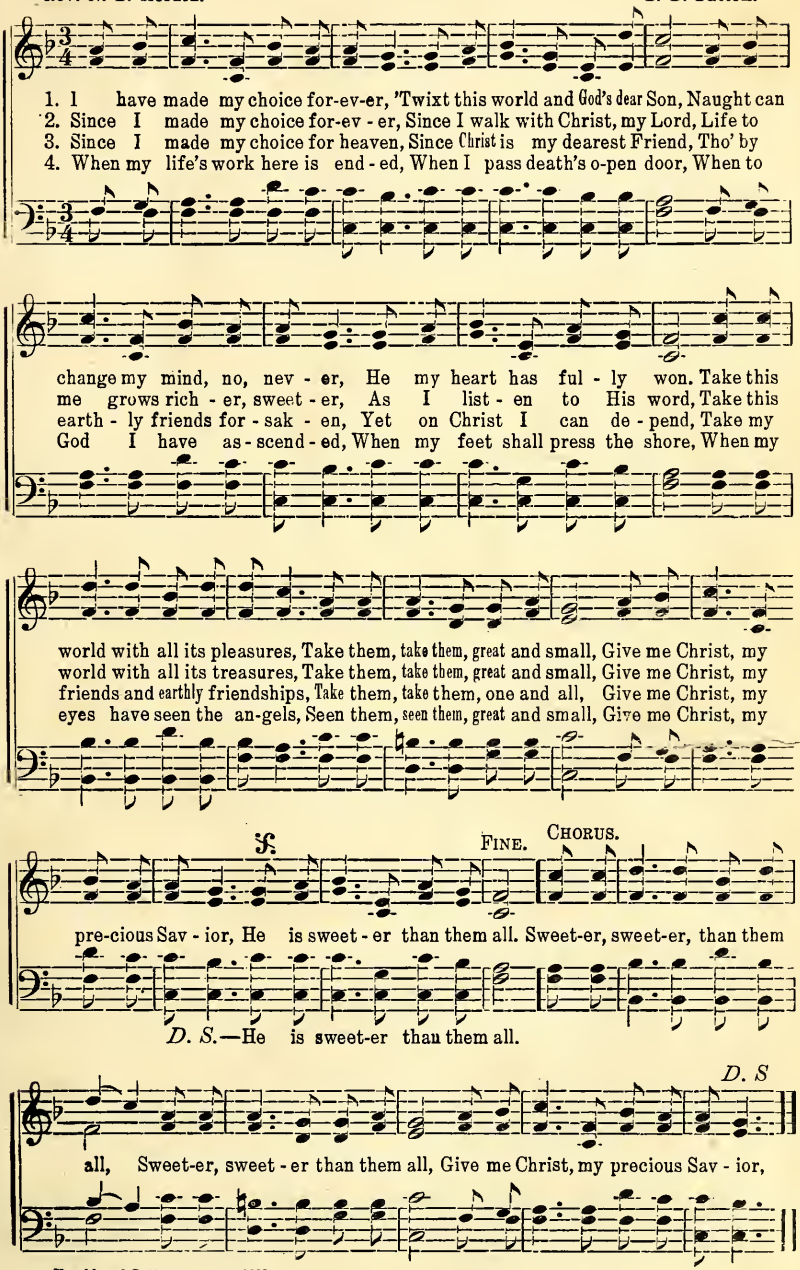
worth to your soul? What is He worth,.... What is He worth....
to you, to you,

What is He worth to your soul?..... He died on the tree,.....
cru - el tree,

for you and for me,..... What is He worth to your soul?.....
for me,

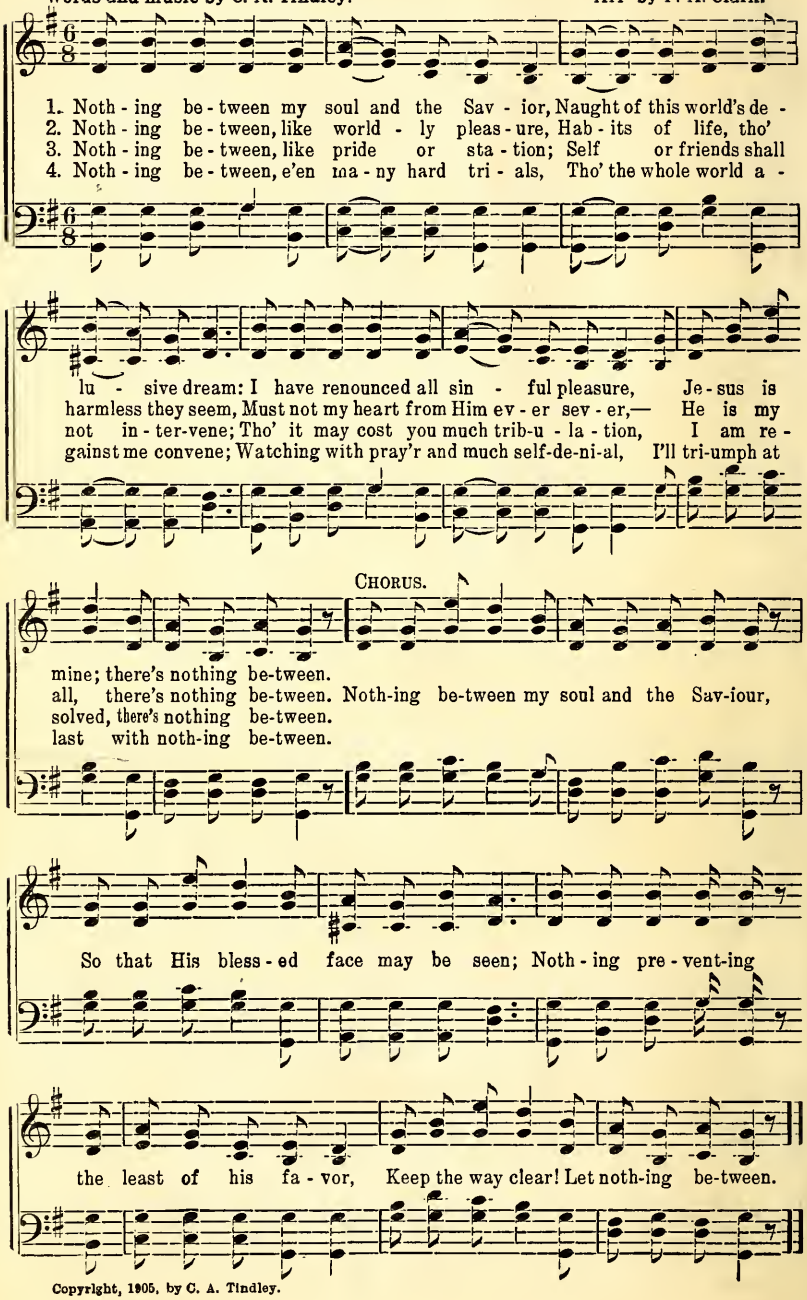
Property of Walbert and Pace, 1922.

# No. 27. SWEETER THAN ALL.

Rev. N. B. Herald. B. D. Sutton.

1. I have made my choice for-ev-er, 'Twixt this world and God's dear Son, Naught can
2. Since I made my choice for-ev - er, Since I walk with Christ, my Lord, Life to
3. Since I made my choice for heaven, Since Christ is my dearest Friend, Tho' by
4. When my life's work here is end - ed, When I pass death's o-pen door, When to
change my mind, no, nev - er, He my heart has ful - ly won. Take this
me grows rich - er, sweet - er, As I list - en to His word, Take this
earth - ly friends for - sak - en, Yet on Christ I can de - pend, Take my
God I have as - scend - ed, When my feet shall press the shore, When my
world with all its pleasures, Take them, take them, great and small, Give me Christ, my
world with all its treasures, Take them, take them, great and small, Give me Christ, my
friends and earthly friendships, Take them, take them, one and all, Give me Christ, my
eyes have seen the an-gels, Seen them, seen them, great and small, Give me Christ, my
f.
FINE.
CHORUS.
pre-cious Sav - ior, He is sweet - er than them all. Sweet-er, sweet-er, than them
D. S.—He is sweet-er than them all.
D. S
all, Sweet-er, sweet - er than them all, Give me Christ, my precious Sav - ior,

Herald and Sutton, owners, 1928.

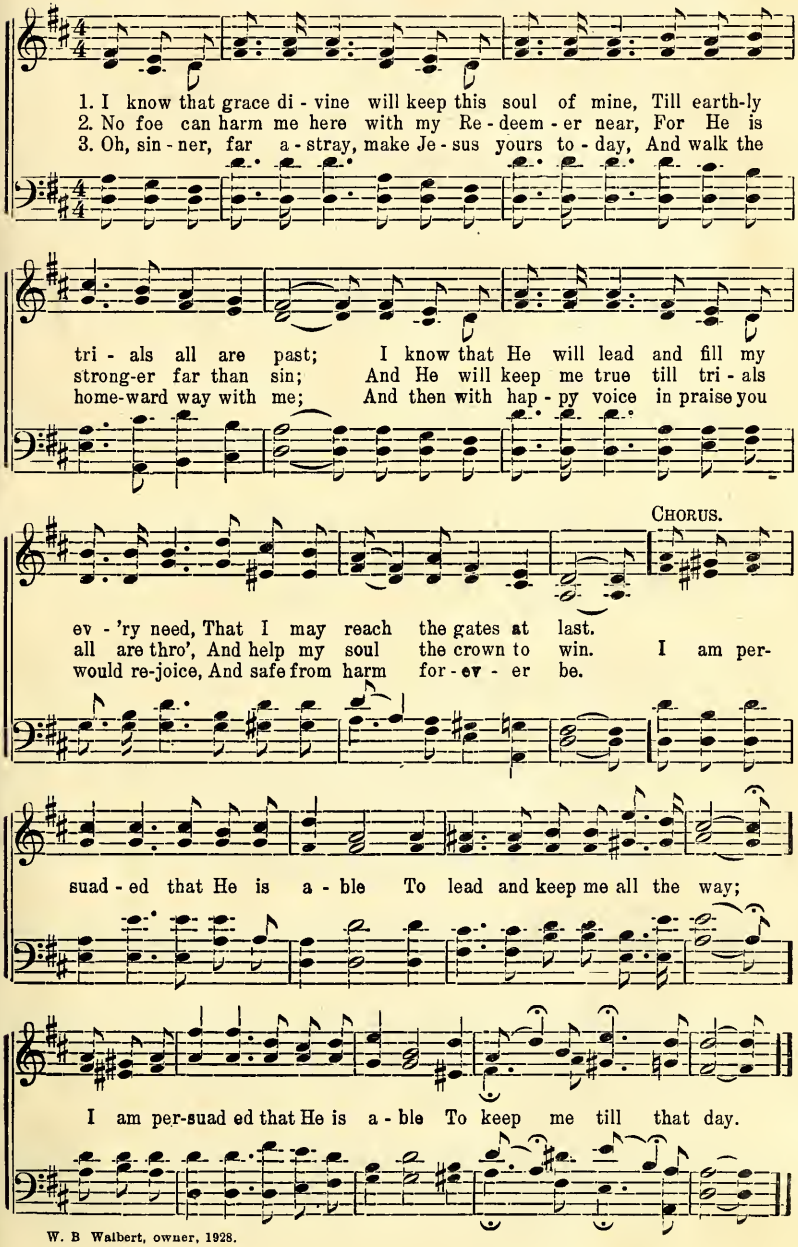
## No. 28. NOTHING BETWEEN.

Words and music by C. A. Tindley. Arr by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth - ing be - tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de -
2. Noth - ing be - tween, like world - ly pleas - ure, Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth - ing be - tween, like pride or sta - tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth - ing be - tween, e'en ma - ny hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a -
lu - sive dream: I have renounced all sin - ful pleasure, Je - sus is
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,— He is my
not in - ter-vene; Tho' it may cost you much trib-u - la - tion, I am re -
gainst me convene; Watching with pray'r and much self-de-ni-al, I'll tri-umph at
CHORUS.
mine; there's nothing be-tween.
all, there's nothing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-iour,
solved, there's nothing be-tween.
last with noth-ing be-tween.
So that His bless - ed face may be seen; Noth - ing pre - vent-ing
the least of his fa - vor, Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley.

## No. 29 HE IS ABLE TO KEEP ME.

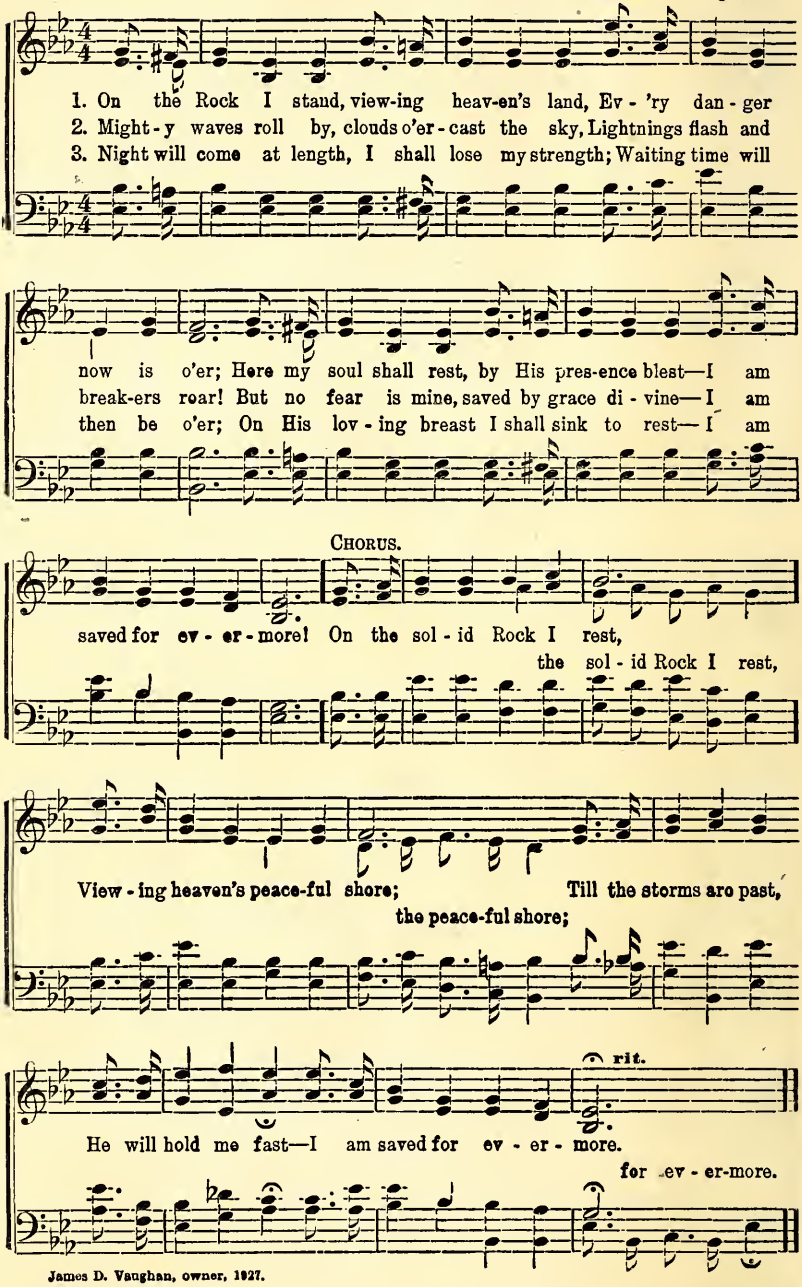
"I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Tim. 1:12.

Jamss Rowe. W. B. Walbert.

1. I know that grace di - vine will keep this soul of mine, Till earth-ly
2. No foe can harm me here with my Re - deem - er near, For He is
3. Oh, sin - ner, far a - stray, make Je - sus yours to - day, And walk the
tri - als all are past; I know that He will lead and fill my
strong-er far than sin; And He will keep me true till tri - als
home-ward way with me; And then with hap - py voice in praise you
CHORUS.
ev - 'ry need, That I may reach the gates at last.
all are thro', And help my soul the crown to win. I am per-
would re-joice, And safe from harm for - ev - er be.
suad - ed that He is a - ble To lead and keep me all the way;
I am per-suad ed that He is a - ble To keep me till that day.

W. B Walbert, owner, 1928.

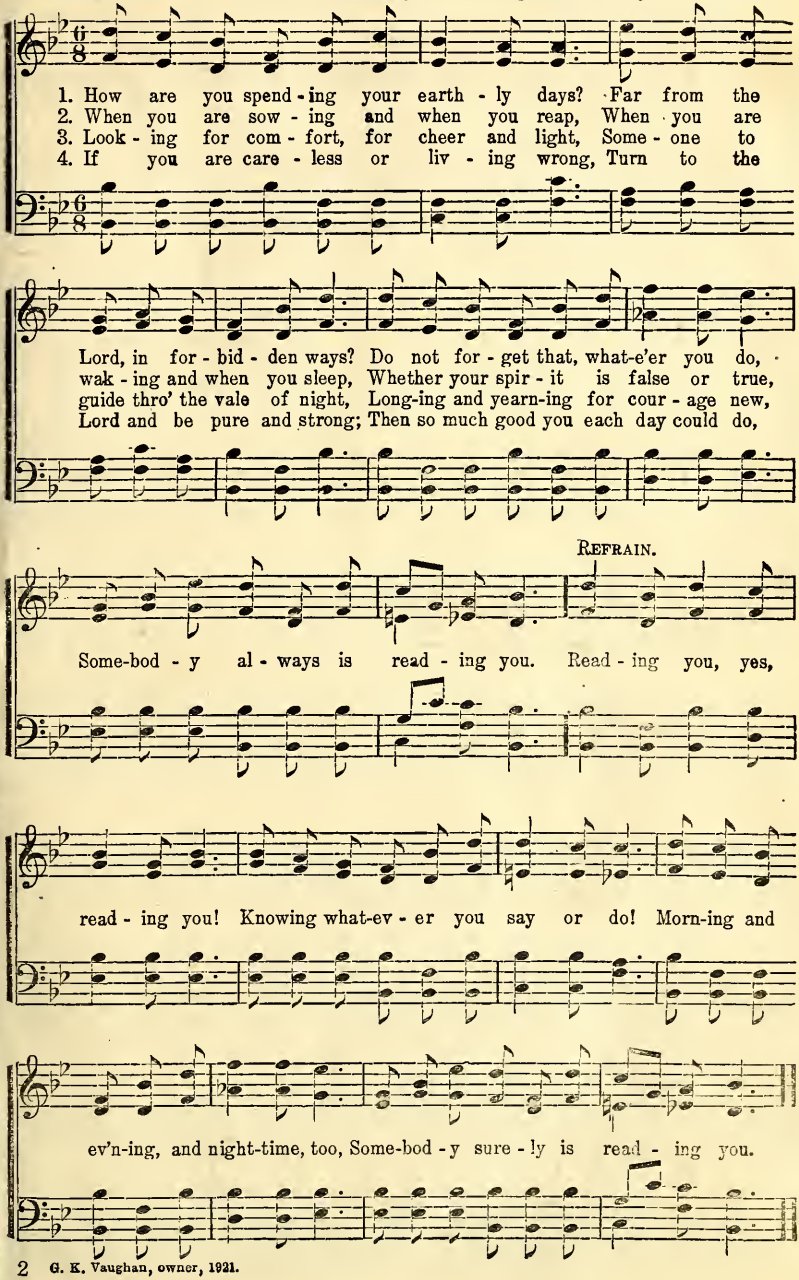
## No. 30. SAVED FOREVER!

James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.


1. On the Rock I stand, view-ing heav-en's land, Ev - 'ry dan - ger
2. Might - y waves roll by, clouds o'er - cast the sky, Lightnings flash and
3. Night will come at length, I shall lose my strength; Waiting time will
now is o'er; Here my soul shall rest, by His pres-ence blest—I am
break-ers roar! But no fear is mine, saved by grace di - vine—I am
then be o'er; On His lov - ing breast I shall sink to rest—I am
CHORUS.
saved for ev - er - more! On the sol - id Rock I rest,
the sol - id Rock I rest,
View - ing heaven's peace-ful shore; Till the storms are past,
the peace-ful shore;
rit.
He will hold me fast—I am saved for ev - er - more.
for ev - er-more.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1927.

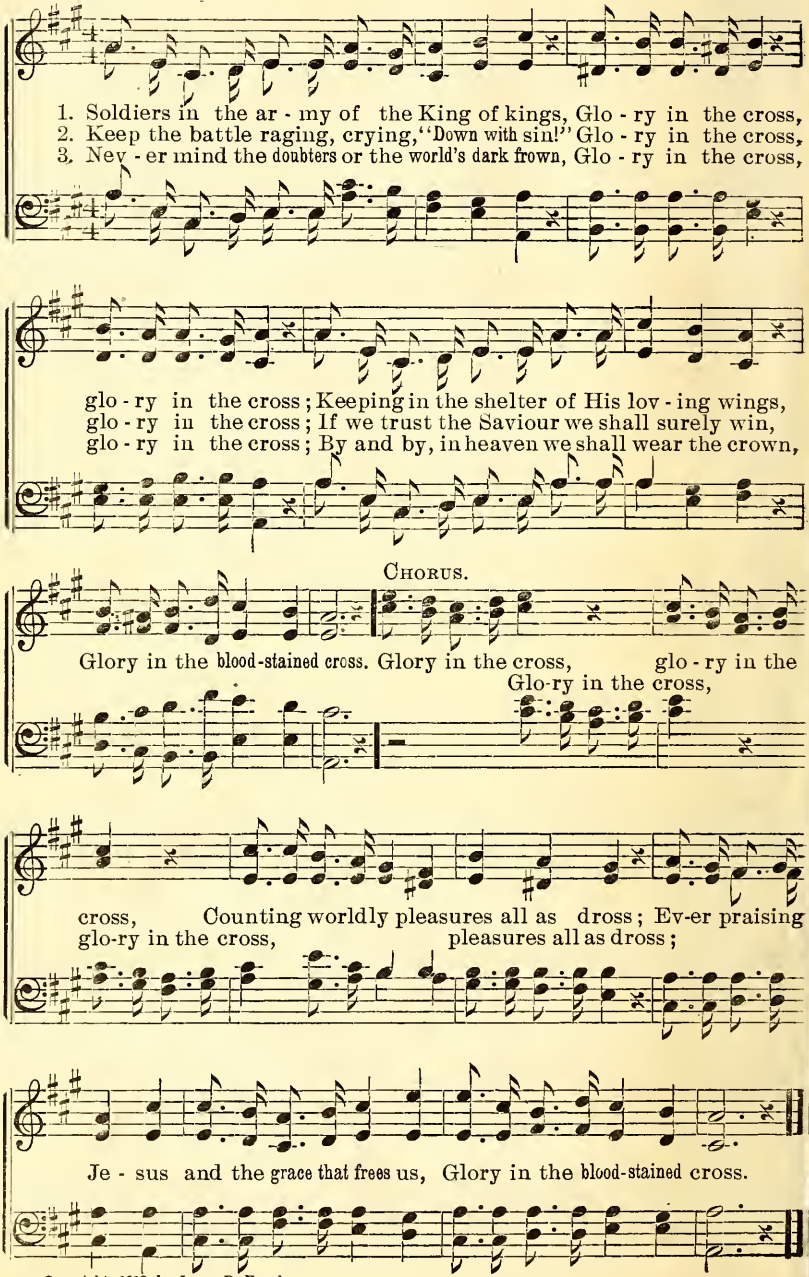
## No. 31. SOMEBODY IS READING YOU.

James Rowe. Melody, G. K. Vaughan. Har. by A. M. Pace.

1. How are you spend - ing your earth - ly days? Far from the
2. When you are sow - ing and when you reap, When you are
3. Look - ing for com - fort, for cheer and light, Some - one to
4. If you are care - less or liv - ing wrong, Turn to the
Lord, in for - bid - den ways? Do not for - get that, what-e'er you do,
wak - ing and when you sleep, Whether your spir - it is false or true,
guide thro' the vale of night, Long-ing and yearn-ing for cour - age new,
Lord and be pure and strong; Then so much good you each day could do,
REFRAIN.
Some-bod - y al - ways is read - ing you. Read - ing you, yes,
read - ing you! Knowing what-ev - er you say or do! Morn-ing and
ev'n-ing, and night-time, too, Some-bod - y sure - ly is read - ing you.

 G. K. Vaughan, owner, 1921.

No. 32. GLORY IN THE CROSS.

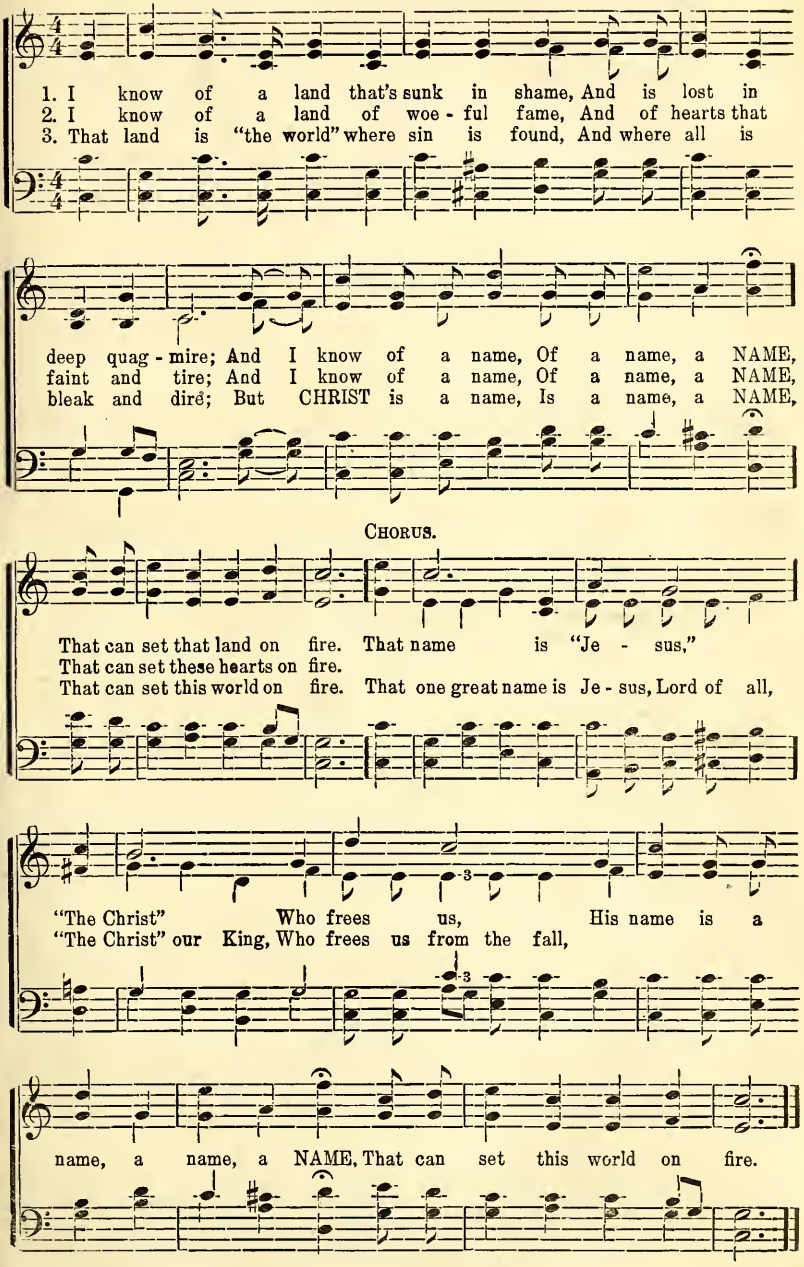
JAMES ROWE. B. C. UNSELD.


1. Soldiers in the ar - my of the King of kings, Glo - ry in the cross,
2. Keep the battle raging, crying, "Down with sin!" Glo - ry in the cross,
3. Nev - er mind the doubters or the world's dark frown, Glo - ry in the cross,
glo - ry in the cross; Keeping in the shelter of His lov - ing wings,
glo - ry in the cross; If we trust the Saviour we shall surely win,
glo - ry in the cross; By and by, in heaven we shall wear the crown,
CHORUS.
Glory in the blood-stained cross. Glory in the cross, glo - ry in the
Glo-ry in the cross,
cross, Counting worldly pleasures all as dross; Ev-er praising
glo-ry in the cross, pleasures all as dross;
Je - sus and the grace that frees us, Glory in the blood-stained cross.

Copyright, 1913, by James D. Vaughan.

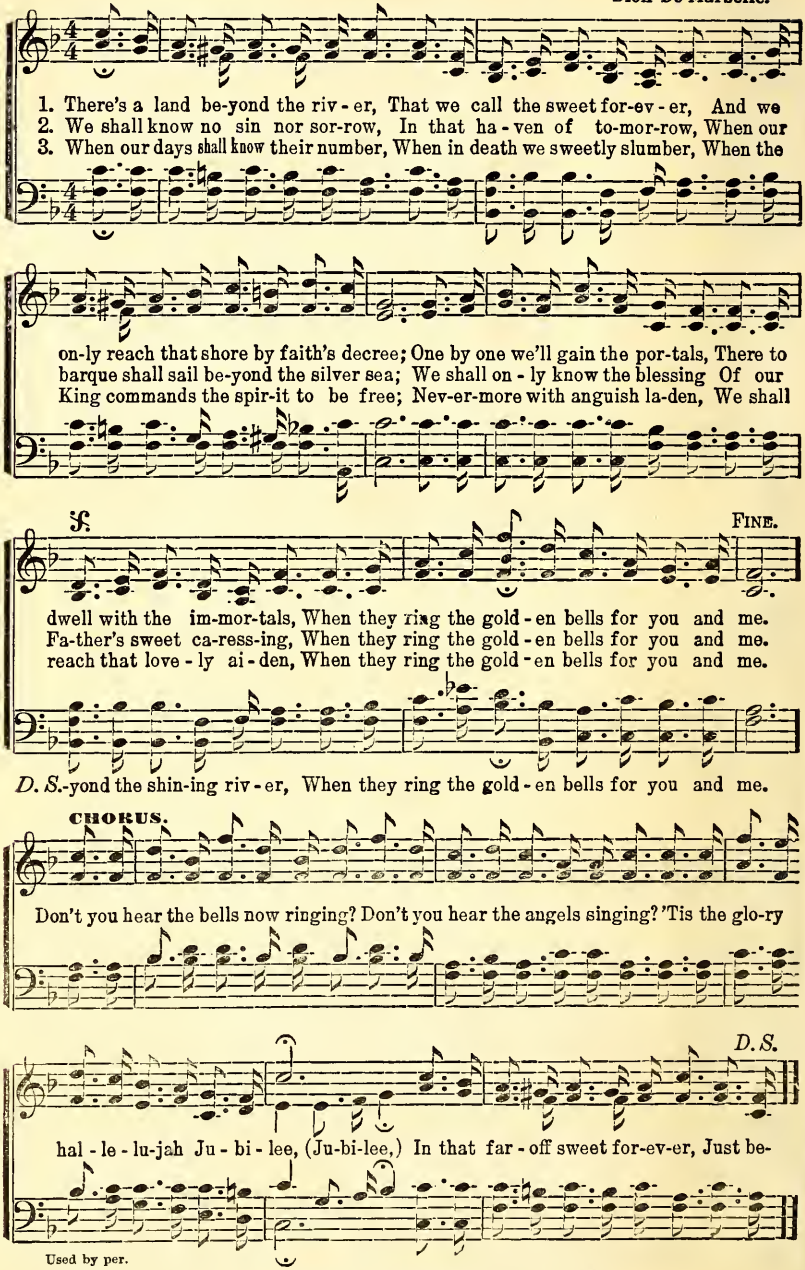
No. 33.

# I KNOW A NAME.

G. W. S. Geo. W. Sebren.

1. I know of a land that's sunk in shame, And is lost in
2. I know of a land of woe - ful fame, And of hearts that
3. That land is "the world" where sin is found, And where all is
deep quag - mire; And I know of a name, Of a name, a NAME,
faint and tire; And I know of a name, Of a name, a NAME,
bleak and dire; But CHRIST is a name, Is a name, a NAME,
CHORUS.
That can set that land on fire. That name is "Je - sus,"
That can set these hearts on fire.
That can set this world on fire. That one great name is Je - sus, Lord of all,
"The Christ" Who frees us, His name is a
"The Christ" our King, Who frees us from the fall,
name, a name, a NAME, That can set this world on fire.

James D. Vaughan, owner.

## No. 34. WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN BELLS.

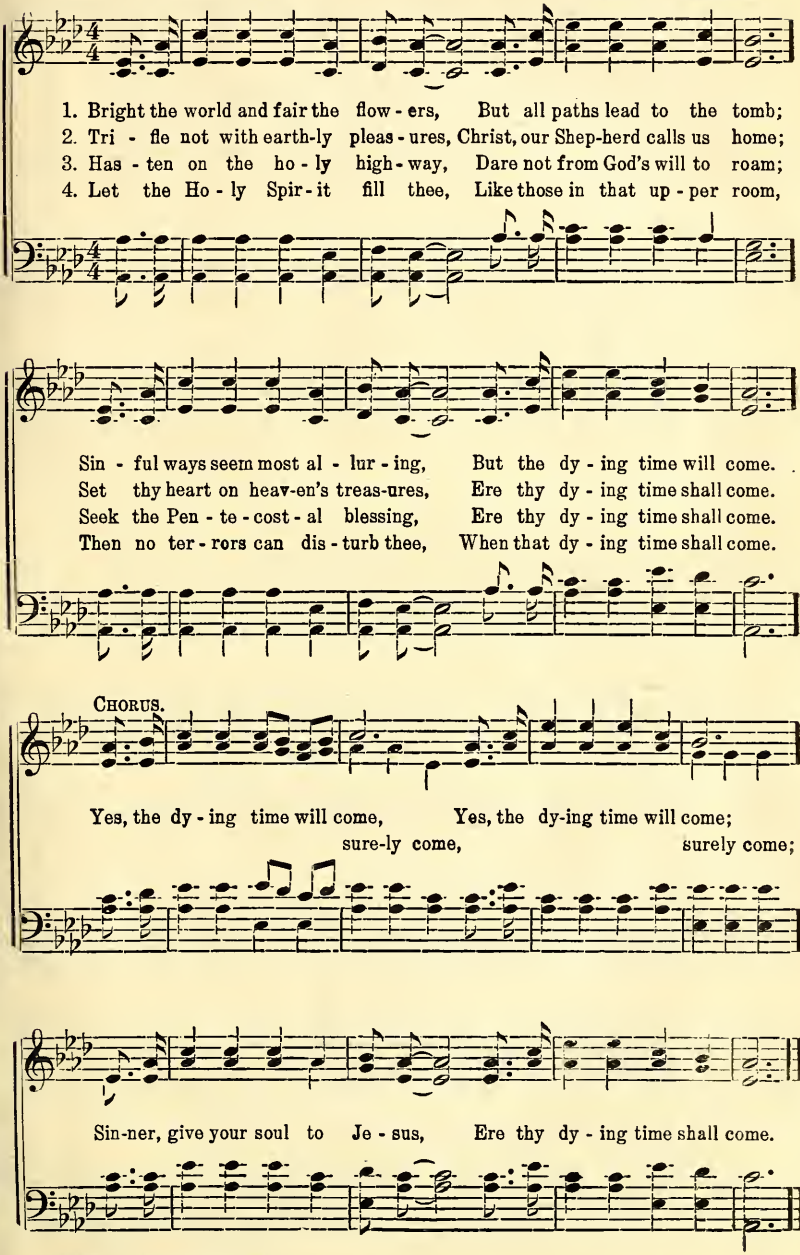
Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha - ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the por-tals, There to
barque shall sail be-yond the silver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
D. S.
FINE.
dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
reach that love - ly ai - den, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
D. S.-yond the shin-ing riv - er, When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.
CHORUS.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the glo-ry
D. S.
hal - le - lu-jah Ju - bi - lee, (Ju-bi-lee,) In that far - off sweet for-ev-er, Just be-

Used by per.

This song is recorded on a Vaughan Phonograph Record, No. 600.

## No. 35. THE DYING TIME WILL COME.

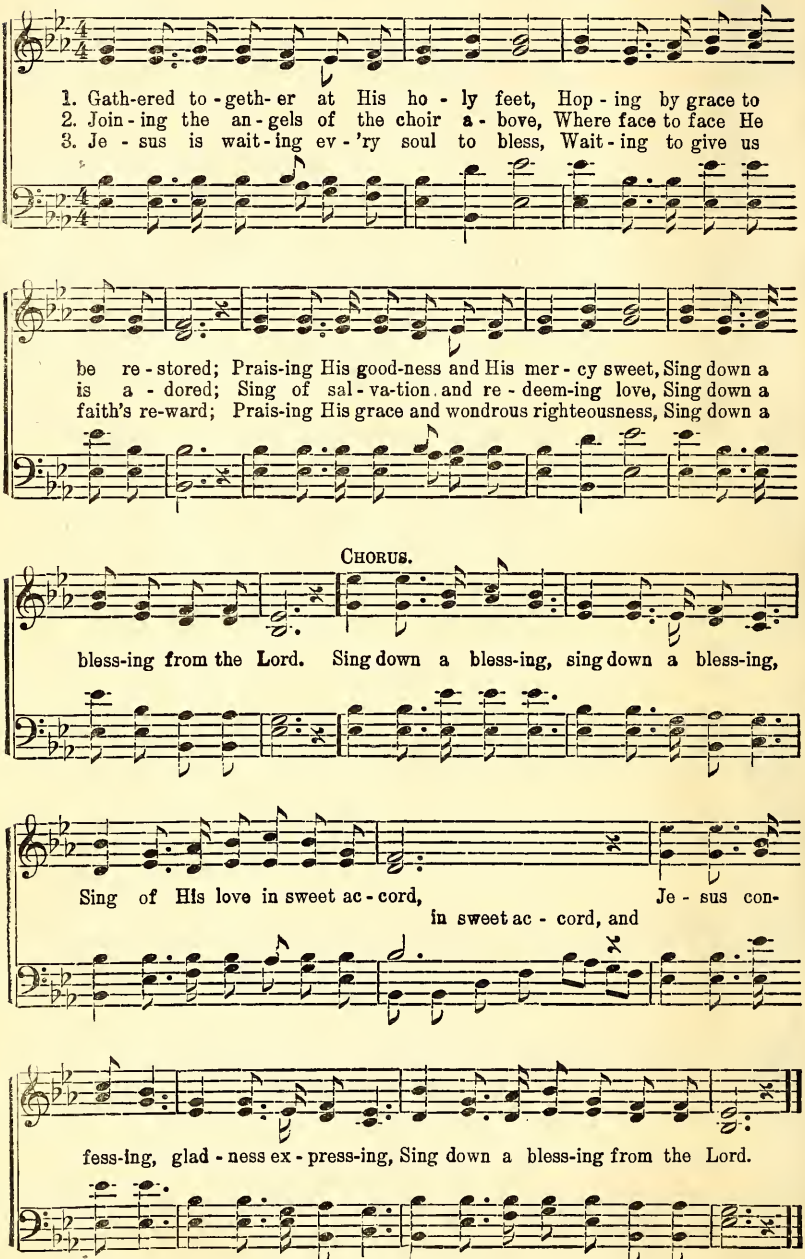
Rev. Raymond Browning. James D. Vaughan.


1. Bright the world and fair the flow - ers, But all paths lead to the tomb;
2. Tri - fle not with earth-ly pleas - ures, Christ, our Shep-herd calls us home;
3. Has - ten on the ho - ly high - way, Dare not from God's will to roam;
4. Let the Ho - ly Spir - it fill thee, Like those in that up - per room,
Sin - ful ways seem most al - lur - ing, But the dy - ing time will come.
Set thy heart on heav-en's treas-ures, Ere thy dy - ing time shall come.
Seek the Pen - te - cost - al blessing, Ere thy dy - ing time shall come.
Then no ter - rors can dis - turb thee, When that dy - ing time shall come.
CHORUS.
Yes, the dy - ing time will come, Yes, the dy-ing time will come;
sure-ly come, surely come;
Sin-ner, give your soul to Je - sus, Ere thy dy - ing time shall come.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1928.

No. 36. SING DOWN A BLESSING.

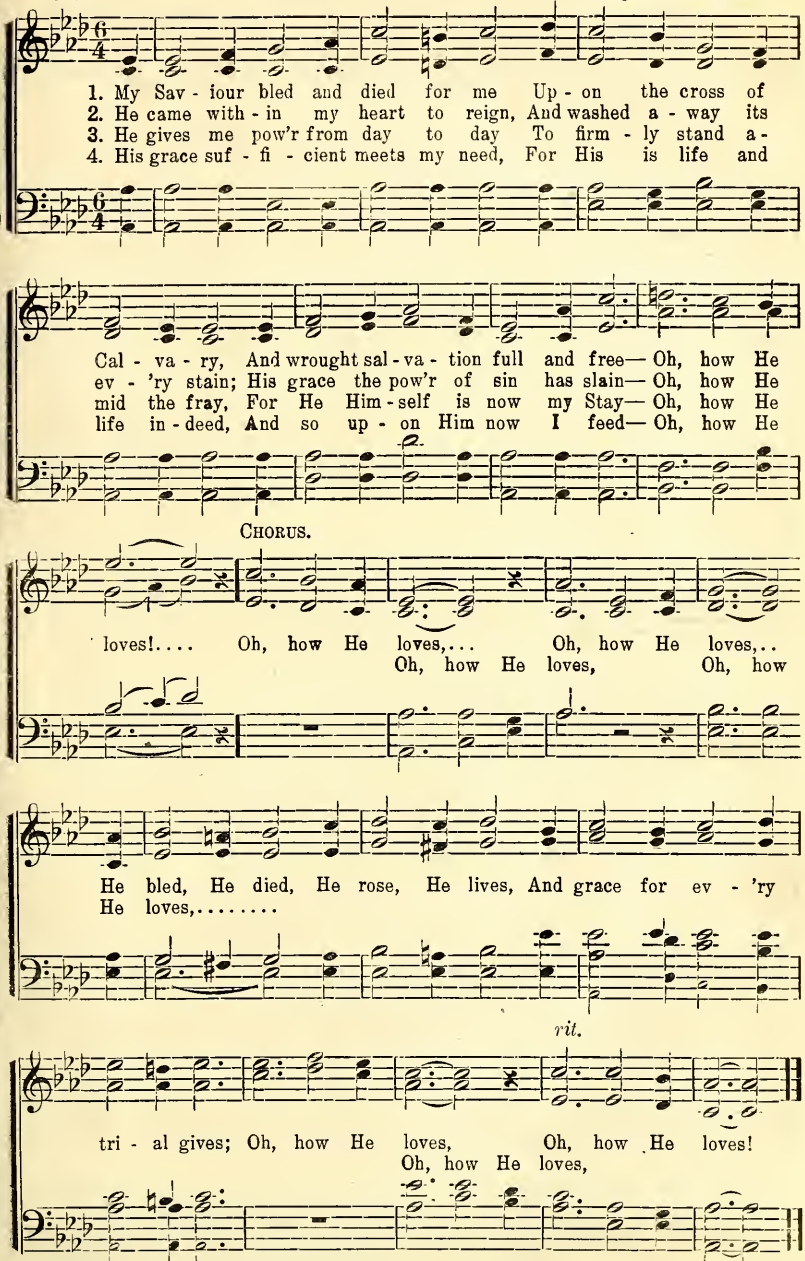
James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.


1. Gath-ered to-geth-er at His ho - ly feet, Hop - ing by grace to
2. Join - ing the an - gels of the choir a - bove, Where face to face He
3. Je - sus is wait - ing ev - 'ry soul to bless, Wait - ing to give us
be re - stored; Prais-ing His good-ness and His mer - cy sweet, Sing down a
is a - dored; Sing of sal - va-tion and re - deem-ing love, Sing down a
faith's re-ward; Prais-ing His grace and wondrous righteousness, Sing down a
CHORUS.
bless-ing from the Lord. Sing down a bless-ing, sing down a bless-ing,
Sing of His love in sweet ac - cord, Je - sus con-
in sweet ac - cord, and
fess-ing, glad - ness ex - press-ing, Sing down a bless-ing from the Lord.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1924.

No. 37.

# O HOW HE LOVES.

Oswald J. Smith. Roger M. Hickman.

1. My Sav - iour bled and died for me Up - on the cross of
2. He came with - in my heart to reign, And washed a - way its
3. He gives me pow'r from day to day To firm - ly stand a -
4. His grace suf - fi - cient meets my need, For His is life and
Cal - va - ry, And wrought sal - va - tion full and free— Oh, how He
ev - 'ry stain; His grace the pow'r of sin has slain— Oh, how He
mid the fray, For He Him - self is now my Stay— Oh, how He
life in - deed, And so up - on Him now I feed— Oh, how He
Chorus.
loves!.... Oh, how He loves,... Oh, how He loves,..
Oh, how He loves, Oh, how
He bled, He died, He rose, He lives, And grace for ev - 'ry
He loves,.....
rit.
tri - al gives; Oh, how He loves, Oh, how He loves!
Oh, how He loves,

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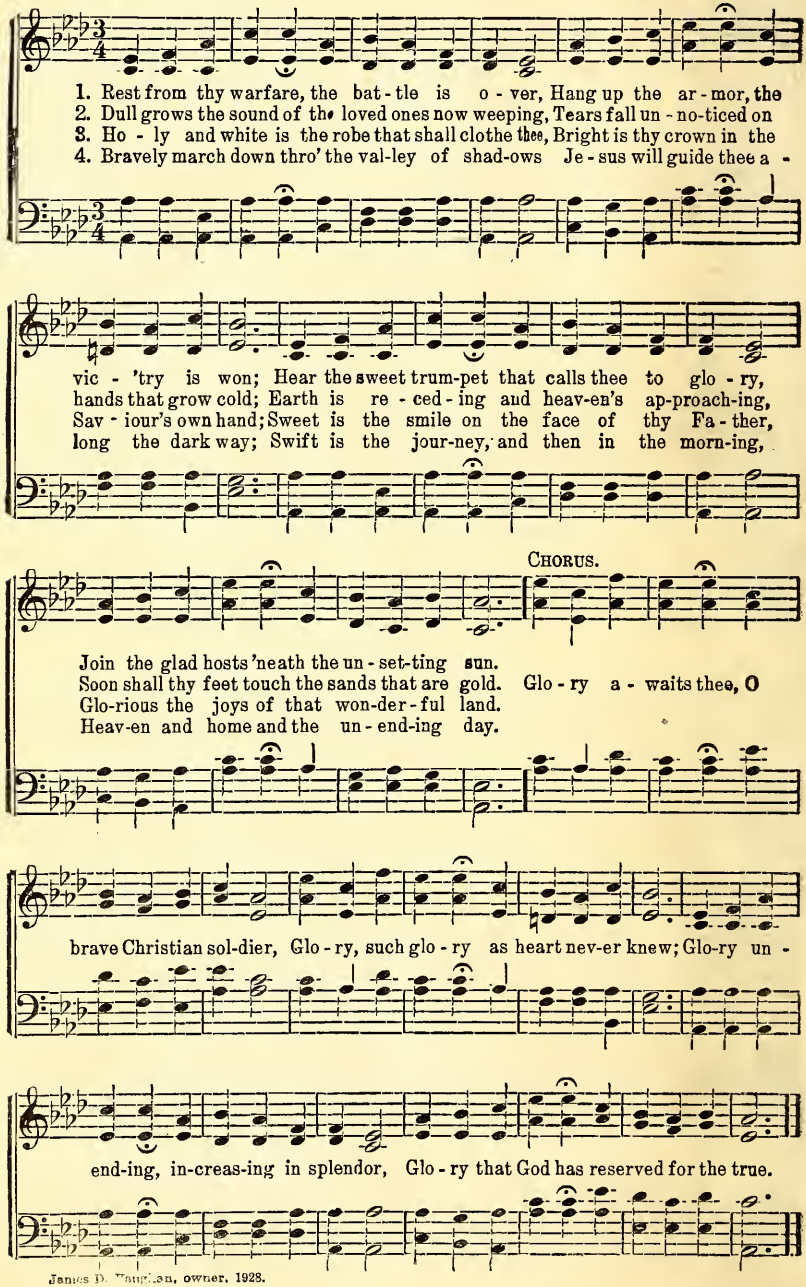
## No. 38. THE DYING SOLDIER.

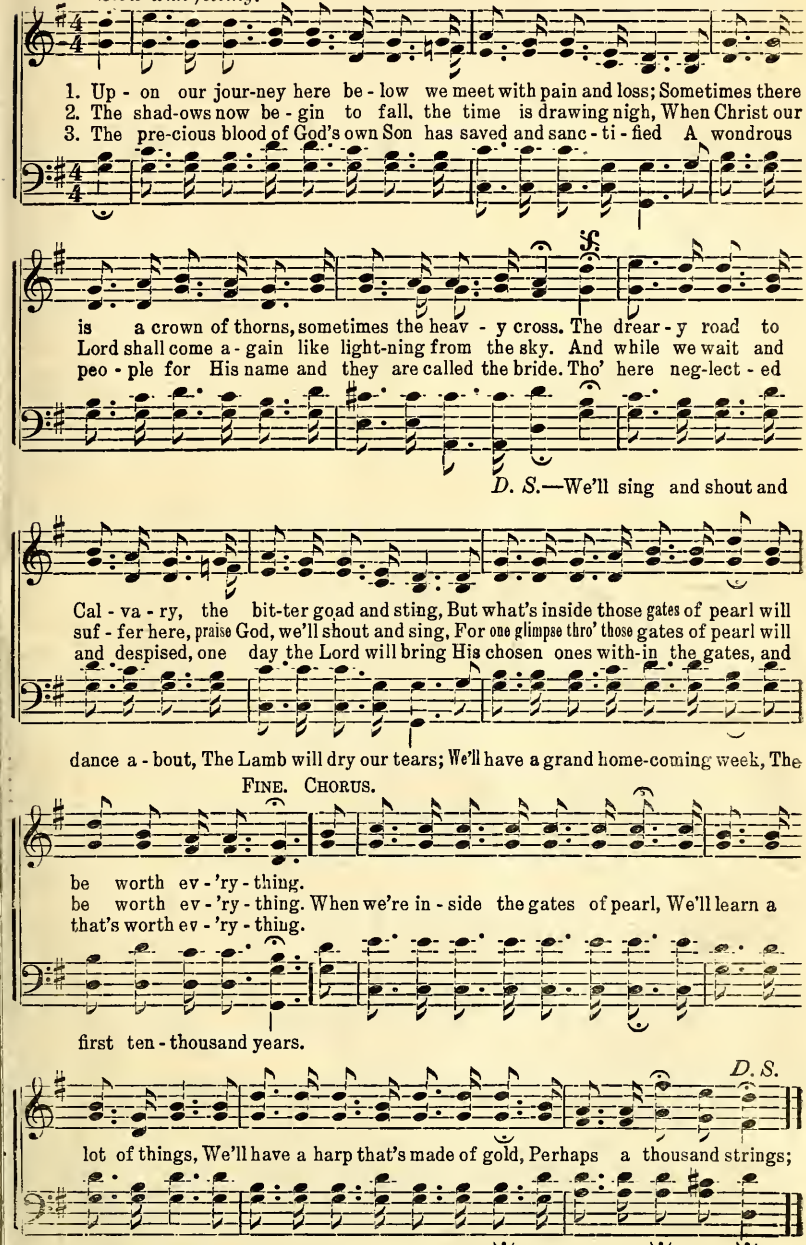
Rev. Raymond Browning. James D. Vaughan.


1. Rest from thy warfare, the bat - tle is o - ver, Hang up the ar - mor, the
2. Dull grows the sound of the loved ones now weeping, Tears fall un - no-ticed on
3. Ho - ly and white is the robe that shall clothe thee, Bright is thy crown in the
4. Bravely march down thro' the val-ley of shad-ows Je - sus will guide thee a -
vic - 'try is won; Hear the sweet trum-pet that calls thee to glo - ry,
hands that grow cold; Earth is re - ced - ing and heav-en's ap-proach-ing,
Sav - iour's own hand; Sweet is the smile on the face of thy Fa - ther,
long the dark way; Swift is the jour-ney, and then in the morn-ing,
CHORUS.
Join the glad hosts 'neath the un - set-ting sun.
Soon shall thy feet touch the sands that are gold. Glo - ry a - waits thee, O
Glo-rious the joys of that won-der - ful land.
Heav-en and home and the un - end-ing day.
brave Christian sol-dier, Glo - ry, such glo - ry as heart nev-er knew; Glo-ry un -
end-ing, in-creas-ing in splendor, Glo - ry that God has reserved for the true.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1928.

No. 39. THE HOME-COMING WEEK.

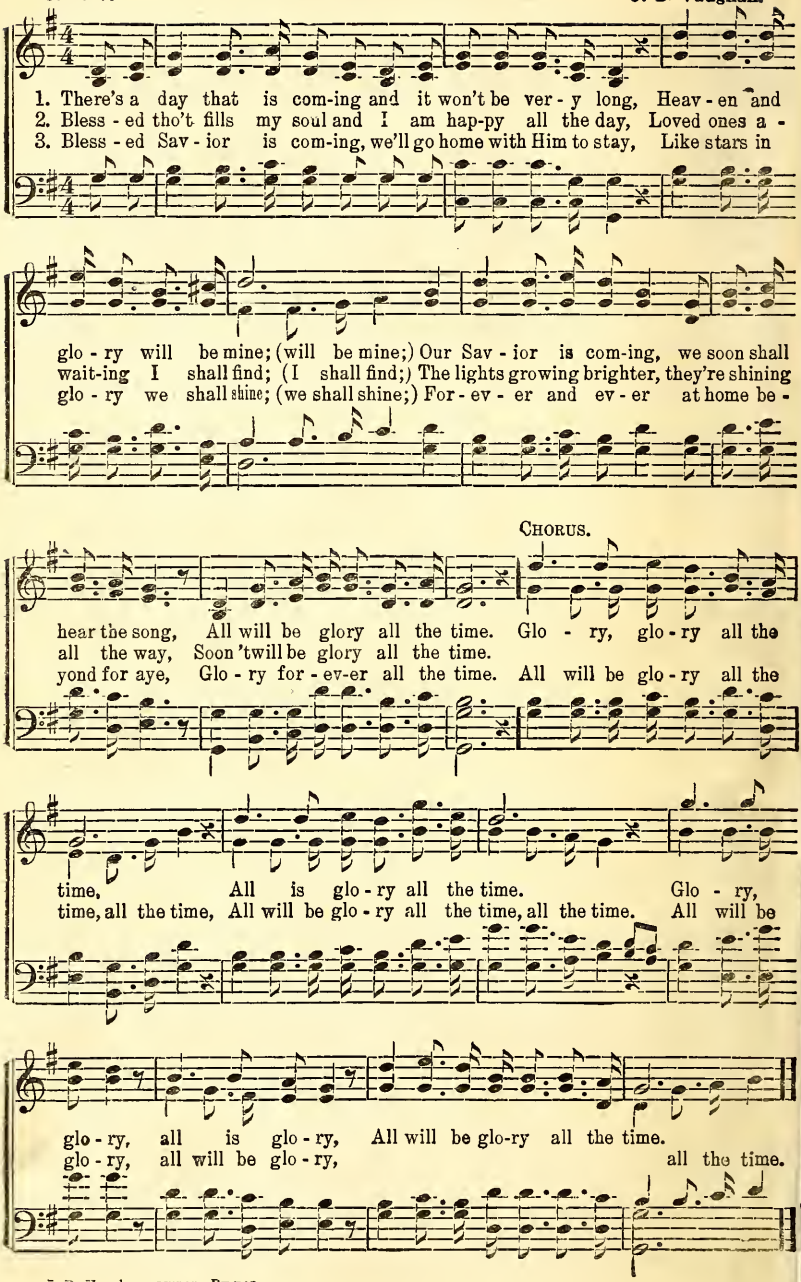
Rev. Raymond Browning. Adger M. Pace.

*Slow with feeling.*

1. Up - on our jour-ney here be - low we meet with pain and loss; Sometimes there
2. The shad-ows now be - gin to fall, the time is drawing nigh, When Christ our
3. The pre-cious blood of God's own Son has saved and sanc - ti - fied A wondrous
is a crown of thorns, sometimes the heav - y cross. The drear - y road to
Lord shall come a - gain like light-ning from the sky. And while we wait and
peo - ple for His name and they are called the bride. Tho' here neg-lect - ed
D. S.—We'll sing and shout and
Cal - va - ry, the bit-ter goad and sting, But what's inside those gates of pearl will
suf - fer here, praise God, we'll shout and sing, For one glimpse thro' those gates of pearl will
and despised, one day the Lord will bring His chosen ones with-in the gates, and
dance a - bout, The Lamb will dry our tears; We'll have a grand home-coming week, The
FINE. CHORUS.
be worth ev - 'ry - thing.
be worth ev - 'ry - thing. When we're in - side the gates of pearl, We'll learn a
that's worth ev - 'ry - thing.
first ten - thousand years.
D. S.
lot of things, We'll have a harp that's made of gold, Perhaps a thousand strings;

Adger M. Pace, owner, 1928.

No. 40.

# ALL WILL BE GLORY.

J. B. V. J. B. Vaughan.

1. There's a day that is com-ing and it won't be ver-y long, Heav-en and
2. Bless-ed tho't fills my soul and I am hap-py all the day, Loved ones a-
3. Bless-ed Sav-ior is com-ing, we'll go home with Him to stay, Like stars in
glo-ry will be mine; (will be mine;) Our Sav-ior is com-ing, we soon shall
wait-ing I shall find; (I shall find;) The lights growing brighter, they're shining
glo-ry we shall shine; (we shall shine;) For-ev-er and ev-er at home be-
CHORUS.
hear the song, All will be glory all the time. Glo-ry, glo-ry all the
all the way, Soon 'twill be glory all the time.
yond for aye, Glo-ry for-ev-er all the time. All will be glo-ry all the
time, All is glo-ry all the time. Glo-ry,
time, all the time, All will be glo-ry all the time, all the time. All will be
glo-ry, all is glo-ry, All will be glo-ry all the time.
glo-ry, all will be glo-ry, all the time.

J. B. Vaughan, owner. By per.

## No. 41. O WHAT A BLESSING HE IS TO ME.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. W. B. Walbert.

Not fast.

1. I have a Sav-iour who loves me I know, Guarding and guid-ing wher-
2. Mo-ment by mo-ment He shields me from wrong, Mak-ing me ev - er cour-
3. Sa - tan may tempt and the world may al - lure, I have a hope that is
4. O what a bless-ing to know He is near, Waiting to ban - ish my

ev - er I go, He is my com-fort in weal or in woe—
age - ous and strong; Fill - ing my spir - it with glad - ness and song—
steadfast and sure; Je - sus is with me, I'm safe and se - cure—
sor - row and fear; Bear - ing my bur-dens and bring - ing me cheer—

CHORUS.

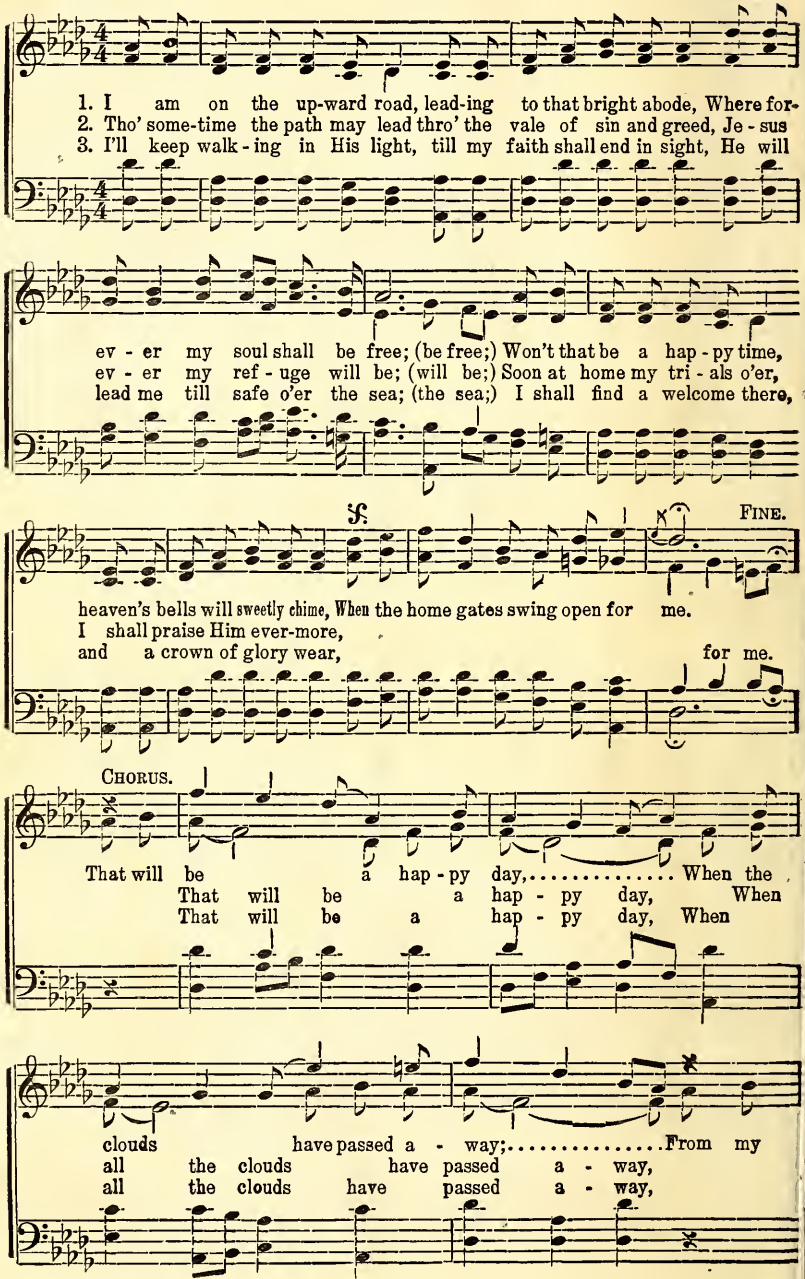
O what a bless-ing He is to me. O..... what a
O what a bless - ing He

bless-ing to me, O..... ..... what a blessing to me; He comes to
is to me, O what a bless-ing He is to me;

share ev - 'ry bur - den I bear, O what a bless-ing He is to me.

W. B. Walbert, owner, 1926.

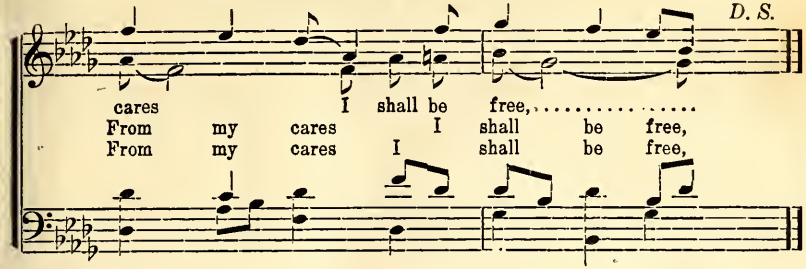
## No. 42. WHEN THE HOME GATES SWING OPEN.

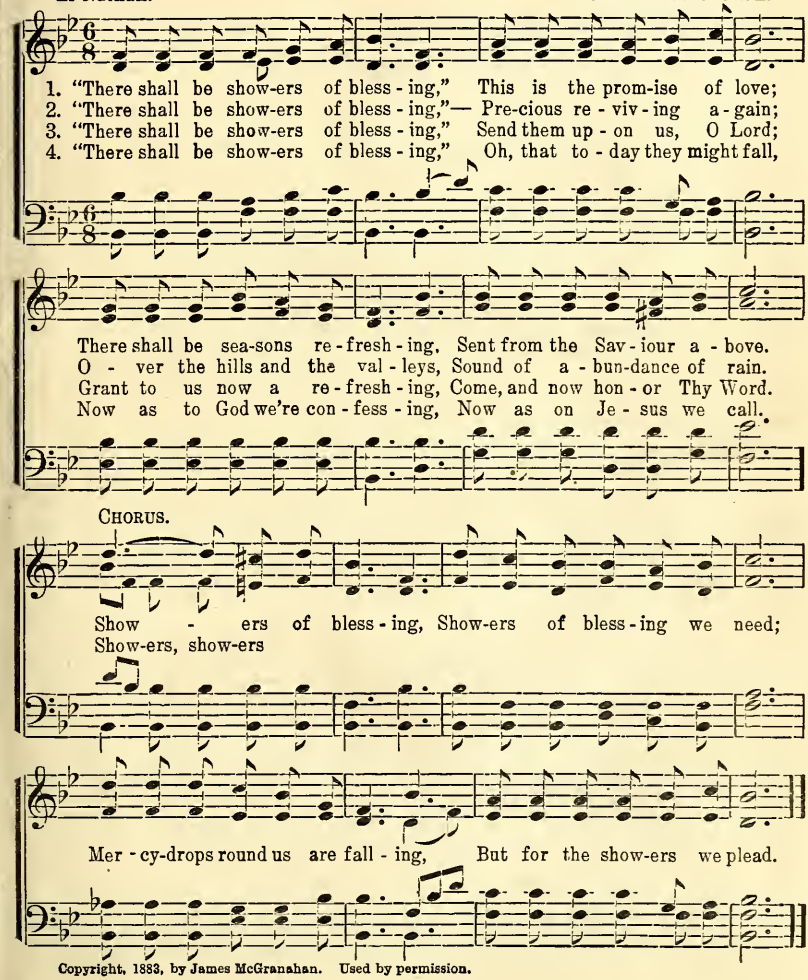
O. A. P. O. A. Parris.

1. I am on the up-ward road, lead-ing to that bright abode, Where for-
2. Tho' some-time the path may lead thro' the vale of sin and greed, Je - sus
3. I'll keep walk - ing in His light, till my faith shall end in sight, He will
ev - er my soul shall be free; (be free;) Won't that be a hap - py time,
ev - er my ref - uge will be; (will be;) Soon at home my tri - als o'er,
lead me till safe o'er the sea; (the sea;) I shall find a welcome there,
heaven's bells will sweetly chime, When the home gates swing open for me.
I shall praise Him ever-more,
and a crown of glory wear, for me.
CHORUS.
That will be a hap - py day,..... When the
That will be a hap - py day, When
That will be a hap - py day, When
clouds have passed a - way;.....From my
all the clouds have passed a - way,
all the clouds have passed a - way,

FINE.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1927.

## WHEN THE HOME GATES SWING OPEN. Concluded.

D. S.

## No. 43. THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing," This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing,"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing," Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing," Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.
CHORUS.
Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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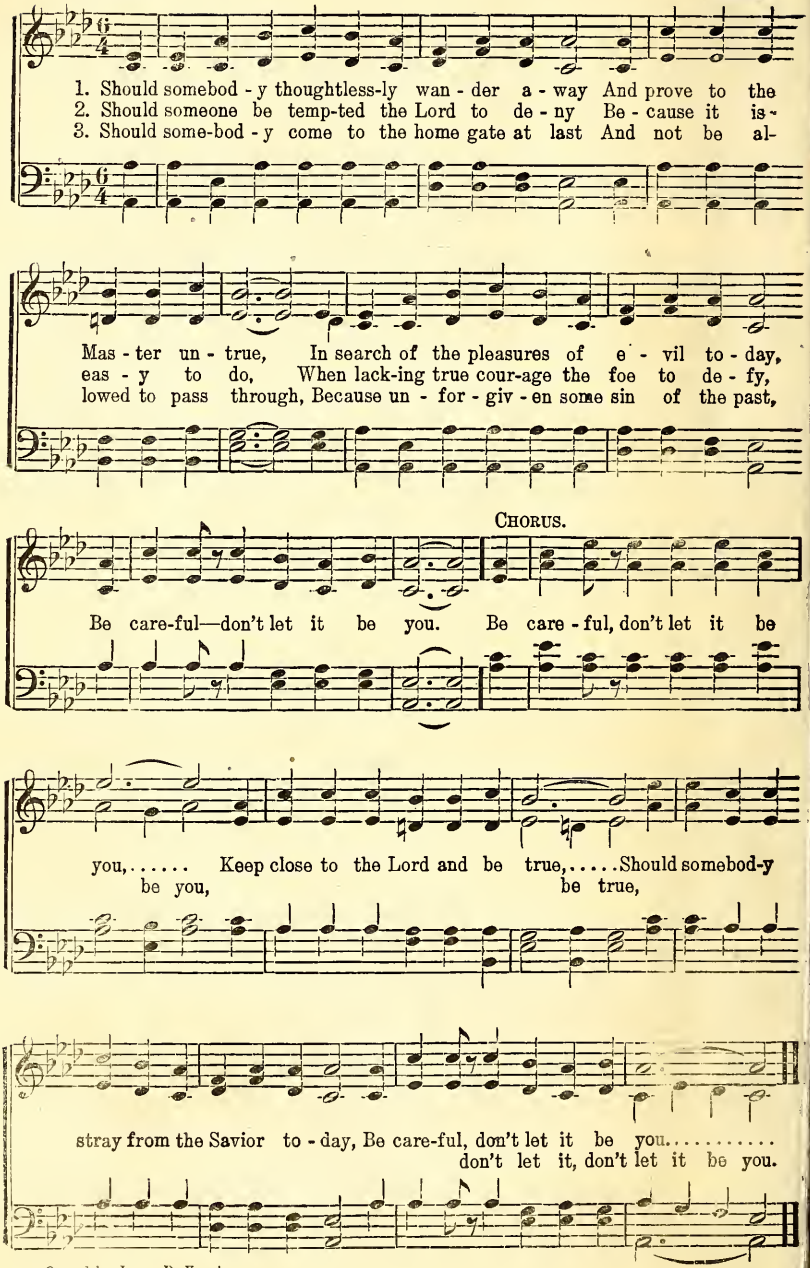
## No. 44. DON'T LET IT BE YOU.

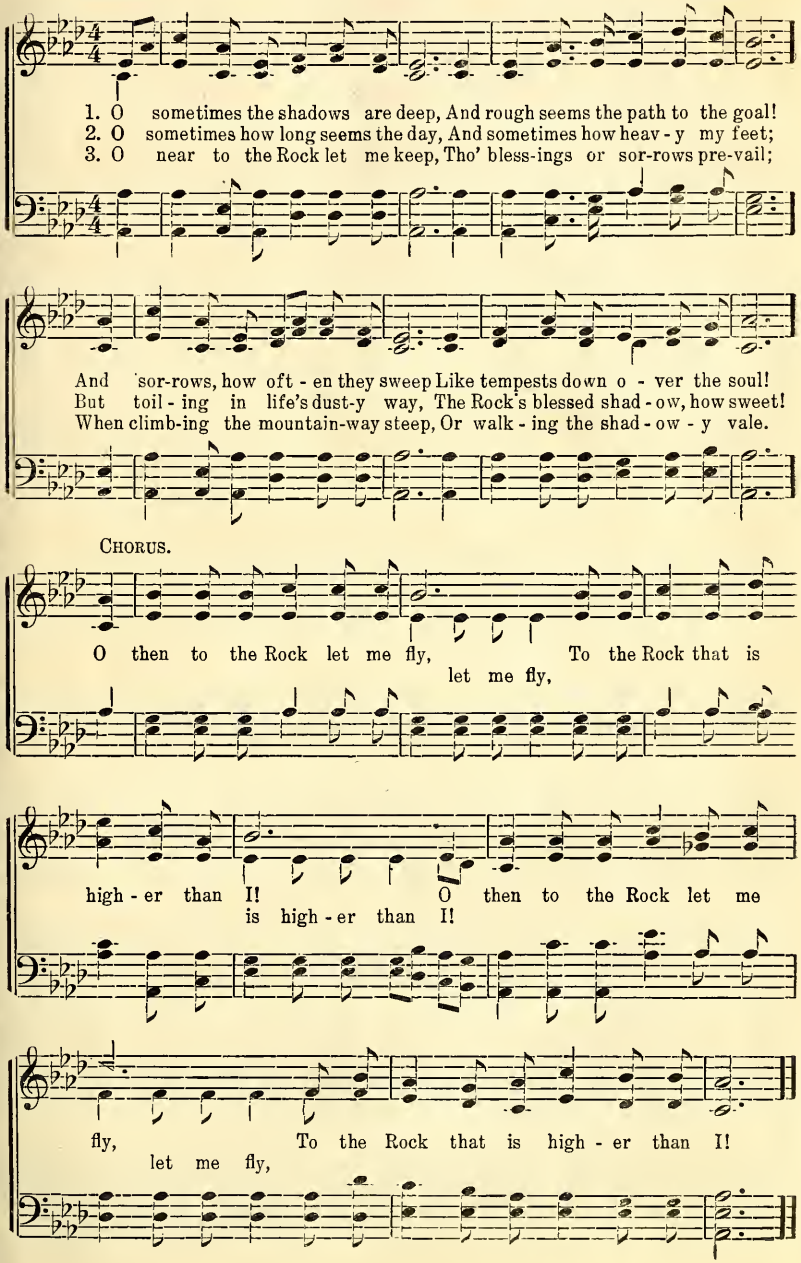
JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Should somebod - y thoughtless-ly wan - der a - way And prove to the
2. Should someone be temp-ted the Lord to de - ny Be - cause it is -
3. Should some-bod - y come to the home gate at last And not be al-
Mas - ter un - true, In search of the pleasures of e - vil to - day,
eas - y to do, When lack-ing true cour-age the foe to de - fy,
lowed to pass through, Because un - for - giv - en some sin of the past,
CHORUS.
Be care-ful—don't let it be you. Be care - ful, don't let it be
you,..... Keep close to the Lord and be true,.....Should somebod-y
be you, be true,
stray from the Savior to - day, Be care-ful, don't let it be you.....
don't let it, don't let it be you.

Owned by James D. Vaughan.

## No. 45. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

E. Johnson. W. G. Fischer.


1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal!
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heav - y my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Tho' bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sor-rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad - ow, how sweet!
When climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.
CHORUS.
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!
let me fly,
O then to the Rock let me fly,
is high - er than I!
let me fly,

No. 46. **HEAVEN HOLDS ALL TO ME.**

T. S. T. Tillit S. Teddlie.

*Not too fast.*

1. Earth holds no treas-ures but per - ish with us - ing, How - ev - er
2. Out on the hill of that won - der - ful coun-try, Hap - py, con-
3. Why should I long for the world and its sor-rows, When in that

pre - cious they be; Yet there's a coun - try to which I am
tent - ed and free; Loved ones are wait - ing and watch-ing my
home o'er the sea; Mil - lions are sing - ing the won - der - ful

CHORUS.

go - ing, Heav - en holds all to me.
com - ing, Heav - en holds all to me. Heav - en holds all to
sto - ry, Heav - en holds all to me.

me,..... Bright-er its glo - ry will be; *p* Joy with - out
to me,

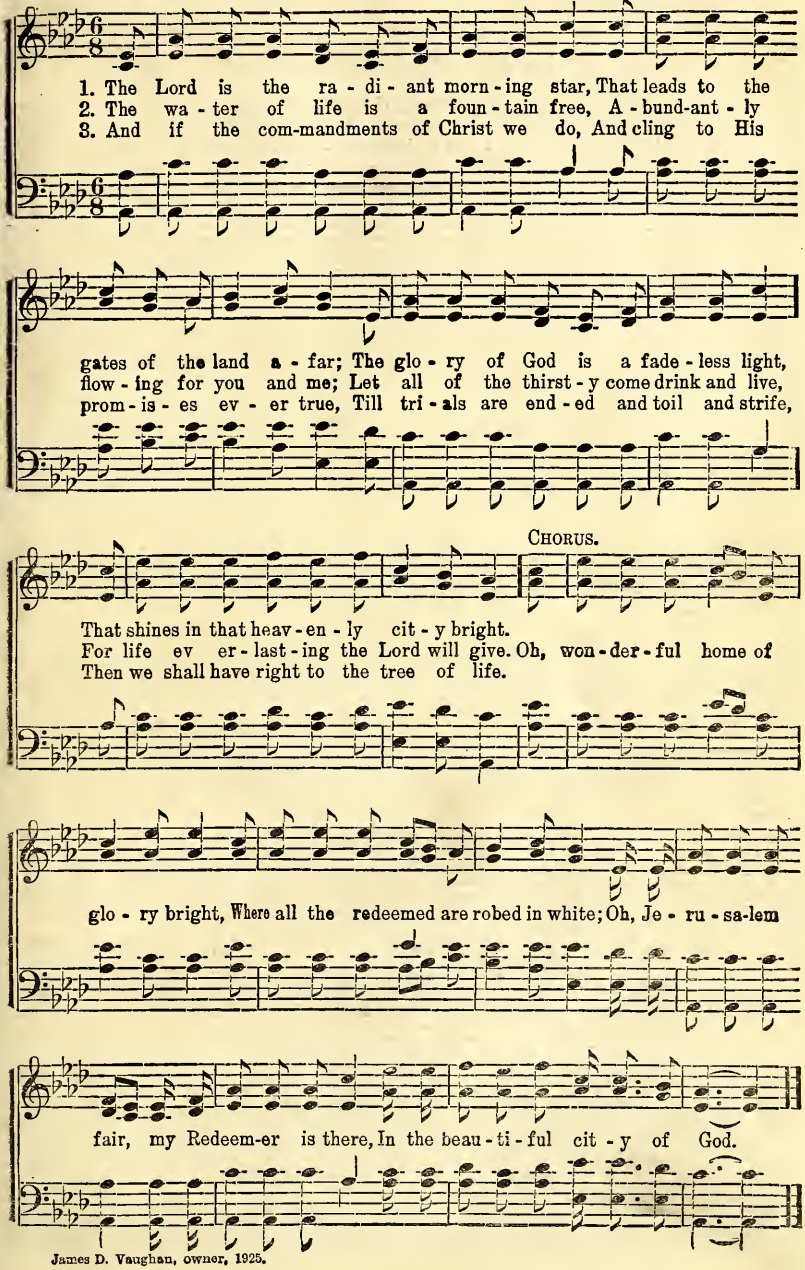
*m* *rit.*

meas-ure will be my treasure, Heav-en holds all to me.

Used by per.

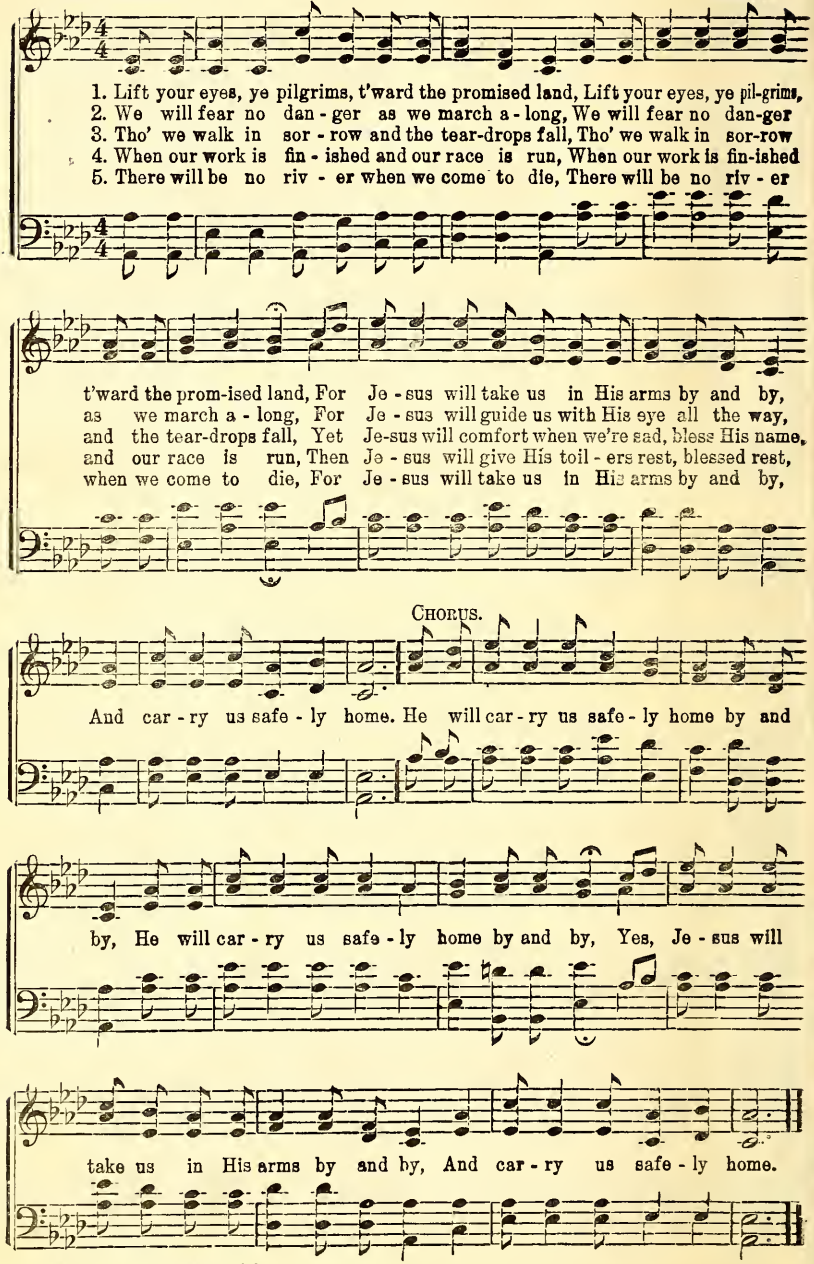
## No. 47. THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

Mrs. Clint Shelton. James D. Vaughan.


1. The Lord is the ra - di - ant morn - ing star, That leads to the
2. The wa - ter of life is a foun - tain free, A - bund-ant - ly
3. And if the com-mandments of Christ we do, And cling to His
gates of the land a - far; The glo - ry of God is a fade - less light,
flow - ing for you and me; Let all of the thirst - y come drink and live,
prom - is - es ev - er true, Till tri - als are end - ed and toil and strife,
CHORUS.
That shines in that heav - en - ly cit - y bright.
For life ev er - last - ing the Lord will give. Oh, won - der - ful home of
Then we shall have right to the tree of life.
glo - ry bright, Where all the redeemed are robed in white; Oh, Je - ru - sa-lem
fair, my Redeem-er is there, In the beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1925.

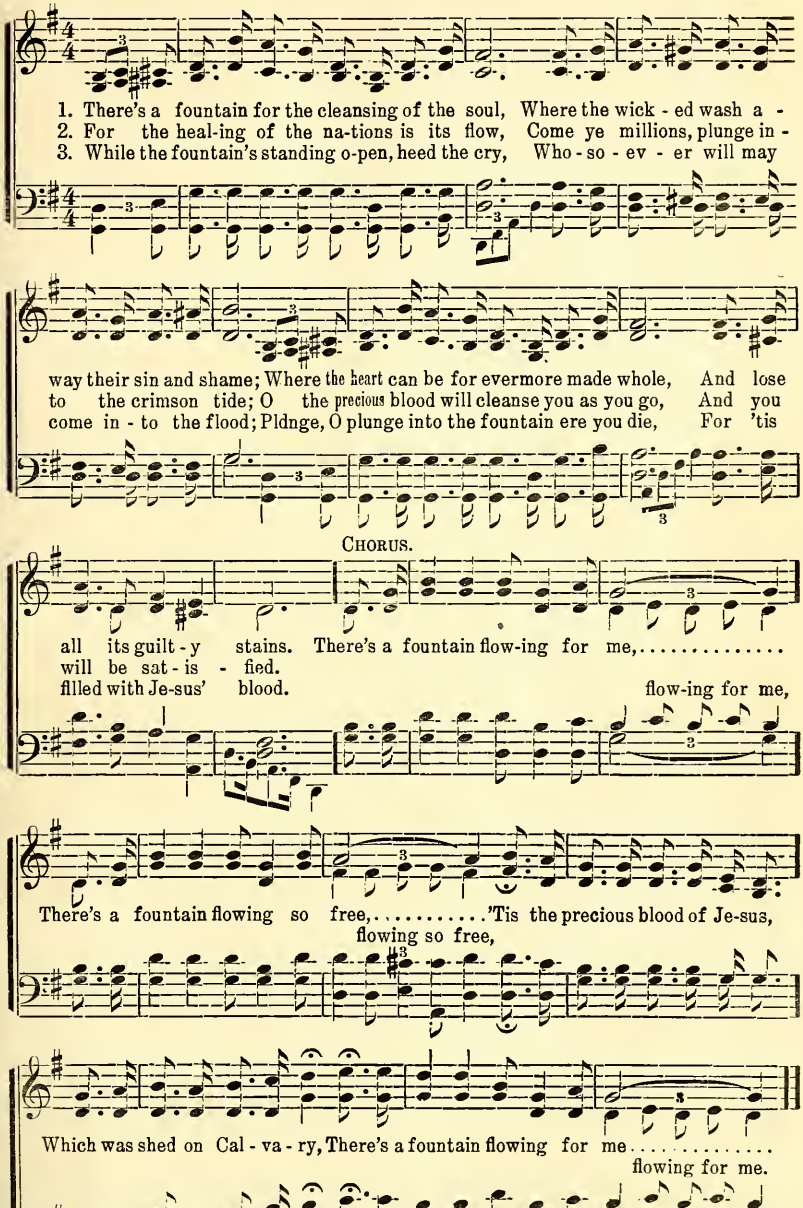
## No. 48. HE WILL CARRY US SAFELY HOME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Lift your eyes, ye pilgrims, t'ward the promised land, Lift your eyes, ye pil-grims,
2. We will fear no dan - ger as we march a - long, We will fear no dan-ger
3. Tho' we walk in sor - row and the tear-drops fall, Tho' we walk in sor-row
4. When our work is fin - ished and our race is run, When our work is fin-ished
5. There will be no riv - er when we come to die, There will be no riv - er
t'ward the prom-ised land, For Je - sus will take us in His arms by and by,
as we march a - long, For Je - sus will guide us with His eye all the way,
and the tear-drops fall, Yet Je-sus will comfort when we're sad, bless His name,
and our race is run, Then Je - sus will give His toil - ers rest, blessed rest,
when we come to die, For Je - sus will take us in His arms by and by,
CHORUS.
And car - ry us safe - ly home. He will car - ry us safe - ly home by and
by, He will car - ry us safe - ly home by and by, Yes, Je - sus will
take us in His arms by and by, And car - ry us safe - ly home.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1919.

## No. 49. A FOUNTAIN FLOWING FOR ME.

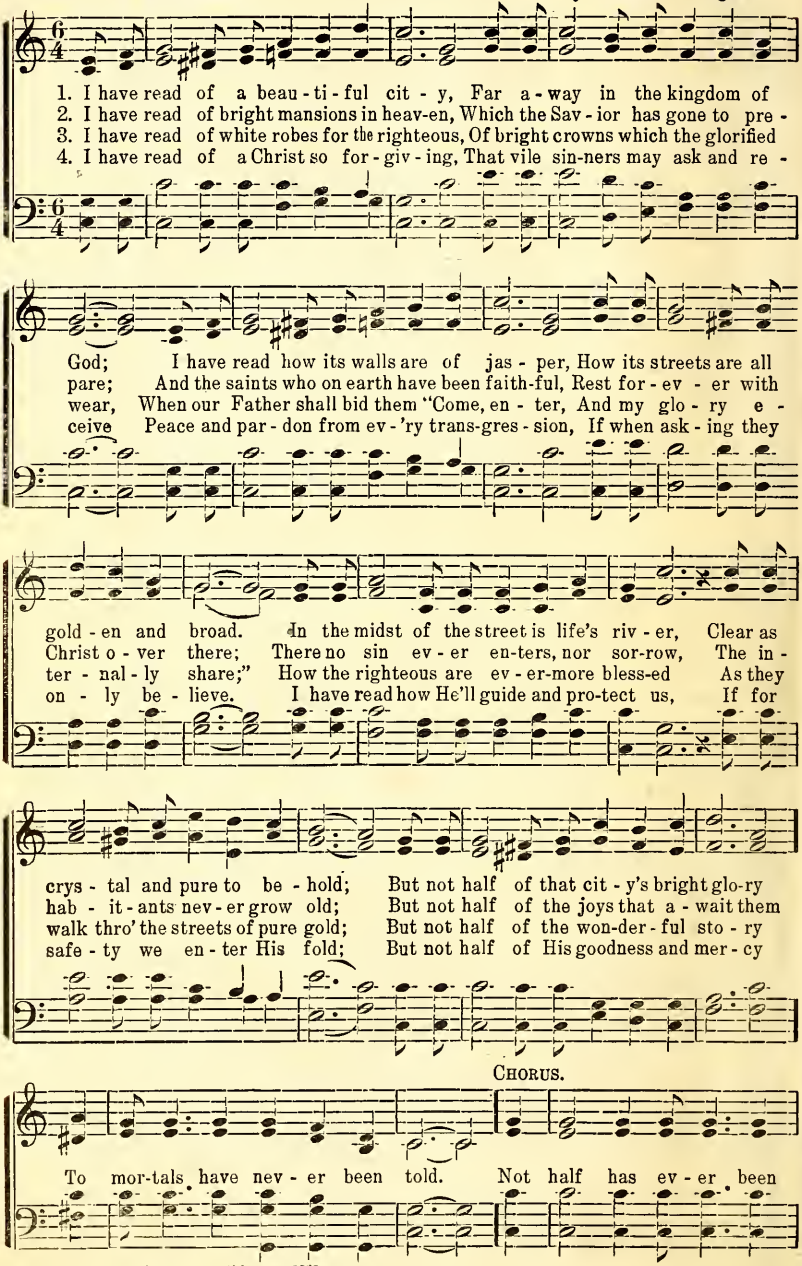
Rev. Jarrette E. Aycock. Mrs. Dell Aycock.


1. There's a fountain for the cleansing of the soul, Where the wick - ed wash a -
2. For the heal-ing of the na-tions is its flow, Come ye millions, plunge in -
3. While the fountain's standing o-pen, heed the cry, Who - so - ev - er will may
way their sin and shame; Where the heart can be for evermore made whole, And lose
to the crimson tide; O the precious blood will cleanse you as you go, And you
come in - to the flood; Pldnge, O plunge into the fountain ere you die, For 'tis
CHORUS.
all its guilt - y stains. There's a fountain flow-ing for me,.....
will be sat - is - fied.
filled with Je-sus' blood.
flow-ing for me,
There's a fountain flowing so free,.....'Tis the precious blood of Je-sus,
flowing so free,
Which was shed on Cal - va - ry, There's a fountain flowing for me.....
flowing for me.

Copyright, 1926, by Rev. Jarrette E. Aycock, Bethany, Okla. By per.

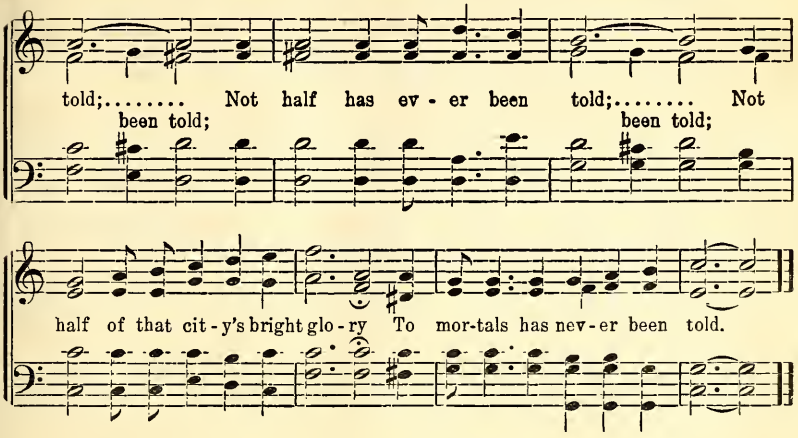
## No. 50. NOT HALF AS EVER BEEN TOLD.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson — *Good as a Solo.* — O. F. Presbrey. Arr. by James D. Vaughan.


1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in heav-en, Which the Sav - ior has gone to pre -
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re -
God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all
pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for - ev - er with
wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, en - ter, And my glo - ry e -
ceive Peace and par - don from ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion, If when ask - ing they
gold - en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as
Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in -
ter - nal - ly share;" How the righteous are ev - er-more bless-ed As they
on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro-tect us, If for
crys - tal and pure to be - hold; But not half of that cit - y's bright glo-ry
hab - it - ants nev - er grow old; But not half of the joys that a - wait them
walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not half of the won-der - ful sto - ry
safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not half of His goodness and mer - cy
CHORUS.
To mor-tals have nev - er been told. Not half has ev - er been

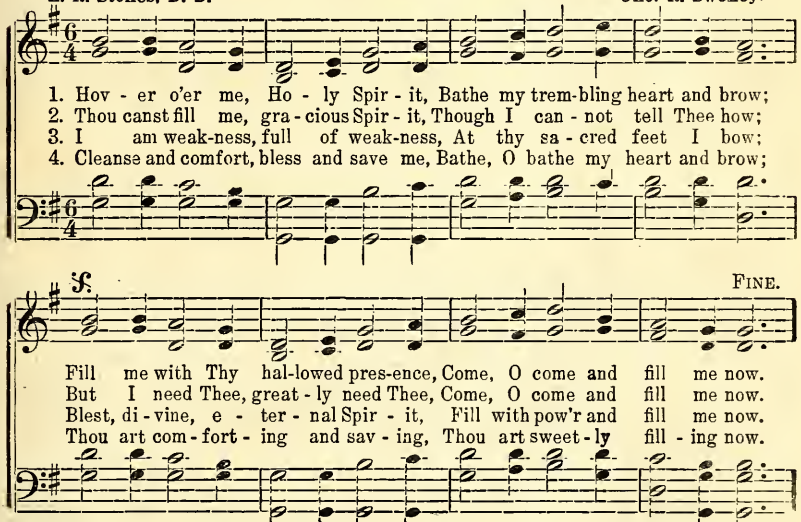
James D. Vaughan, owner this arr., 1928.

## NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD. Concluded.



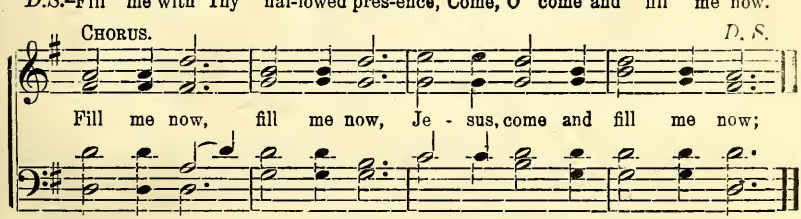

## No. 51. FILL ME NOW.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

FINE.

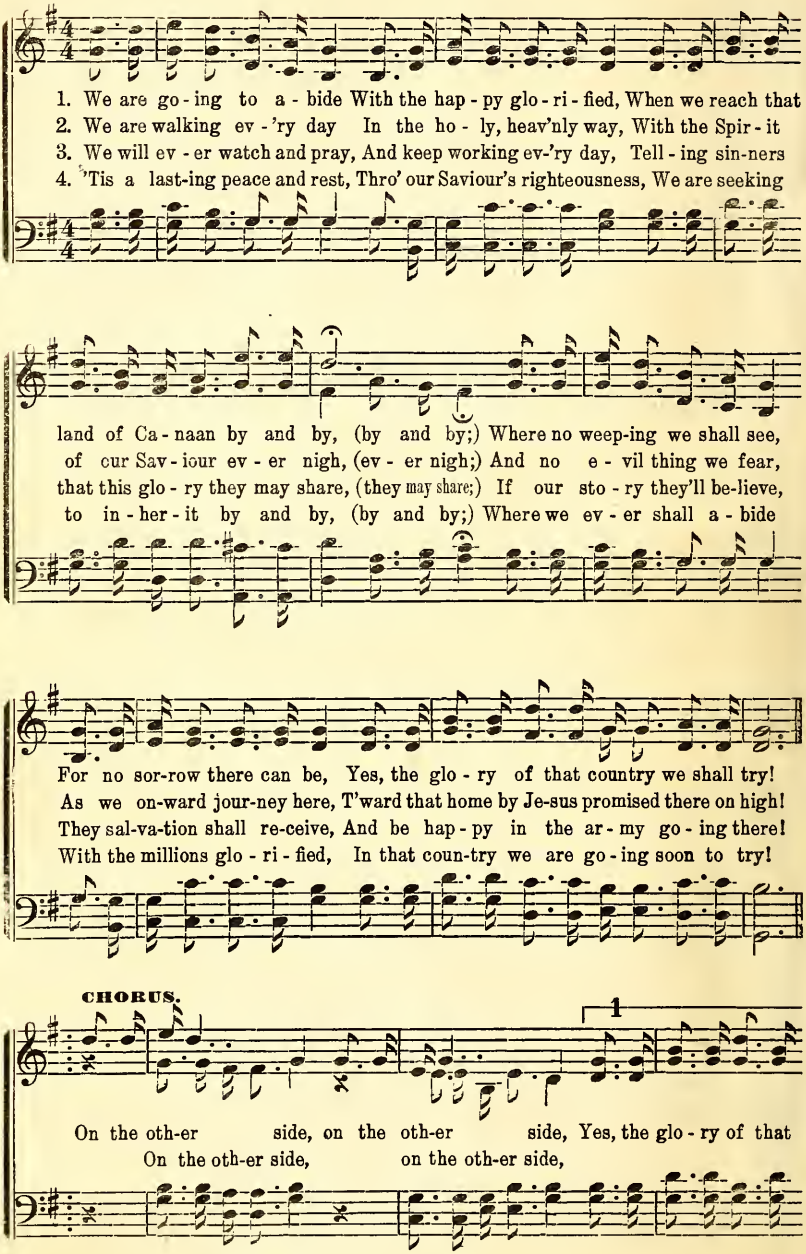
*D.S.*–Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.




Copyrinht, 1907, by Jno. R. Sweney. Renewal.

No. 52. # ON THE OTHER SIDE.

F. L. EILAND. WM. D. EVRIDGE.


1. We are go-ing to a-bide With the hap-py glo-ri-fied, When we reach that
2. We are walking ev-'ry day In the ho-ly, heav'nly way, With the Spir-it
3. We will ev-er watch and pray, And keep working ev-'ry day, Tell-ing sin-ners
4. 'Tis a last-ing peace and rest, Thro' our Saviour's righteousness, We are seeking
land of Ca-naan by and by, (by and by;) Where no weep-ing we shall see,
of our Sav-iour ev-er nigh, (ev-er nigh;) And no e-vil thing we fear,
that this glo-ry they may share, (they may share;) If our sto-ry they'll be-lieve,
to in-her-it by and by, (by and by;) Where we ev-er shall a-bide
For no sor-row there can be, Yes, the glo-ry of that country we shall try!
As we on-ward jour-ney here, T'ward that home by Je-sus promised there on high!
They sal-va-tion shall re-ceive, And be hap-py in the ar-my go-ing there!
With the millions glo-ri-fied, In that coun-try we are go-ing soon to try!
CHORUS.
1
On the oth-er side, on the oth-er side, Yes, the glo-ry of that
On the oth-er side, on the oth-er side,

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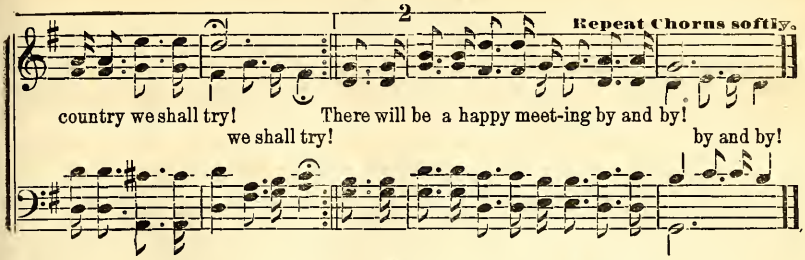
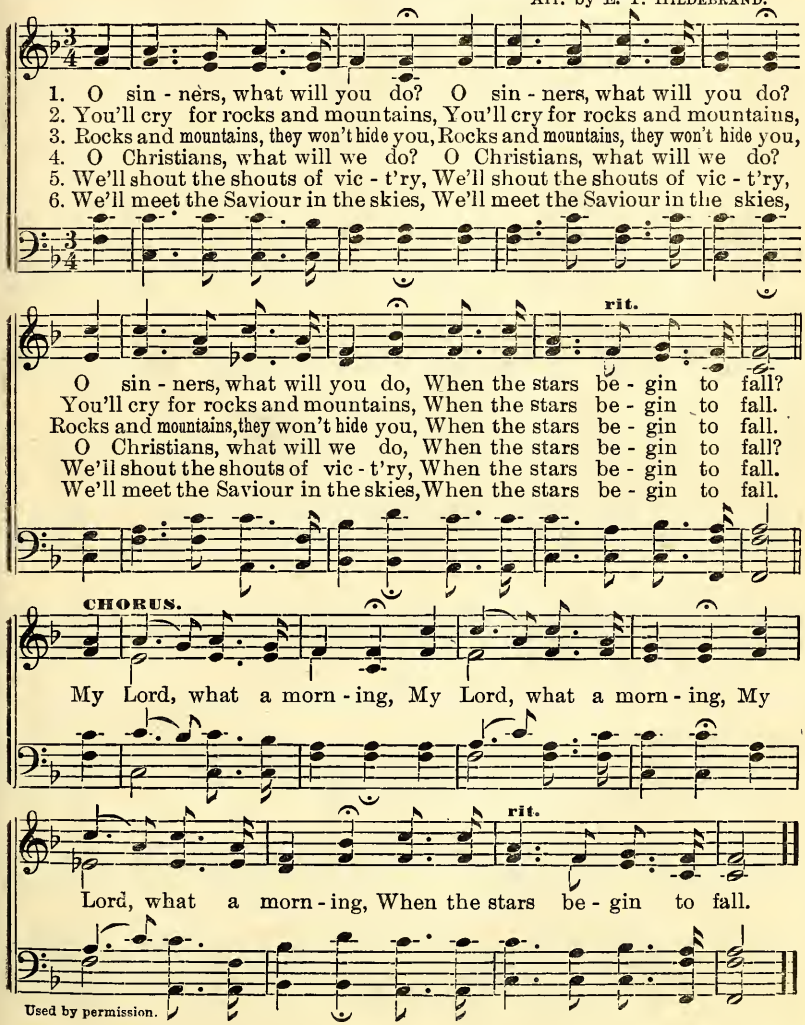



## No. 53. WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO FALL.

Arr. by E. T. HILDEBRAND.


1. O sin - ners, what will you do? O sin - ners, what will you do?
2. You'll cry for rocks and mountains, You'll cry for rocks and mountains,
3. Rocks and mountains, they won't hide you, Rocks and mountains, they won't hide you,
4. O Christians, what will we do? O Christians, what will we do?
5. We'll shout the shouts of vic - t'ry, We'll shout the shouts of vic - t'ry,
6. We'll meet the Saviour in the skies, We'll meet the Saviour in the skies,
rit.
O sin - ners, what will you do, When the stars be - gin to fall?
You'll cry for rocks and mountains, When the stars be - gin to fall.
Rocks and mountains, they won't hide you, When the stars be - gin to fall.
O Christians, what will we do, When the stars be - gin to fall?
We'll shout the shouts of vic - t'ry, When the stars be - gin to fall.
We'll meet the Saviour in the skies, When the stars be - gin to fall.
CHORUS.
My Lord, what a morn - ing, My Lord, what a morn - ing, My
rit.
Lord, what a morn - ing, When the stars be - gin to fall.

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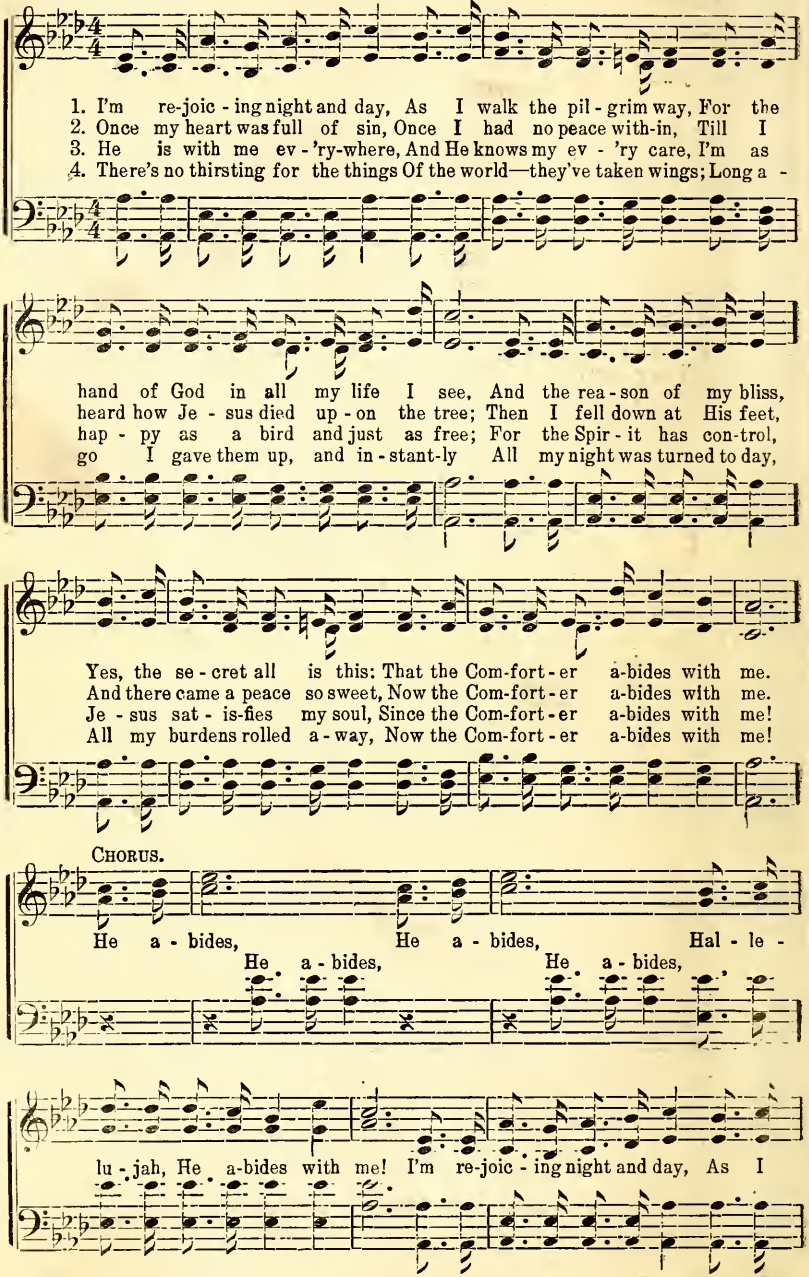
No. 54.

# HE ABIDES.

Herbert Buffum. D. M. Shanks

1. I'm re-joic - ing night and day, As I walk the pil - grim way, For the
2. Once my heart was full of sin, Once I had no peace with-in, Till I
3. He is with me ev - 'ry-where, And He knows my ev - 'ry care, I'm as
4. There's no thirsting for the things Of the world—they've taken wings; Long a -
hand of God in all my life I see, And the rea - son of my bliss,
heard how Je - sus died up - on the tree; Then I fell down at His feet,
hap - py as a bird and just as free; For the Spir - it has con-trol,
go I gave them up, and in - stant-ly All my night was turned to day,
Yes, the se - cret all is this: That the Com-fort - er a-bides with me.
And there came a peace so sweet, Now the Com-fort - er a-bides with me.
Je - sus sat - is-fies my soul, Since the Com-fort - er a-bides with me!
All my burdens rolled a - way, Now the Com-fort - er a-bides with me!
CHORUS.
He a - bides, He a - bides, Hal - le -
He a - bides, He a - bides,
lu - jah, He a-bides with me! I'm re-joic - ing night and day, As I

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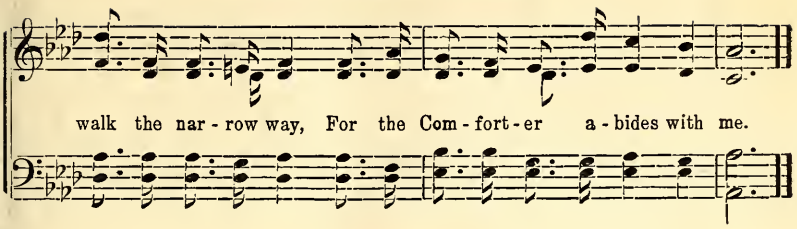
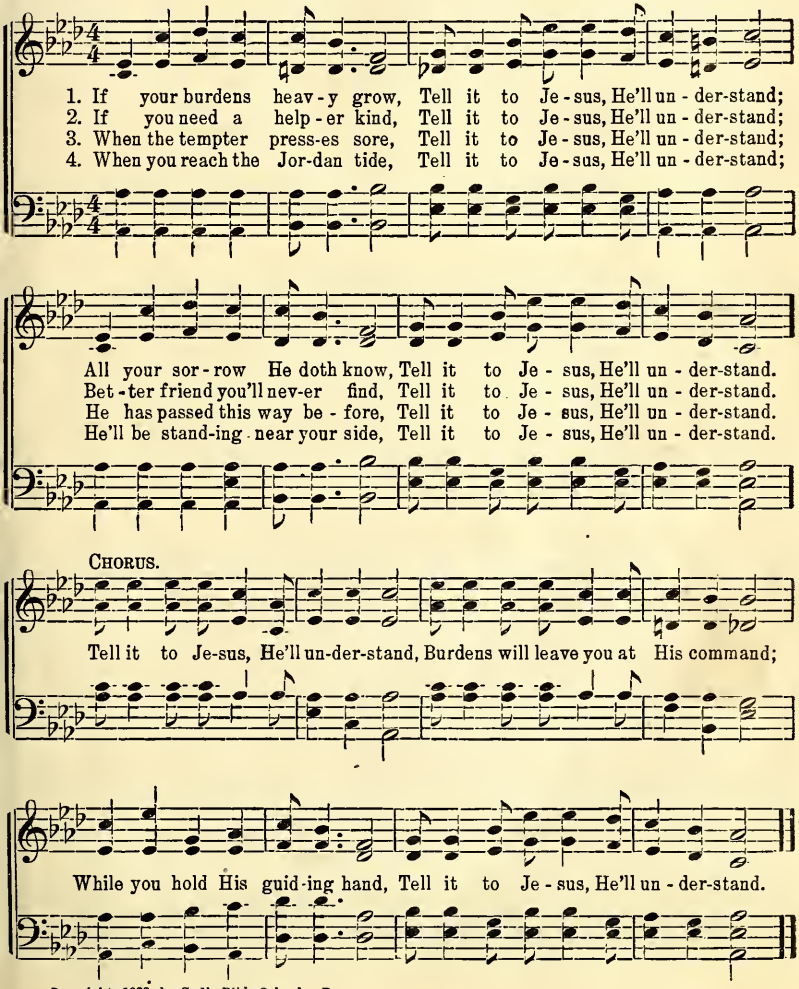
## HE ABIDES. Concluded.

## No. 55. HE'LL UNDERSTAND.

D. M. S. D. M. Shanks.

1. If your burdens heav - y grow, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand;
2. If you need a help - er kind, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand;
3. When the tempter press-es sore, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand;
4. When you reach the Jor-dan tide, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand;
All your sor - row He doth know, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand.
Bet - ter friend you'll nev-er find, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand.
He has passed this way be - fore, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand.
He'll be stand-ing near your side, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand.
CHORUS.
Tell it to Je-sus, He'll un-der-stand, Burdens will leave you at His command;
While you hold His guid-ing hand, Tell it to Je - sus, He'll un - der-stand.

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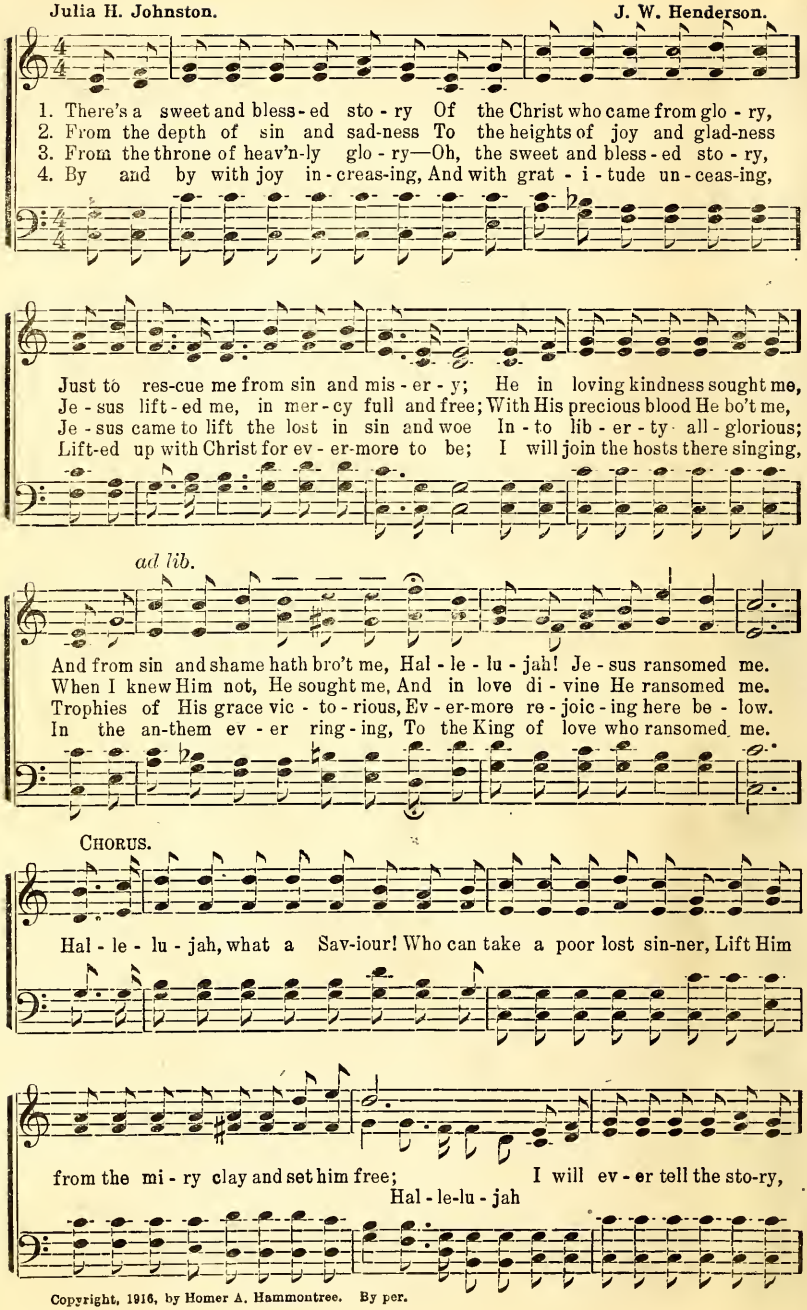
## No. 56. HE RANSOMED ME.

Julia H. Johnston. J. W. Henderson.

1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo-ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry,
4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat-i-tude un-ceas-ing,
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er-y; He in loving kindness sought me,
Je-sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je-sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In-to lib-er-ty all-glorious;
Lift-ed up with Christ for ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there singing,
ad lib.
And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ransomed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ransomed me.
Trophies of His grace vic-to-rious, Ev-er-more re-joic-ing here be-low.
In the an-them ev-er ring-ing, To the King of love who ransomed me.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift Him
from the mi-ry clay and set him free; I will ev-er tell the sto-ry,
Hal-le-lu-jah

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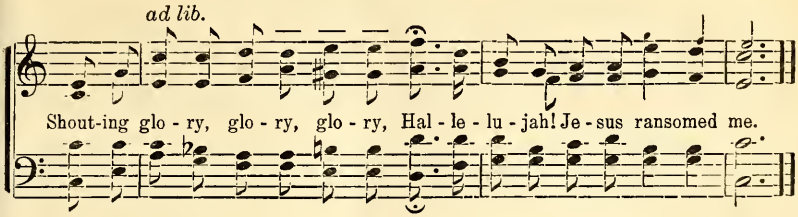
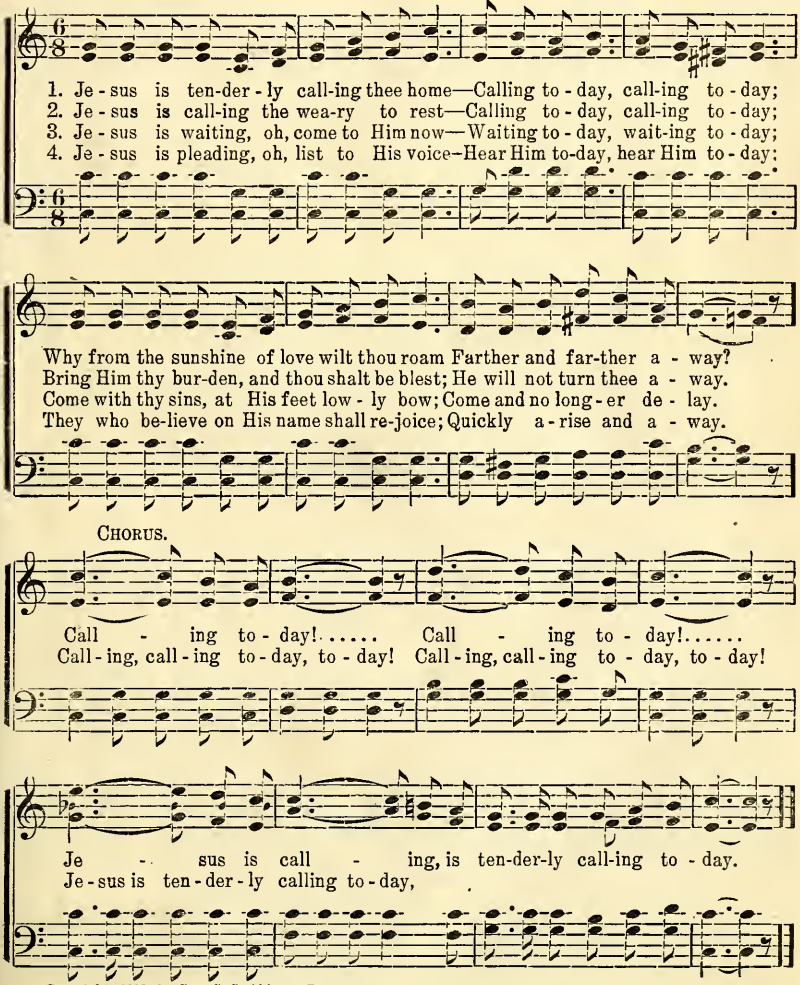

## No. 57. JESUS IS CALLING.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

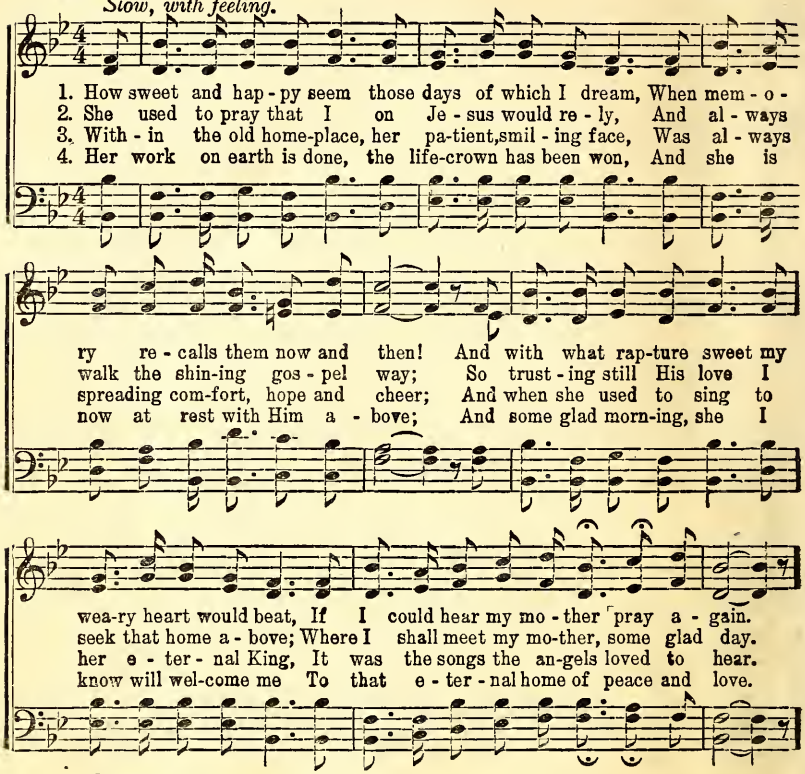

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to - day, call-ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait-ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling to - day,

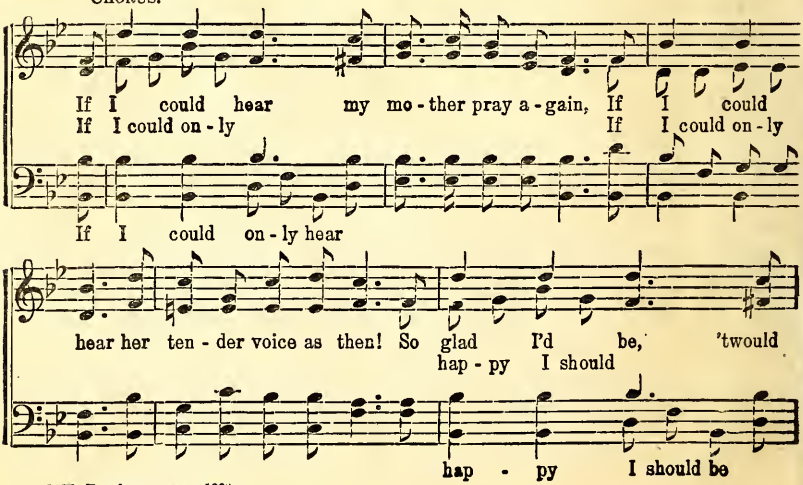
Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.

# No. 58. IF I COULD HEAR MY MOTHER PRAY AGAIN.

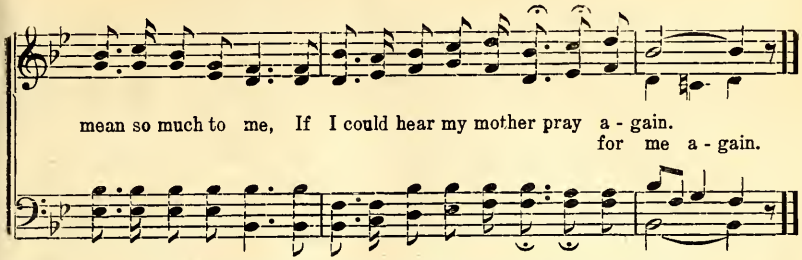
James Rowe. J. W. Vaughan.

*Slow, with feeling.*


1. How sweet and hap - py seem those days of which I dream, When mem - o - ry re - calls them now and then! And with what rap-ture sweet my wea-ry heart would beat, If I could hear my mo - ther pray a - gain.
2. She used to pray that I on Je - sus would re - ly, And al - ways walk the shin-ing gos - pel way; So trust - ing still His love I seek that home a - bove; Where I shall meet my mo-ther, some glad day.
3. With - in the old home-place, her pa-tient,smil - ing face, Was al - ways spreading com-fort, hope and cheer; And when she used to sing to her e - ter - nal King, It was the songs the an-gels loved to hear.
4. Her work on earth is done, the life-crown has been won, And she is now at rest with Him a - bove; And some glad morn-ing, she I know will wel-come me To that e - ter - nal home of peace and love.

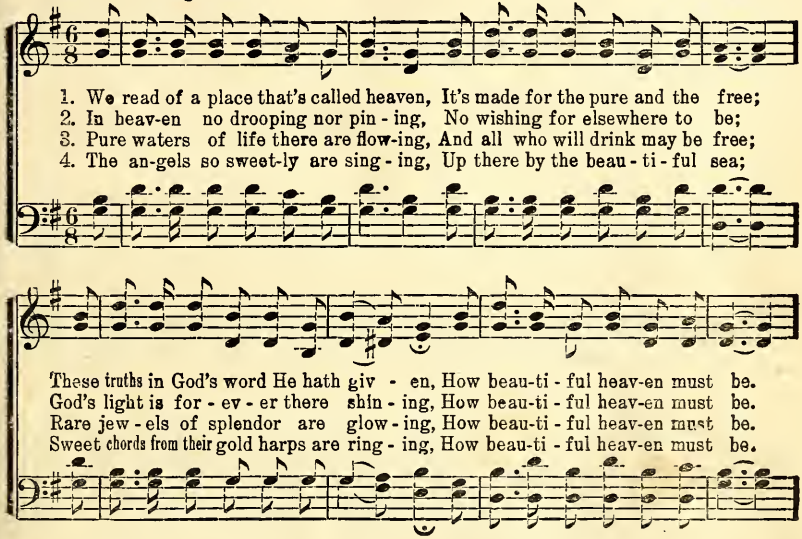
CHORUS.

If I could hear my mo - ther pray a - gain, If I could hear my mo - ther pray a - gain, If I could on - ly hear her ten - der voice as then! So glad I'd be, 'twould be hap - py I should be hap - py I should be

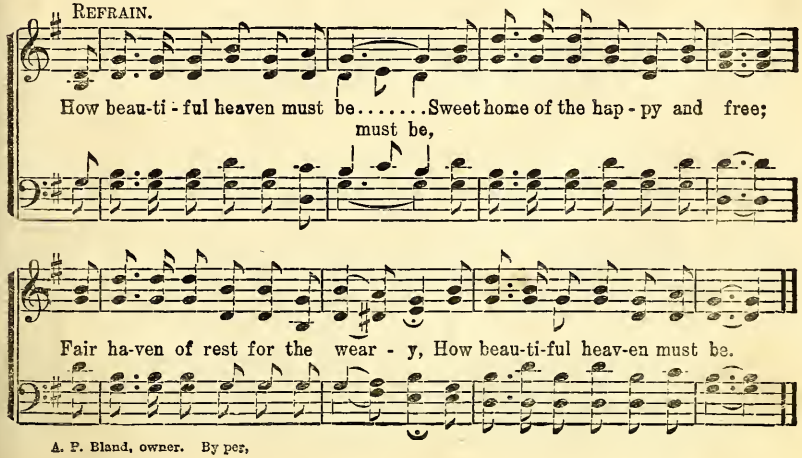
J. W. Vaughan, owner, 1922.




## No. 59. HOW BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN MUST BE.

Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater. A. P. Bland.

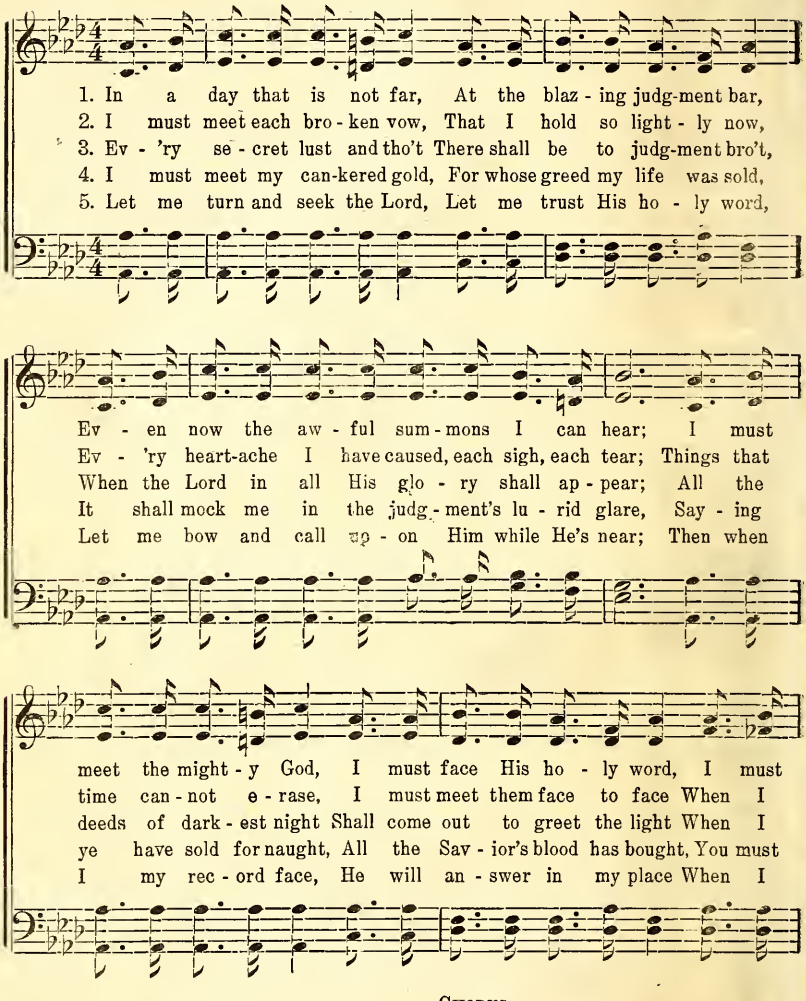

1. We read of a place that's called heaven, It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en no drooping nor pin - ing, No wishing for elsewhere to be;
3. Pure waters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful sea;
These truths in God's word He hath giv - en, How beau-ti - ful heav-en must be.
God's light is for - ev - er there shin - ing, How beau-ti - ful heav-en must be.
Rare jew - els of splendor are glow - ing, How beau-ti - ful heav-en must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring - ing, How beau-ti - ful heav-en must be.


REFRAIN.
How beau-ti - ful heaven must be.....Sweet home of the hap - py and free;
must be,
Fair ha-ven of rest for the wear - y, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

A. P. Bland, owner. By per,

## No. 60. MY RECORD WILL BE THERE.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12: 14.

J. A. B. J. A. Brown.

1. In a day that is not far, At the blaz - ing judg-ment bar,
2. I must meet each bro - ken vow, That I hold so light - ly now,
3. Ev - 'ry se - cret lust and tho't There shall be to judg-ment bro't,
4. I must meet my can-kered gold, For whose greed my life was sold,
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho - ly word,
Ev - en now the aw - ful sum - mons I can hear; I must
Ev - 'ry heart-ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that
When the Lord in all His glo - ry shall ap - pear; All the
It shall mock me in the judg - ment's lu - rid glare, Say - ing
Let me bow and call up - on Him while He's near; Then when
meet the might - y God, I must face His ho - ly word, I must
time can - not e - rase, I must meet them face to face When I
deeds of dark - est night Shall come out to greet the light When I
ye have sold for naught, All the Sav - ior's blood has bought, You must
I my rec - ord face, He will an - swer in my place When I
Chorus.
stand be - fore the judg-ment bar. Oh, my rec-ord will be there,
When the books shall o - pen lie,

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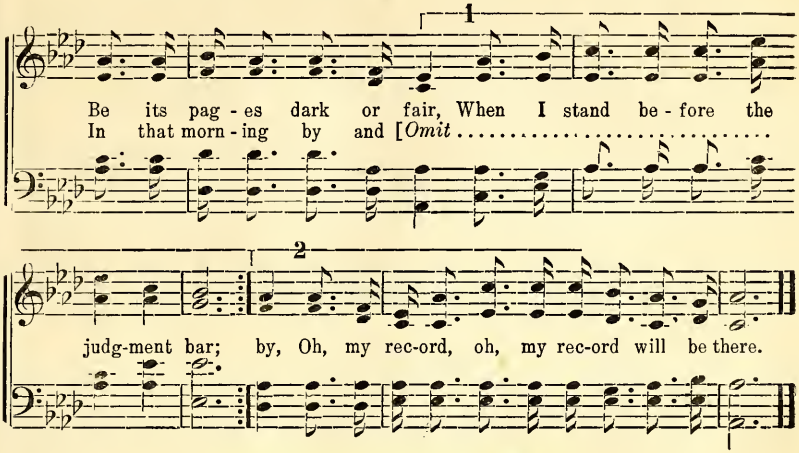
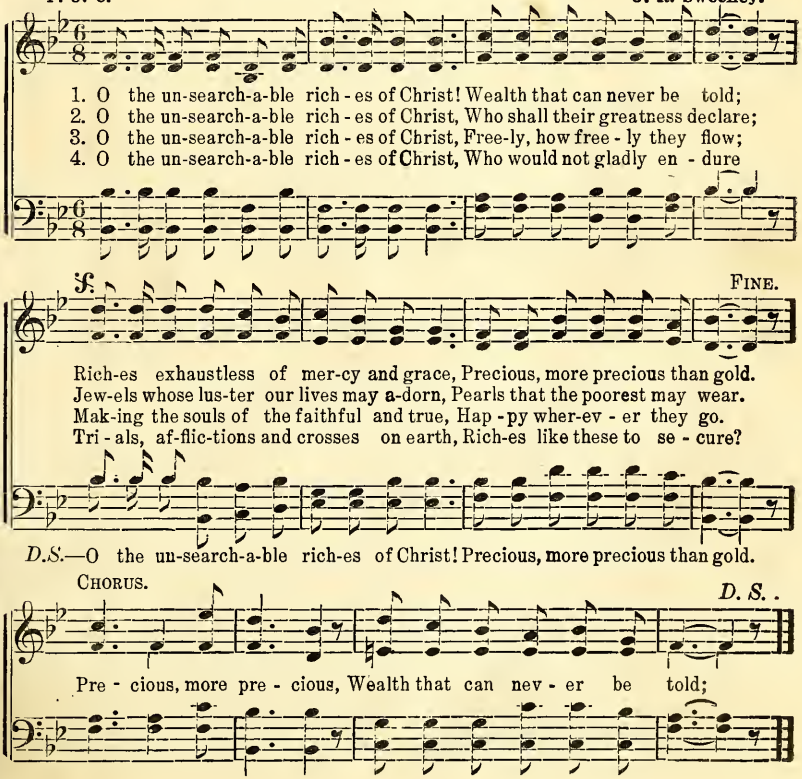
## MY RECORD WILL BE THERE. Concluded.

1
Be its pag - es dark or fair, When I stand be - fore the
In that morn - ing by and [Omit
2
judg-ment bar; by, Oh, my rec-ord, oh, my rec-ord will be there.

## No. 61. UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

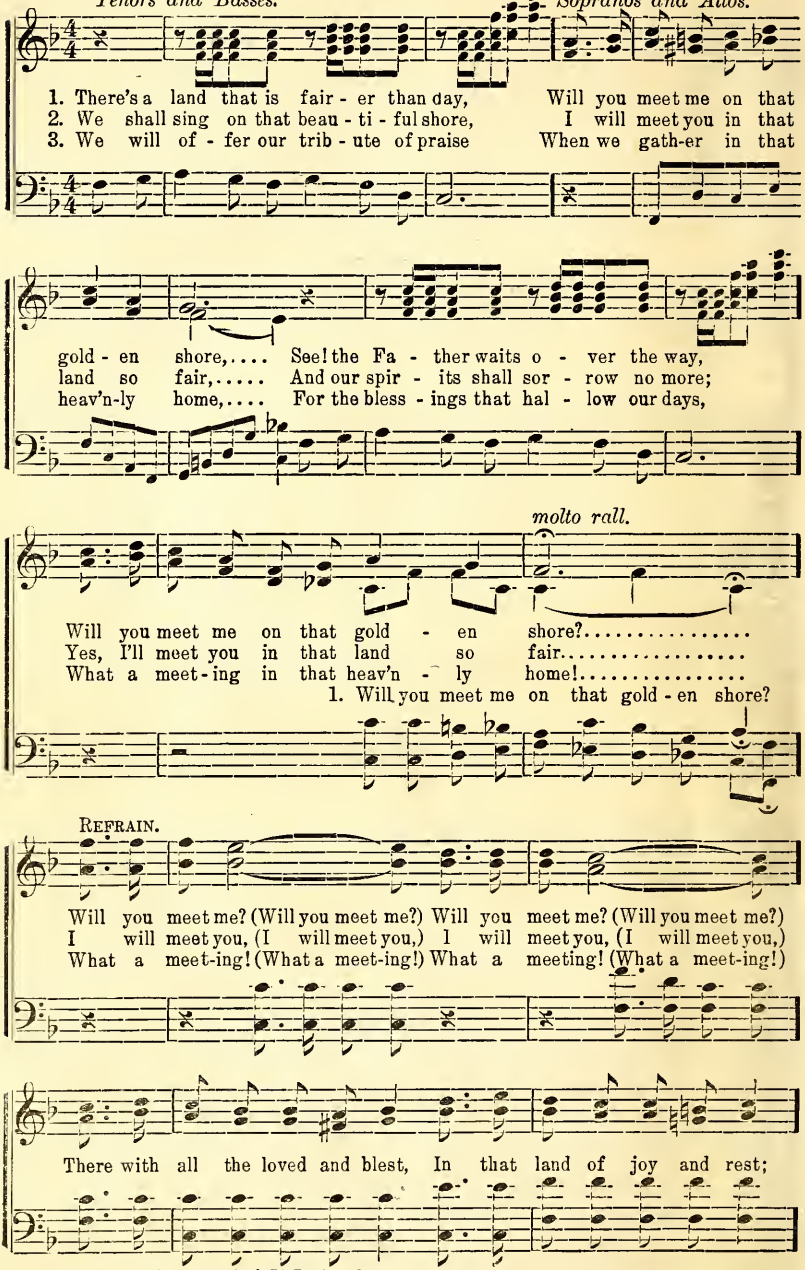
F. J. C. J. R. Sweeney.

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free - ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who would not gladly en - dure
FINE.
Rich-es exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jew-els whose lus-ter our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faithful and true, Hap - py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af-flic-tions and crosses on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure?
D.S.—O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.
CHORUS.
D. S. .
Pre - cious, more pre - cious, Wealth that can nev - er be told;

No. 62.

# WILL YOU MEET ME?

E. K. Gilbert.

Harry Dixon Loes.

*Tenors and Basses.* *Sopranos and Altos.*

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, Will you meet me on that
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, I will meet you in that
3. We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise When we gath-er in that
gold - en shore,.... See! the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way,
land so fair,..... And our spir - its shall sor - row no more;
heav'n-ly home,.... For the bless - ings that hal - low our days,
molto rall.
Will you meet me on that gold - en shore?.....
Yes, I'll meet you in that land so fair.....
What a meet-ing in that heav'n - ly home!.....
1. Will you meet me on that gold - en shore?
REFRAIN.
Will you meet me? (Will you meet me?) Will you meet me? (Will you meet me?)
I will meet you, (I will meet you,) I will meet you, (I will meet you,)
What a meet-ing! (What a meet-ing!) What a meeting! (What a meet-ing!)
There with all the loved and blest, In that land of joy and rest;

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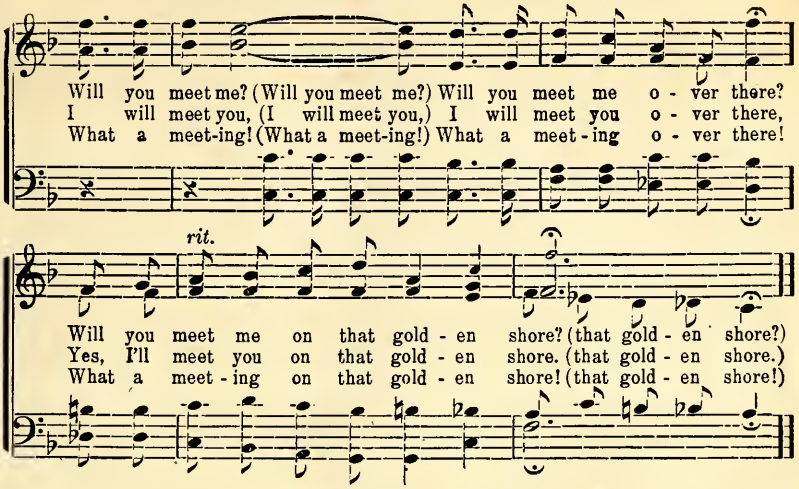
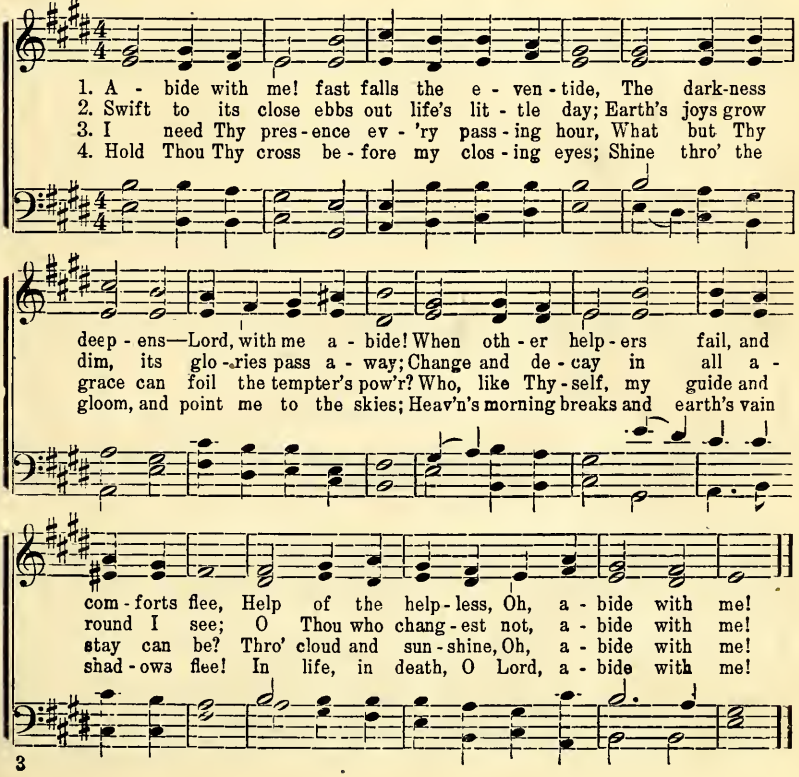
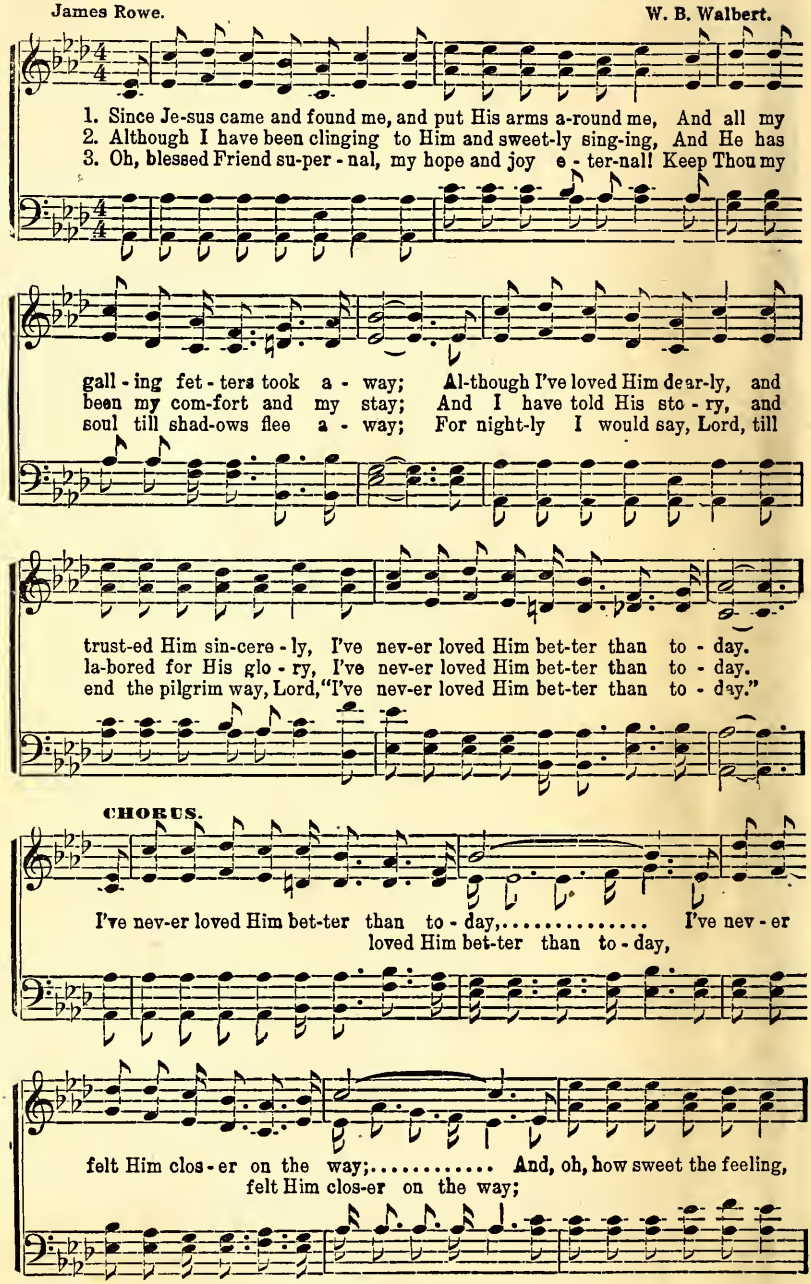
## WILL YOU MEET ME? Concluded.

Will you meet me? (Will you meet me?) Will you meet me o - ver there?
I will meet you, (I will meet you,) I will meet you o - ver there,
What a meet-ing! (What a meet-ing!) What a meet - ing o - ver there!
rit.
Will you meet me on that gold - en shore? (that gold - en shore?)
Yes, I'll meet you on that gold - en shore. (that gold - en shore.)
What a meet - ing on that gold - en shore! (that gold - en shore!)

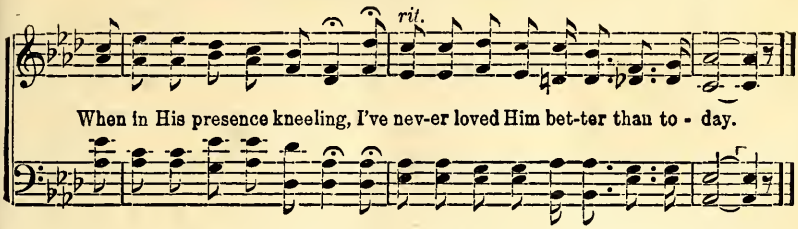
## No. 63. ABIDE WITH ME.

M F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Oh, a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

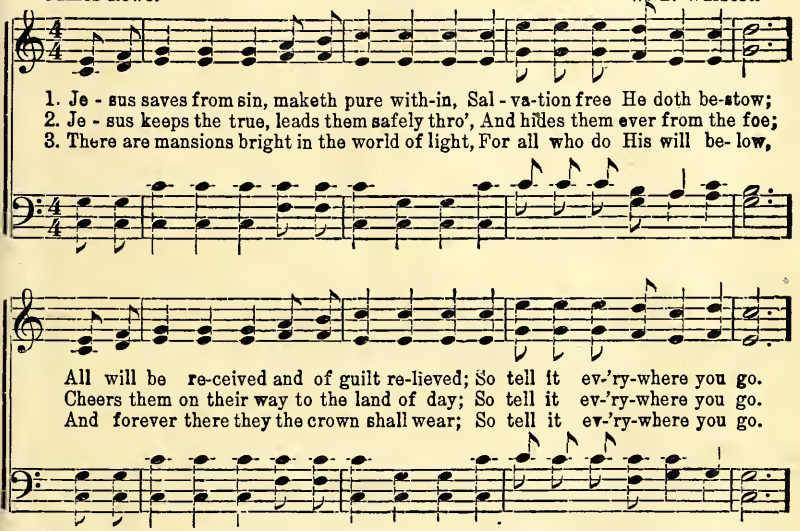
## No. 64. I'VE NEVER LOVED HIM BETTER.

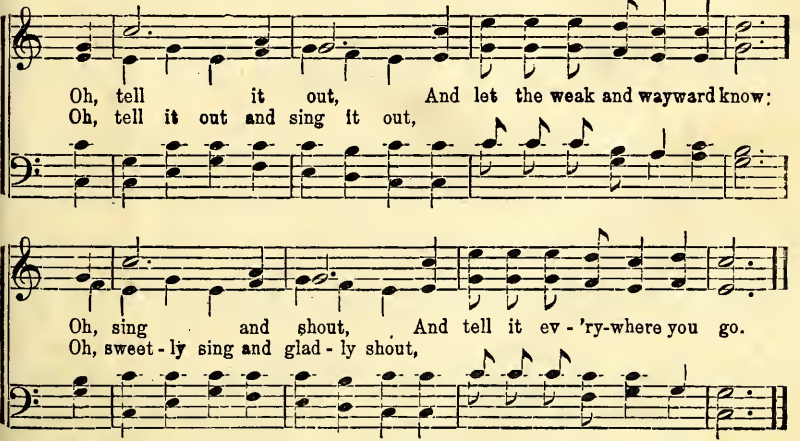
James Rowe. W. B. Walbert.

1. Since Je-sus came and found me, and put His arms a-round me, And all my
2. Although I have been clinging to Him and sweet-ly sing-ing, And He has
3. Oh, blessed Friend su-per-nal, my hope and joy e-ter-nal! Keep Thou my
gall-ing fet-ters took a-way; Al-though I've loved Him dear-ly, and
been my com-fort and my stay; And I have told His sto-ry, and
soul till shad-ows flee a-way; For night-ly I would say, Lord, till
trust-ed Him sin-cere-ly, I've nev-er loved Him bet-ter than to-day.
la-bored for His glo-ry, I've nev-er loved Him bet-ter than to-day.
end the pilgrim way, Lord, "I've nev-er loved Him bet-ter than to-day."
CHORUS.
I've nev-er loved Him bet-ter than to-day,..... I've nev-er
loved Him bet-ter than to-day,
felt Him clos-er on the way;..... And, oh, how sweet the feeling,
felt Him clos-er on the way;

W. B. Walbert, owner, 1924.

## I'VE NEVER LOVED HIM BETTER. Concluded.

## No. 65. TELL IT EVERY WHERE YOU GO.

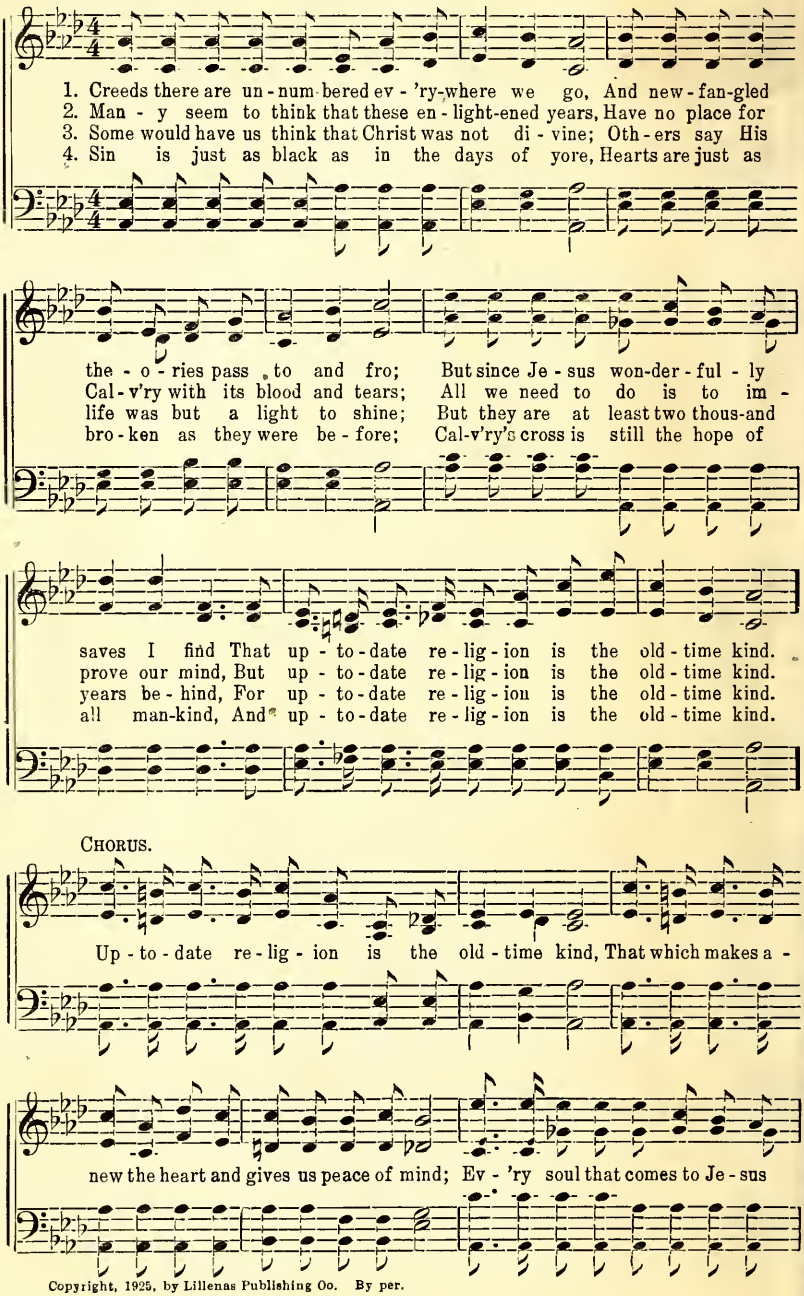
James Rowe. W. B. Walbert.


1. Je - sus saves from sin, maketh pure with-in, Sal - va-tion free He doth be-stow;
2. Je - sus keeps the true, leads them safely thro', And hides them ever from the foe;
3. There are mansions bright in the world of light, For all who do His will be- low,
All will be re-ceived and of guilt re-lieved; So tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
Cheers them on their way to the land of day; So tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
And forever there they the crown shall wear; So tell it ev-'ry-where you go.

REFRAIN.

Oh, tell it out, And let the weak and wayward know;
Oh, tell it out and sing it out,
Oh, sing and shout, And tell it ev - 'ry-where you go.
Oh, sweet - ly sing and glad - ly shout,

W. B. Walbert, owner, 1920.

No. 66. UP-TO-DATE RELIGION.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Creeds there are un - num - bered ev - 'ry-where we go, And new - fan-gled
2. Man - y seem to think that these en - light-ened years, Have no place for
3. Some would have us think that Christ was not di - vine; Oth - ers say His
4. Sin is just as black as in the days of yore, Hearts are just as
the - o - ries pass to and fro; But since Je - sus won-der - ful - ly
Cal - v'ry with its blood and tears; All we need to do is to im -
life was but a light to shine; But they are at least two thous-and
bro - ken as they were be - fore; Cal-v'ry's cross is still the hope of
saves I find That up - to - date re - lig - ion is the old - time kind.
prove our mind, But up - to - date re - lig - ion is the old - time kind.
years be - hind, For up - to - date re - lig - ion is the old - time kind.
all man-kind, And up - to - date re - lig - ion is the old - time kind.
CHORUS.
Up - to - date re - lig - ion is the old - time kind, That which makes a -
new the heart and gives us peace of mind; Ev - 'ry soul that comes to Je - sus

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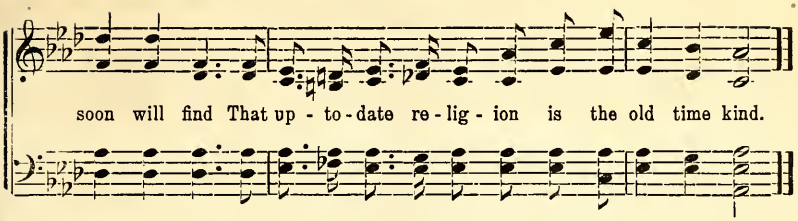
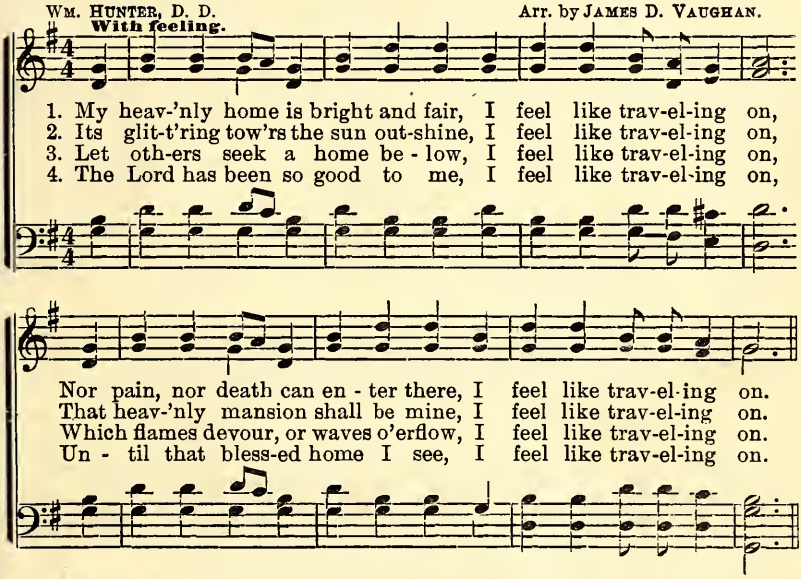
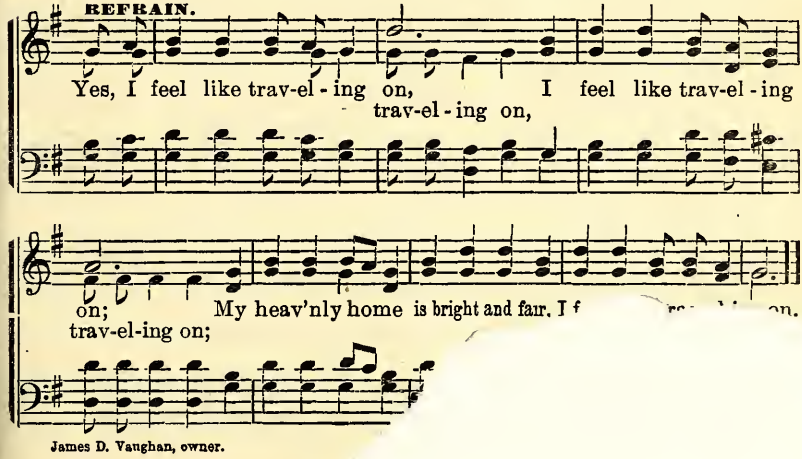



## No. 67. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

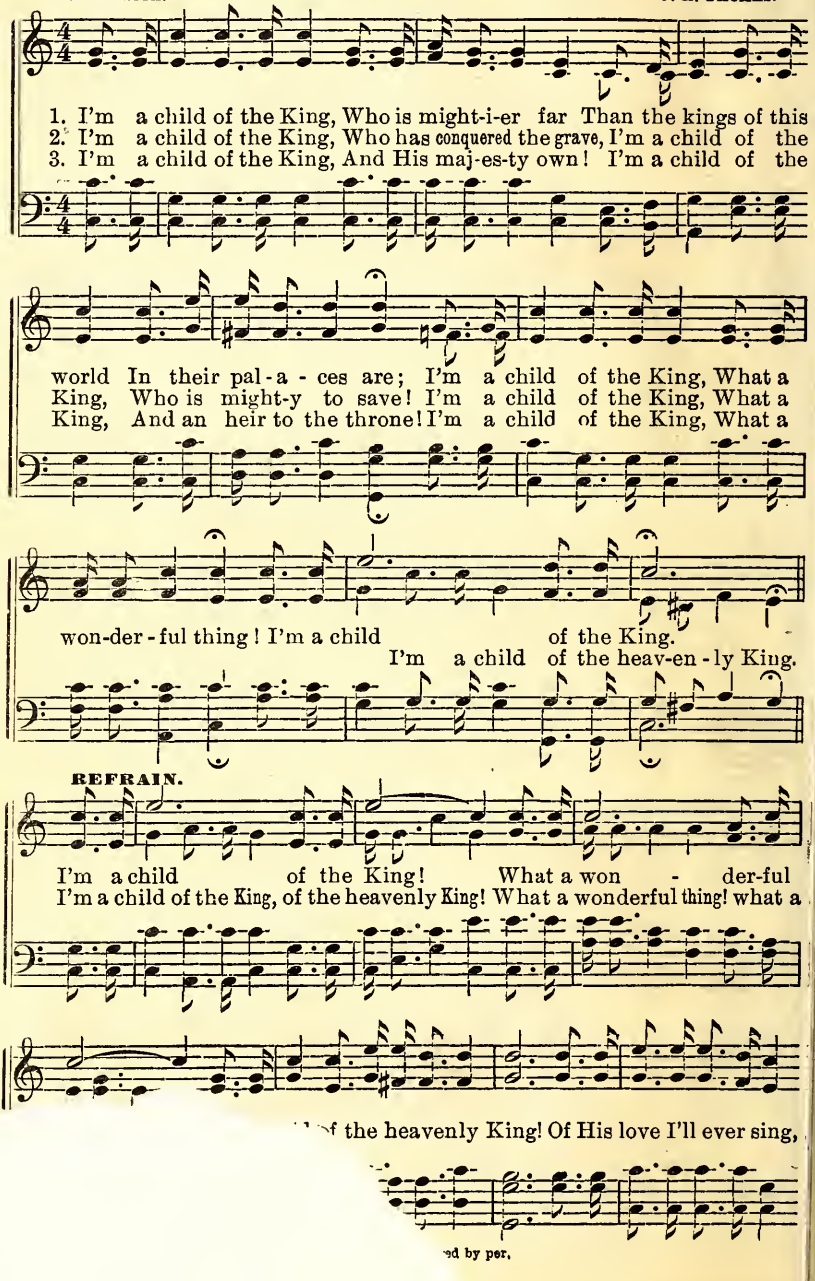
With feeling.

1. My heav-'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
2. Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
That heav-'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Un - til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

REFRAIN.

James D. Vaughan, owner.

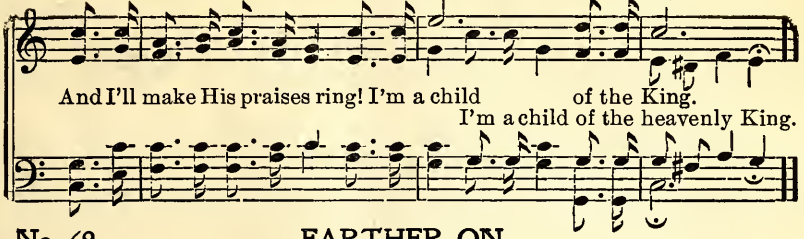
No. 68. **I'M A CHILD OF THE KING.**

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 JOHN 3:2

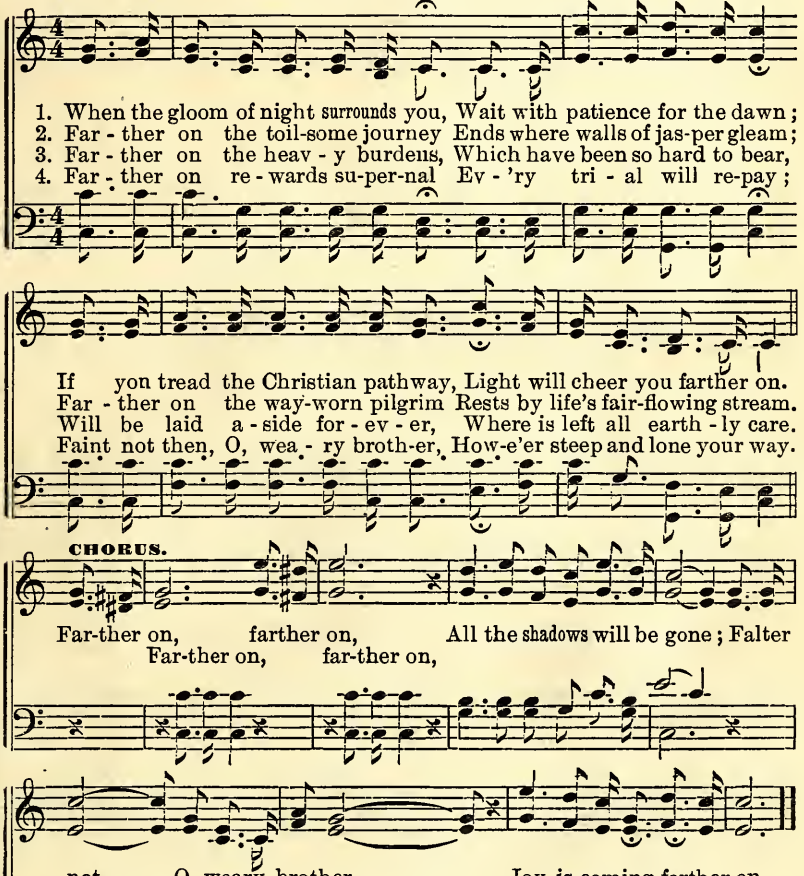
E. R. LATTA. J. E. THOMAS.


1. I'm a child of the King, Who is might-i-er far Than the kings of this
2. I'm a child of the King, Who has conquered the grave, I'm a child of the
3. I'm a child of the King, And His maj-es-ty own! I'm a child of the
world In their pal-a-ces are; I'm a child of the King, What a
King, Who is might-y to save! I'm a child of the King, What a
King, And an heir to the throne! I'm a child of the King, What a
won-der-ful thing! I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the heav-en-ly King.
REFRAIN.
I'm a child of the King! What a won-der-ful
I'm a child of the King, of the heavenly King! What a wonderful thing! what a
of the heavenly King! Of His love I'll ever sing,

ed by per.

## I'M A CHILD OF THE KING. Concluded.

## No. 69. FARTHER ON.

JENNIE WILSON. "Walk while ye have the light."—JOHN 12: 35. J. E. THOMAS.


1. When the gloom of night surrounds you, Wait with patience for the dawn;
2. Far - ther on the toil-some journey Ends where walls of jas-per gleam;
3. Far - ther on the heav - y burdens, Which have been so hard to bear,
4. Far - ther on re - wards su-per-nal Ev - 'ry tri - al will re-pay;
If you tread the Christian pathway, Light will cheer you farther on.
Far - ther on the way-worn pilgrim Rests by life's fair-flowing stream.
Will be laid a - side for - ev - er, Where is left all earth - ly care.
Faint not then, O, wea - ry broth-er, How-e'er steep and lone your way.
CHORUS.
Far-ther on, farther on, All the shadows will be gone; Falter
Far-ther on, far-ther on,
not,..... O, weary brother,..... Joy is coming farther on.
Fal-ter not, O, weary brother,

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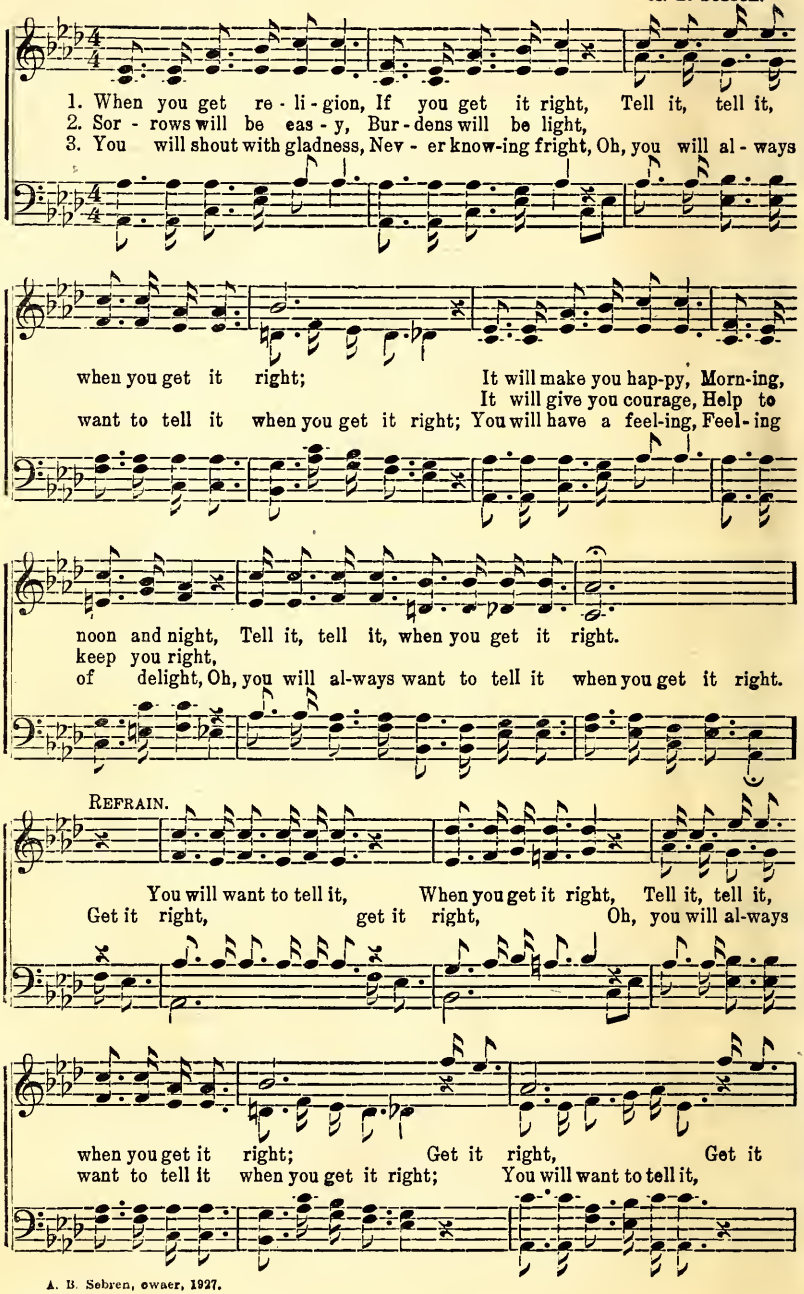
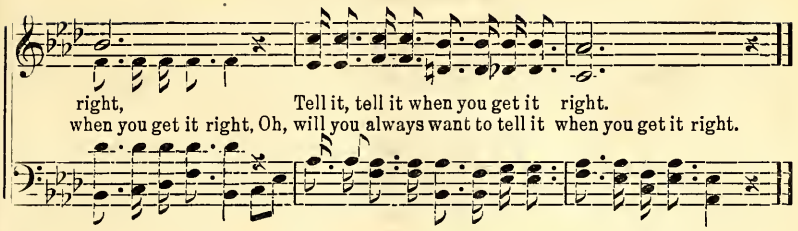
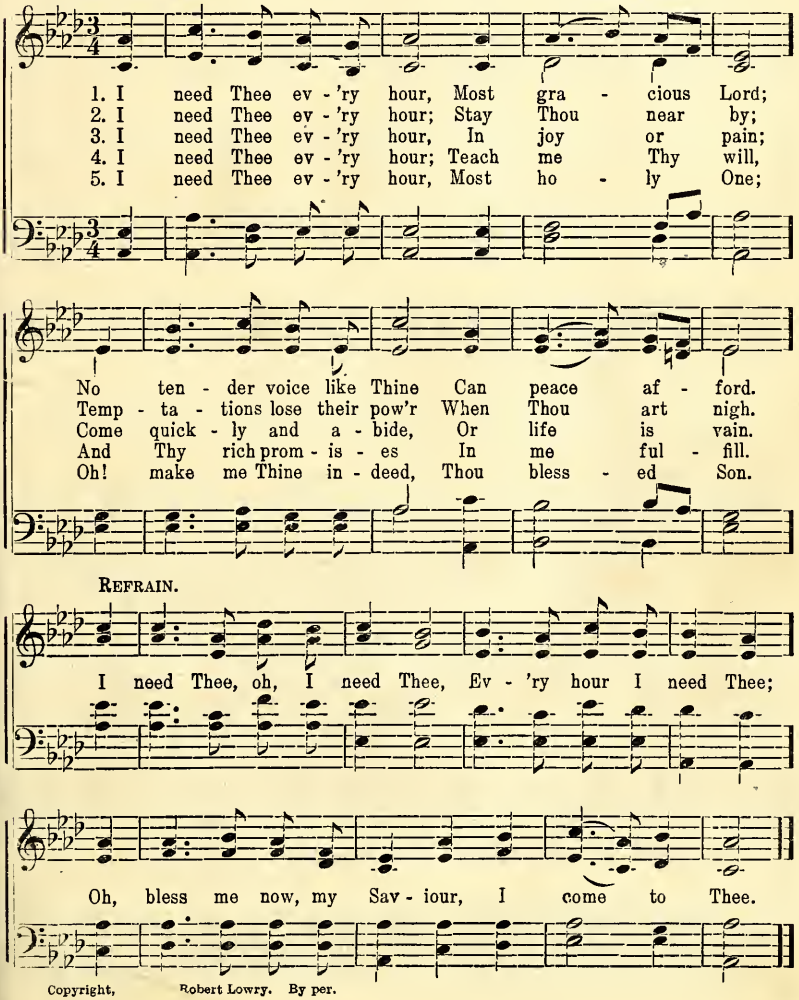
No. 70. **WHEN YOU GET IT RIGHT.**

A. B. S. A. B. Sebren.


1. When you get re - li - gion, If you get it right, Tell it, tell it,
2. Sor - rows will be eas - y, Bur - dens will be light,
3. You will shout with gladness, Nev - er know-ing fright, Oh, you will al - ways
when you get it right; It will make you hap-py, Morn-ing,
It will give you courage, Help to
want to tell it when you get it right; You will have a feel-ing, Feel - ing
noon and night, Tell it, tell it, when you get it right.
keep you right,
of delight, Oh, you will al-ways want to tell it when you get it right.
REFRAIN.
You will want to tell it, When you get it right, Tell it, tell it,
Get it right, get it right, Oh, you will al-ways
when you get it right; Get it right, Get it
want to tell it when you get it right; You will want to tell it,

A. B. Sebren, owaer, 1927.

## No. 71. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

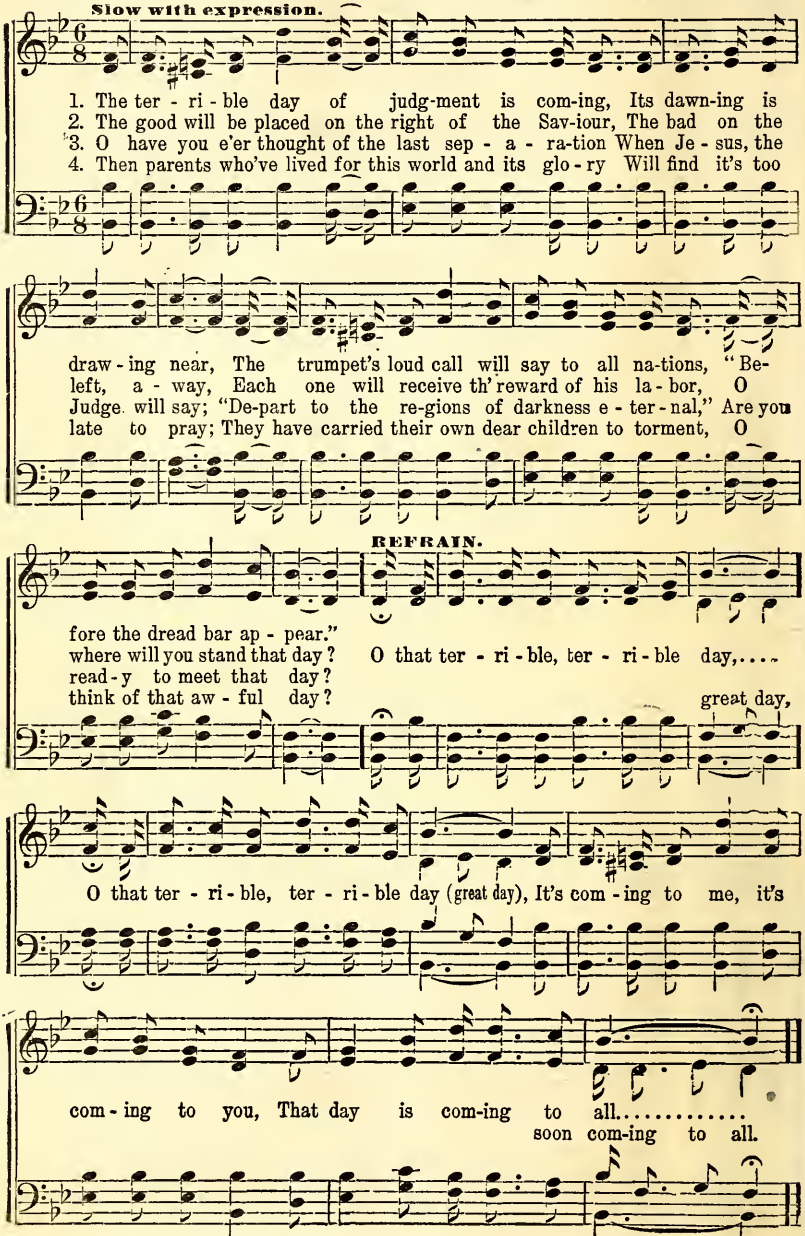
Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will,
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most ho - ly One;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
Oh! make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
REFRAIN.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.

Copyright, Robert Lowry. By per.

# No. 72. The Judgment Day.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

Words and Music by James D. Vaughan.


Slow with expression.
1. The ter - ri - ble day of judg-ment is com-ing, Its dawn-ing is draw - ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na-tions, "Be-fore the dread bar ap - pear."
2. The good will be placed on the right of the Sav-iour, The bad on the left, a - way, Each one will receive th' reward of his la - bor, O where will you stand that day?
3. O have you e'er thought of the last sep - a - ra-tion When Je - sus, the Judge will say; "De-part to the re-gions of darkness e - ter - nal," Are you read - y to meet that day?
4. Then parents who've lived for this world and its glo - ry Will find it's too late to pray; They have carried their own dear children to torment, O think of that aw - ful day?
REFRAIN.
O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day,.... great day,
O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day (great day), It's com - ing to me, it's com - ing to you, That day is com-ing to all..... soon com-ing to all.

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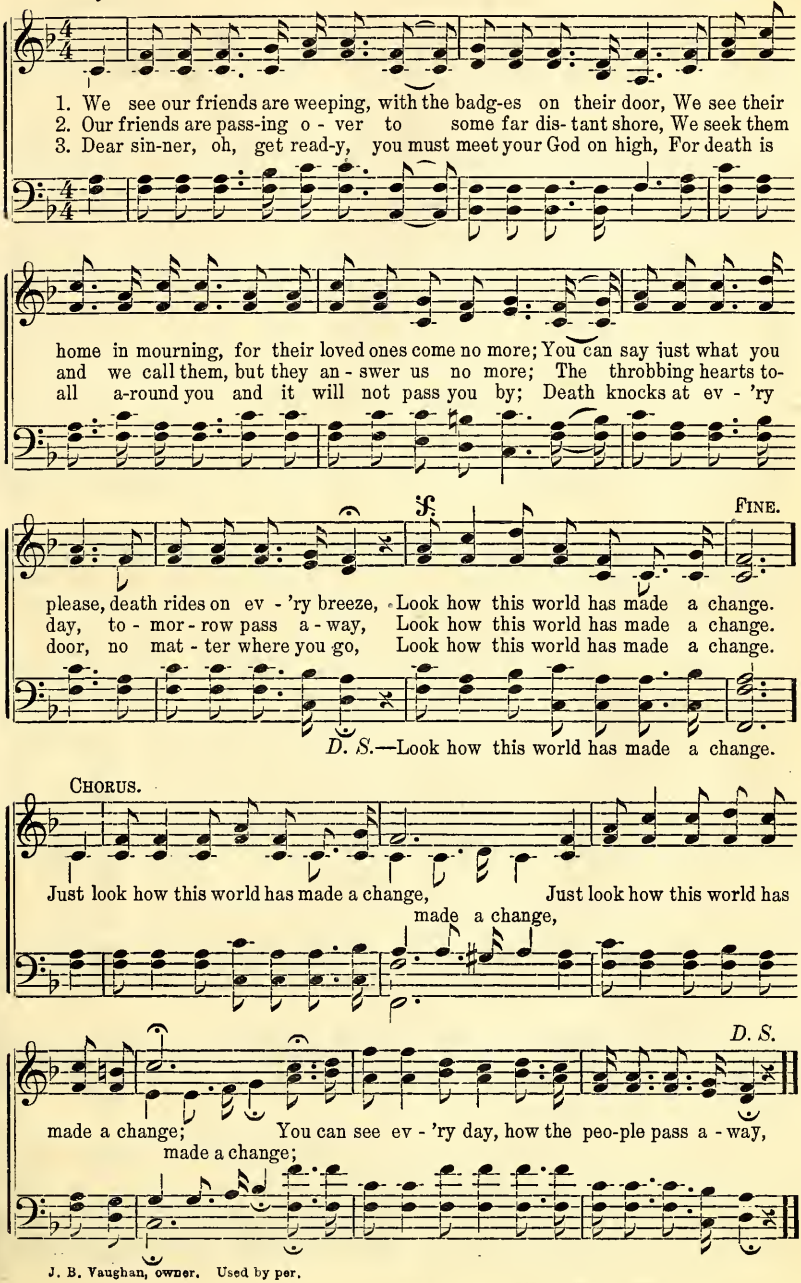
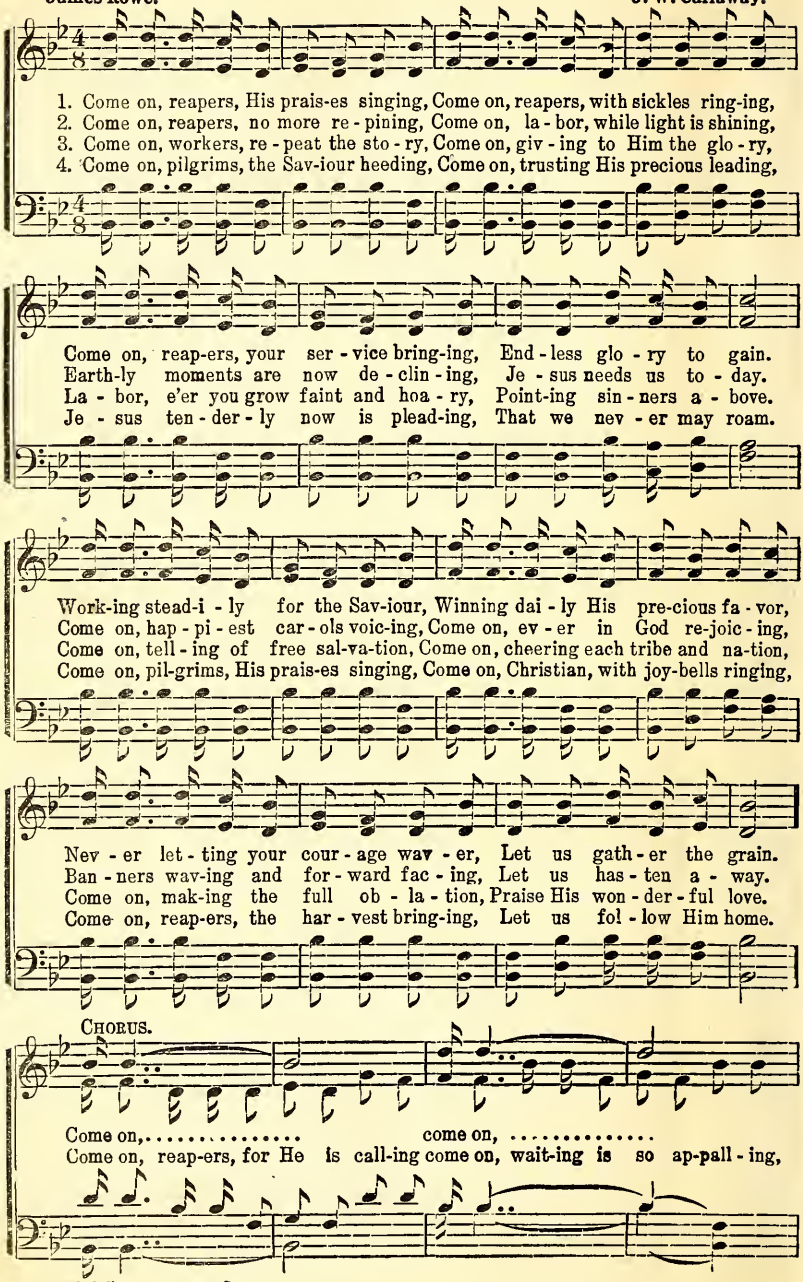
## No. 73. LOOK HOW THIS WORLD MADE A CHANGE.

Arr. by J. B. V. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We see our friends are weeping, with the badg-es on their door, We see their
2. Our friends are pass-ing o - ver to some far dis- tant shore, We seek them
3. Dear sin-ner, oh, get read-y, you must meet your God on high, For death is
home in mourning, for their loved ones come no more; You can say just what you
and we call them, but they an - swer us no more; The throbbing hearts to-
all a-round you and it will not pass you by; Death knocks at ev - 'ry
FINE.
please, death rides on ev - 'ry breeze, Look how this world has made a change.
day, to - mor - row pass a - way, Look how this world has made a change.
door, no mat - ter where you go, Look how this world has made a change.
D. S.—Look how this world has made a change.
CHORUS.
Just look how this world has made a change, Just look how this world has made a change,
D. S.
made a change; You can see ev - 'ry day, how the peo-ple pass a - way, made a change;

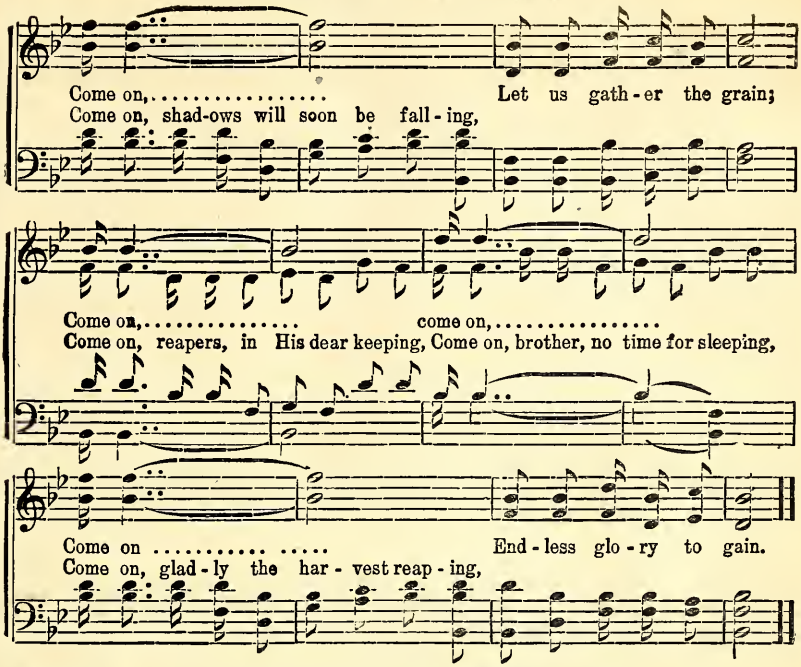
J. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

No. 74.

# COME ON.

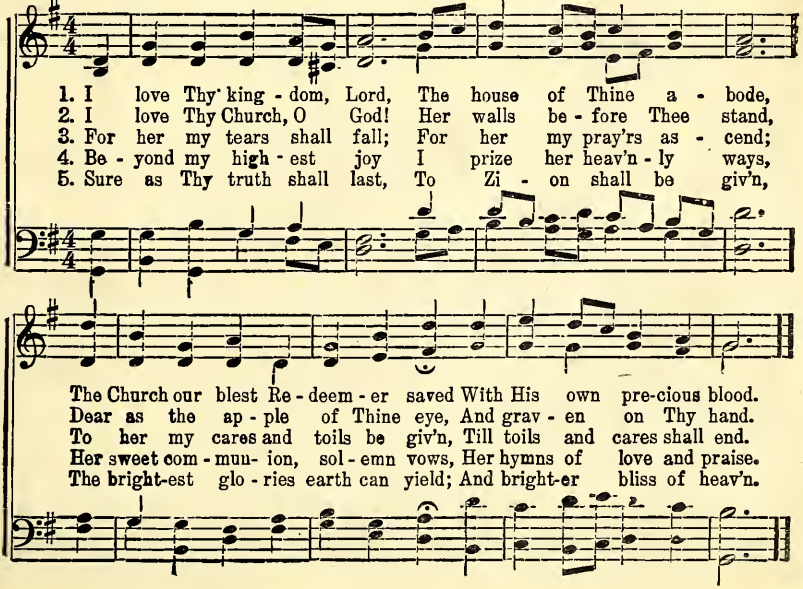
James Rowe. J. W. Callaway.

1. Come on, reapers, His prais-es singing, Come on, reapers, with sickles ring-ing,
2. Come on, reapers, no more re-pining, Come on, la-bor, while light is shining,
3. Come on, workers, re-peat the sto-ry, Come on, giv-ing to Him the glo-ry,
4. Come on, pilgrims, the Sav-iour heeding, Come on, trusting His precious leading,
Come on, reap-ers, your ser-vice bring-ing, End-less glo-ry to gain.
Earth-ly moments are now de-clin-ing, Je-sus needs us to-day.
La-bor, e'er you grow faint and hoa-ry, Point-ing sin-ners a-bove.
Je-sus ten-der-ly now is plead-ing, That we nev-er may roam.
Work-ing stead-i-ly for the Sav-iour, Winning dai-ly His pre-cious fa-vor,
Come on, hap-pi-est car-ols voic-ing, Come on, ev-er in God re-joic-ing,
Come on, tell-ing of free sal-va-tion, Come on, cheering each tribe and na-tion,
Come on, pil-grims, His prais-es singing, Come on, Christian, with joy-bells ringing,
Nev-er let-ting your cour-age wav-er, Let us gath-er the grain.
Ban-ners wav-ing and for-ward fac-ing, Let us has-ten a-way.
Come on, mak-ing the full ob-la-tion, Praise His won-der-ful love.
Come on, reap-ers, the har-vest bring-ing, Let us fol-low Him home.
CHORUS.
Come on,..... come on, .....
Come on, reap-ers, for He is call-ing come on, wait-ing is so ap-pall-ing,

J. W. Callaway, owner. By per.

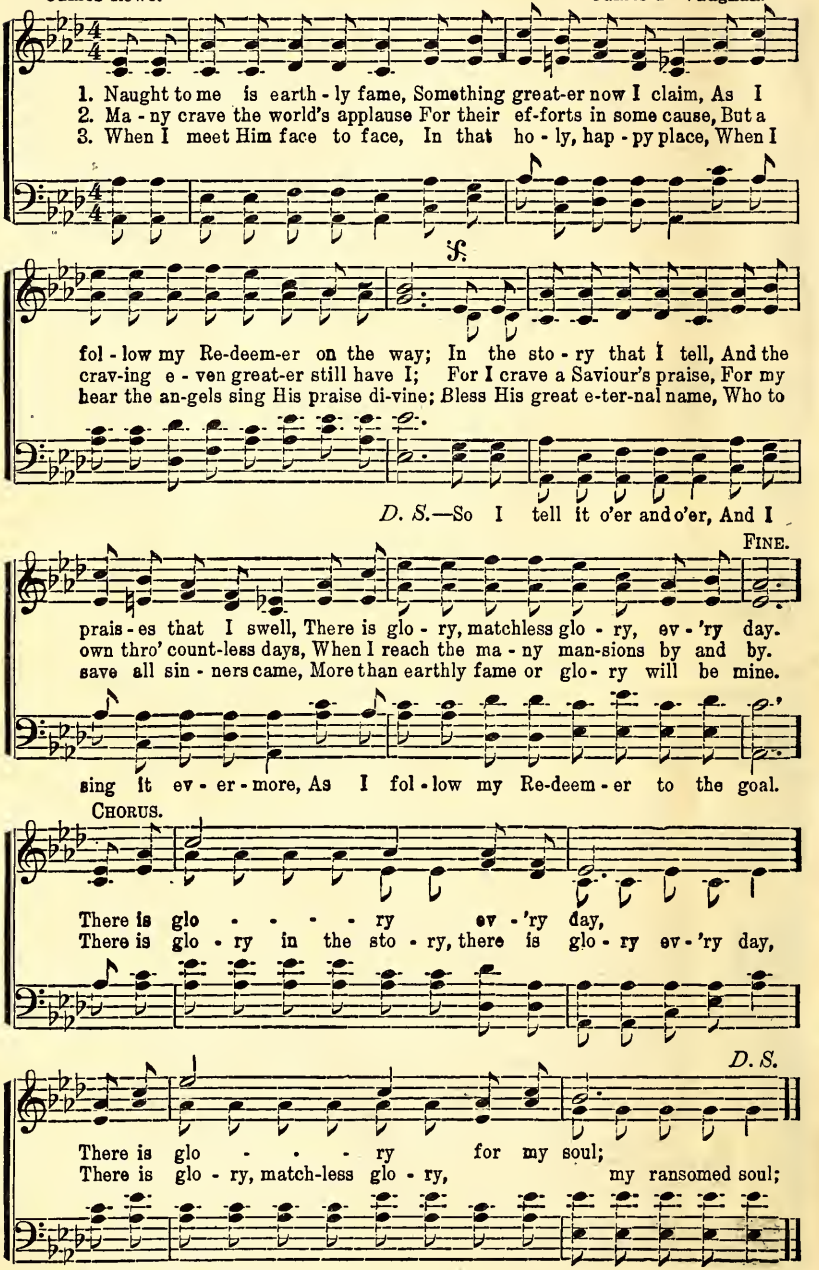
## COME ON. Concluded.

Come on,..... Let us gath-er the grain;
Come on, shad-ows will soon be fall-ing,
Come on,..... come on,.....
Come on, reapers, in His dear keeping, Come on, brother, no time for sleeping,
Come on ..... ..... End-less glo-ry to gain.
Come on, glad-ly the har-vest reap-ing,

## No. 75. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

Timothy Dwight. Wm. Handel.

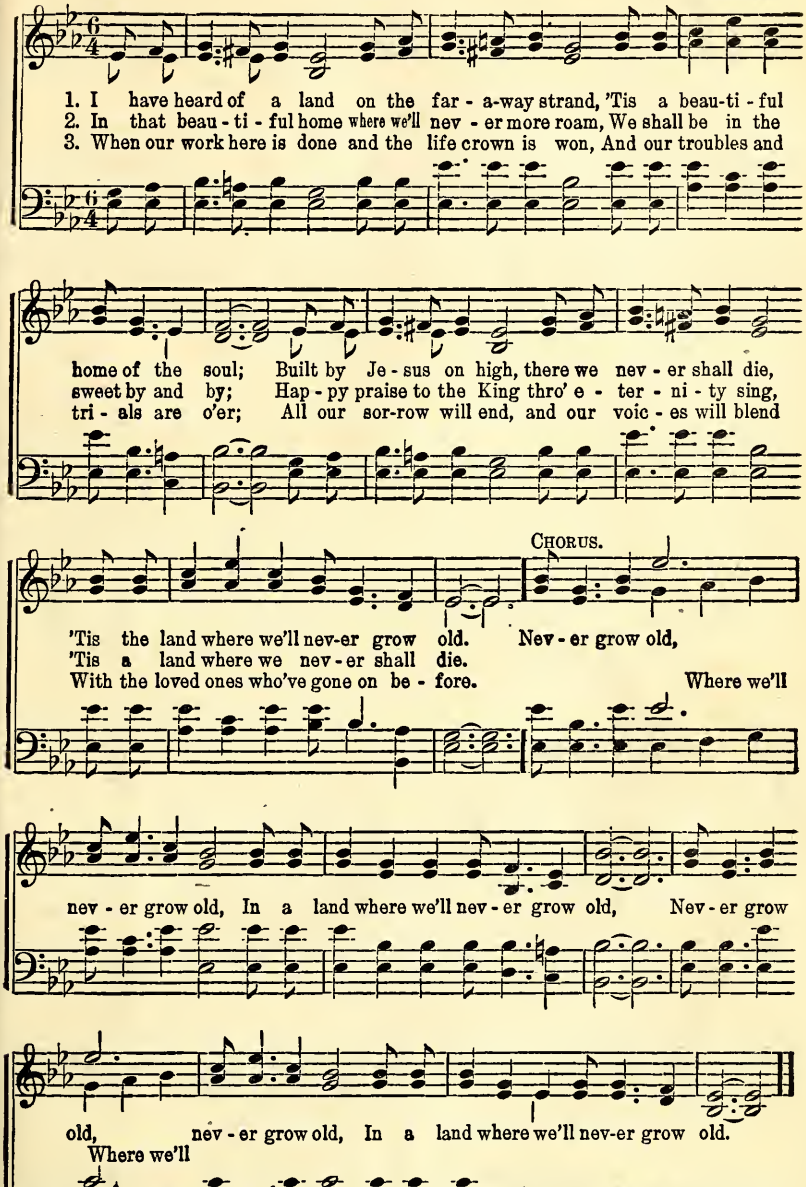

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as-cend;
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n,
The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield; And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

## No. 76. THERE IS GLORY IN THE STORY.

James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.

1. Naught to me is earth - ly fame, Something great-er now I claim, As I
2. Ma - ny crave the world's applause For their ef-forts in some cause, But a
3. When I meet Him face to face, In that ho - ly, hap - py place, When I
fol - low my Re-deem-er on the way; In the sto - ry that I tell, And the
crav-ing e - ven great-er still have I; For I crave a Saviour's praise, For my
hear the an-gels sing His praise di-vine; Bless His great e-ter-nal name, Who to
D. S.—So I tell it o'er and o'er, And I
FINE.
prais - es that I swell, There is glo - ry, matchless glo - ry, ev - 'ry day.
own thro' count-less days, When I reach the ma - ny man-sions by and by.
save all sin - ners came, More than earthly fame or glo - ry will be mine.
sing it ev - er - more, As I fol - low my Re-deem - er to the goal.
CHORUS.
There is glo - - - - ry ev - 'ry day,
There is glo - ry in the sto - ry, there is glo - ry ev - 'ry day,
D. S.
There is glo - - - - ry for my soul;
There is glo - ry, match-less glo - ry, my ransomed soul;

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1925.

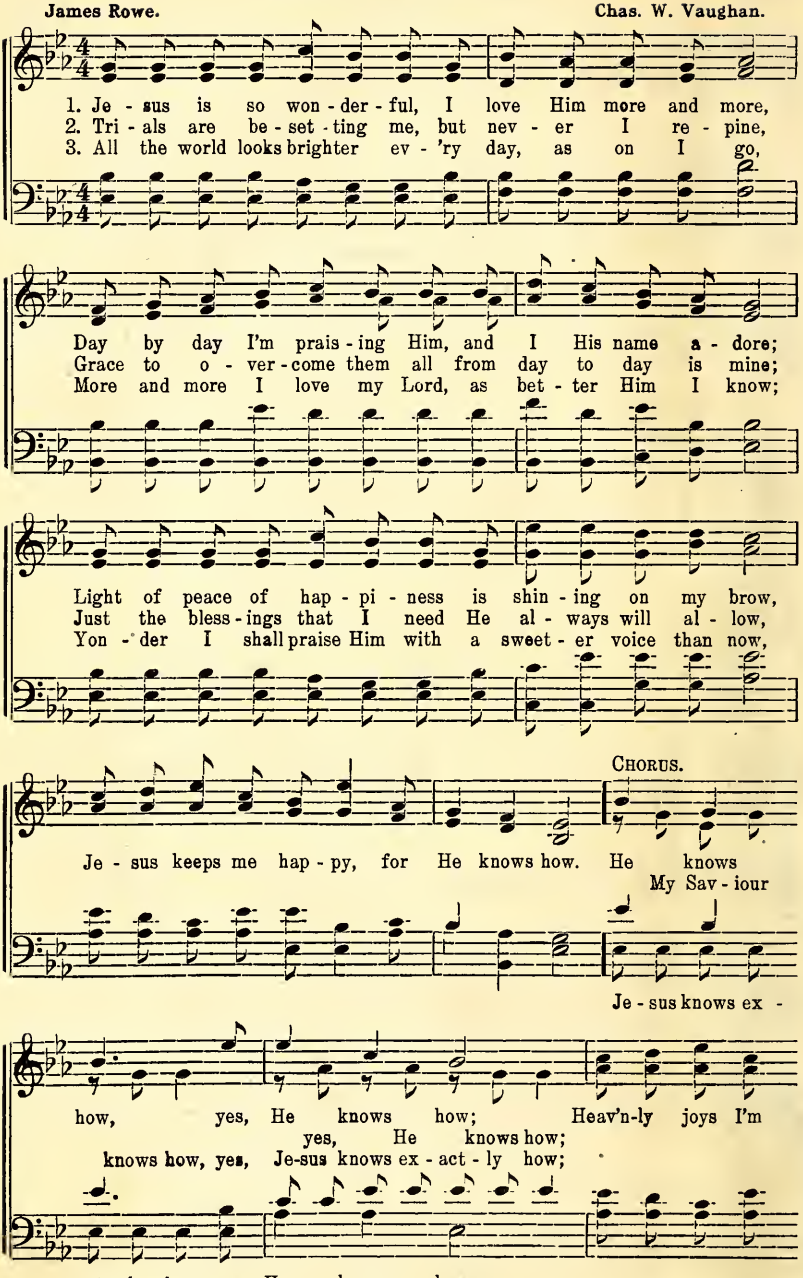
## No. 77. WHERE WE'LL NEVER GROW OLD.

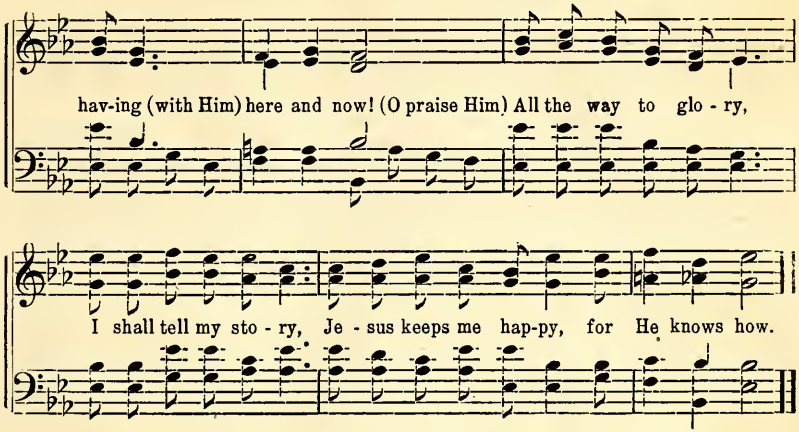
J. C. M. (To my Father and Mother.) Jas. C. Moore.

1. I have heard of a land on the far - a-way strand, 'Tis a beau-ti - ful
2. In that beau - ti - ful home where we'll nev - er more roam, We shall be in the
3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our troubles and
home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die,
sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thro' e - ter - ni - ty sing,
tri - als are o'er; All our sor-row will end, and our voic - es will blend
Chorus.
'Tis the land where we'll nev-er grow old. Nev - er grow old,
'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.
With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore. Where we'll
nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old, Nev - er grow
old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old.
Where we'll

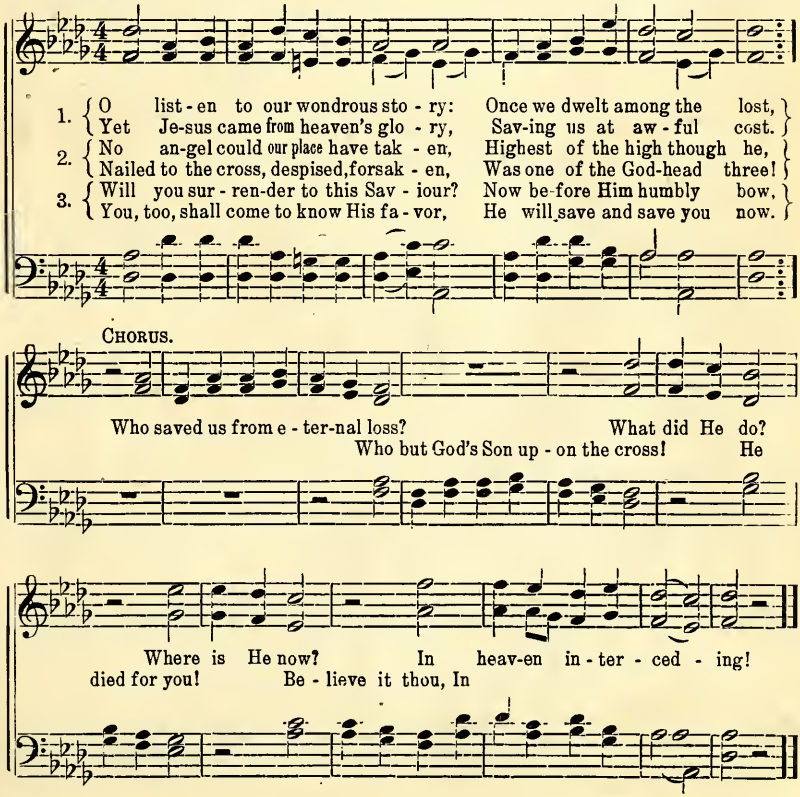
Jas. O. Moore, owner. Used by per.

No. 78.

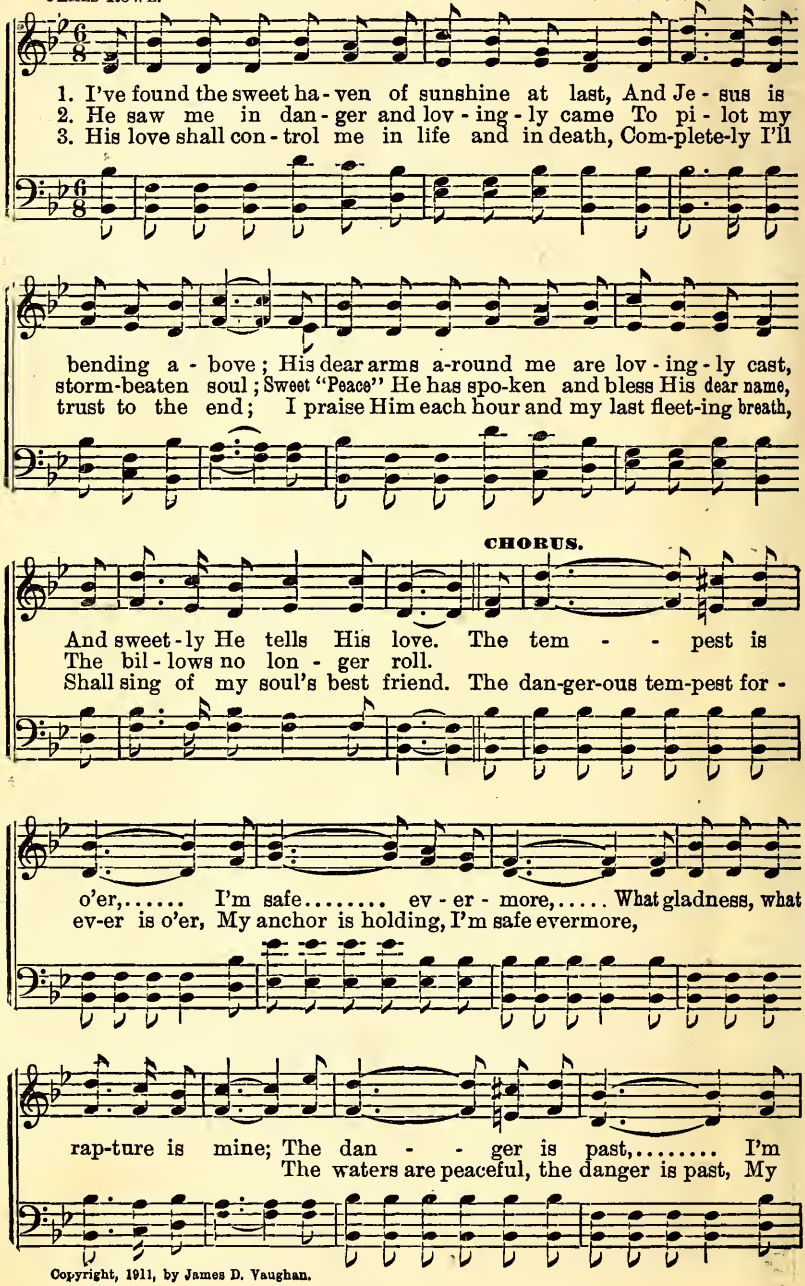
# HE KNOWS HOW.

James Rowe. Chas. W. Vaughan.

1. Je - sus is so won - der - ful, I love Him more and more,
2. Tri - als are be - set - ting me, but nev - er I re - pine,
3. All the world looks brighter ev - 'ry day, as on I go,
Day by day I'm prais - ing Him, and I His name a - dore;
Grace to o - ver - come them all from day to day is mine;
More and more I love my Lord, as bet - ter Him I know;
Light of peace of hap - pi - ness is shin - ing on my brow,
Just the bless - ings that I need He al - ways will al - low,
Yon - der I shall praise Him with a sweet - er voice than now,
CHORUS.
Je - sus keeps me hap - py, for He knows how. He knows
My Sav - iour
Je - sus knows ex -
how, yes, He knows how; Heav'n-ly joys I'm
yes, He knows how;
knows how, yes, Je-sus knows ex - act - ly how;
act - ly how, yes He knows how;

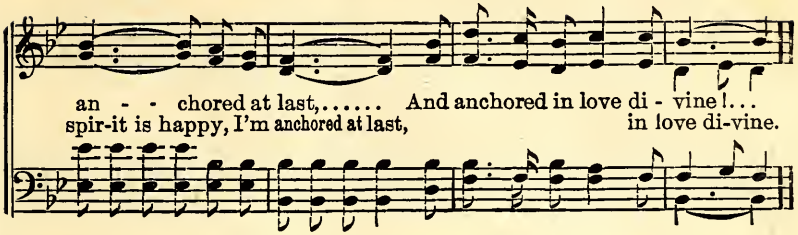
Chas. W. Vaughan, owner, 1926.

## No. 79. WHAT DID HE DO.

Anon, alt. W. Owen.

1. O list - en to our wondrous sto - ry: Once we dwelt among the lost,
Yet Je-sus came from heaven's glo - ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost.
2. No an-gel could our place have tak - en, Highest of the high though he,
Nailed to the cross, despised, forsak - en, Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - iour? Now be-fore Him humbly bow,
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save and save you now.
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross! He
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In

No. 80. ANCHORED IN LOVE DIVINE.

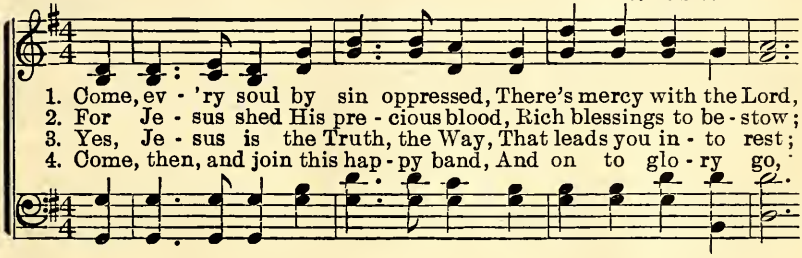
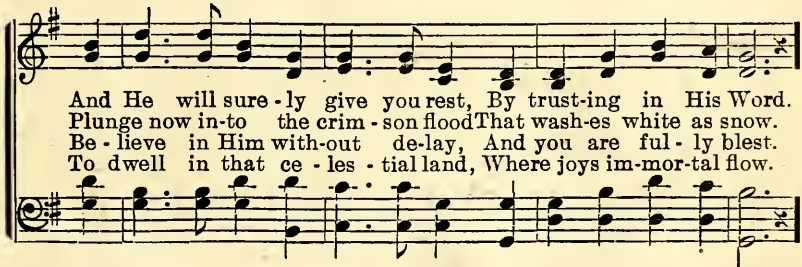
JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I've found the sweet ha - ven of sunshine at last, And Je - sus is
2. He saw me in dan - ger and lov - ing - ly came To pi - lot my
3. His love shall con - trol me in life and in death, Com-plete-ly I'll
bending a - bove; His dear arms a-round me are lov - ing - ly cast,
storm-beaten soul; Sweet "Peace" He has spo-ken and bless His dear name,
trust to the end; I praise Him each hour and my last fleet-ing breath,
CHORUS.
And sweet - ly He tells His love. The tem - - pest is
The bil - lows no lon - ger roll.
Shall sing of my soul's best friend. The dan-ger-ous tem-pest for -
o'er,..... I'm safe..... ev - er - more,..... What gladness, what
ev-er is o'er, My anchor is holding, I'm safe evermore,
rap-ture is mine; The dan - - ger is past,..... I'm
The waters are peaceful, the danger is past, My

Copyright, 1911, by James D. Vaughan.

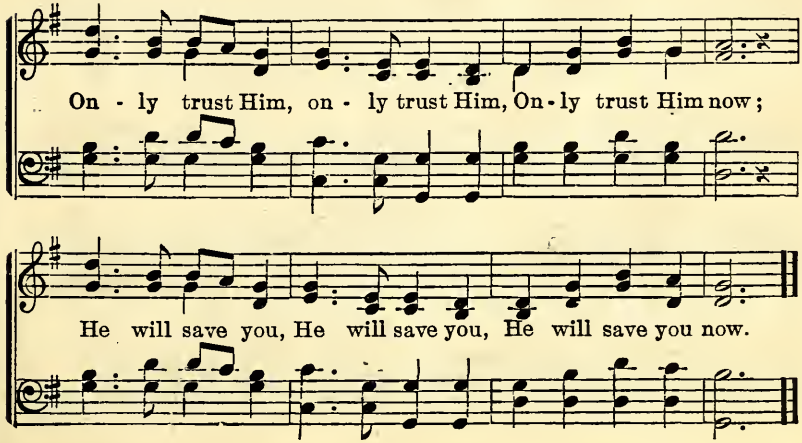



## No. 81. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

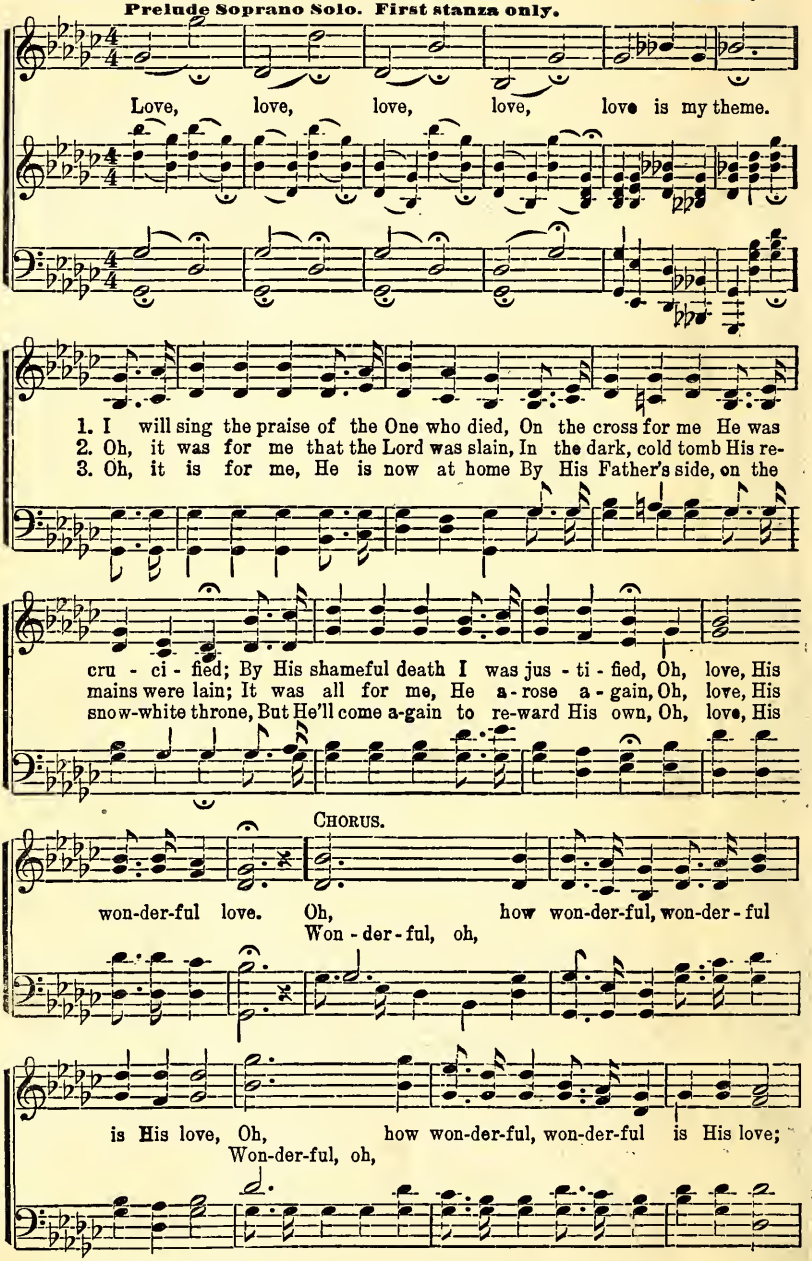

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this hap - py band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His Word.
Plunge now in-to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

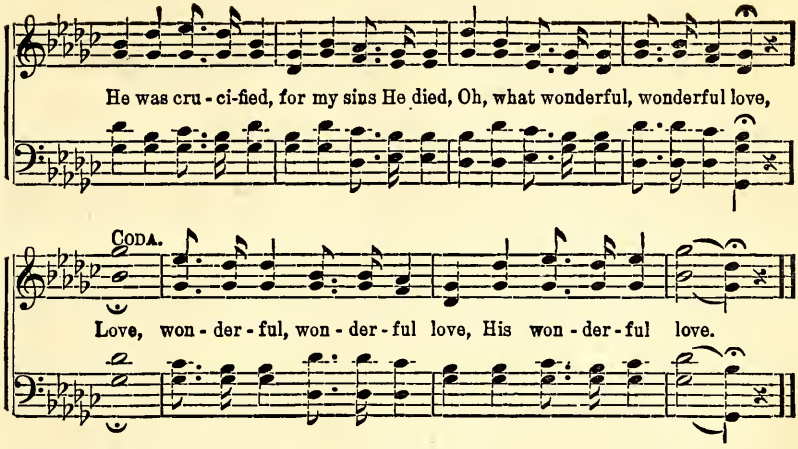


## No. 82. LOVE.

Adger M. Pace. Suggested by J. W. C. J. W. Callaway.

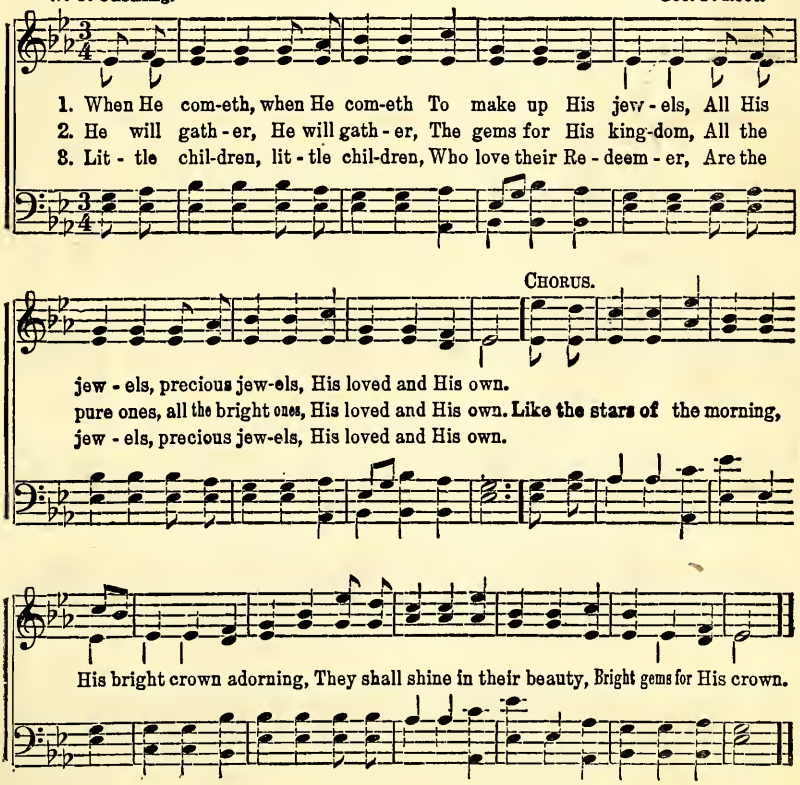
**Prelude Soprano Solo. First stanza only.**

Love, love, love, love, love is my theme.
1. I will sing the praise of the One who died, On the cross for me He was
2. Oh, it was for me that the Lord was slain, In the dark, cold tomb His re-
3. Oh, it is for me, He is now at home By His Father's side, on the
cru - ci - fied; By His shameful death I was jus - ti - fied, Oh, love, His
mains were lain; It was all for me, He a - rose a - gain, Oh, love, His
snow-white throne, But He'll come a-gain to re-ward His own, Oh, love, His
CHORUS.
won-der-ful love. Oh, how won-der-ful, won-der - ful
Won - der - ful, oh,
is His love, Oh, how won-der-ful, won-der-ful is His love;
Won-der-ful, oh,

Pace and Callaway, owners. 1927.


He was cru - ci-fied, for my sins He died, Oh, what wonderful, wonderful love,
Coda.
Love, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love, His won - der - ful love.

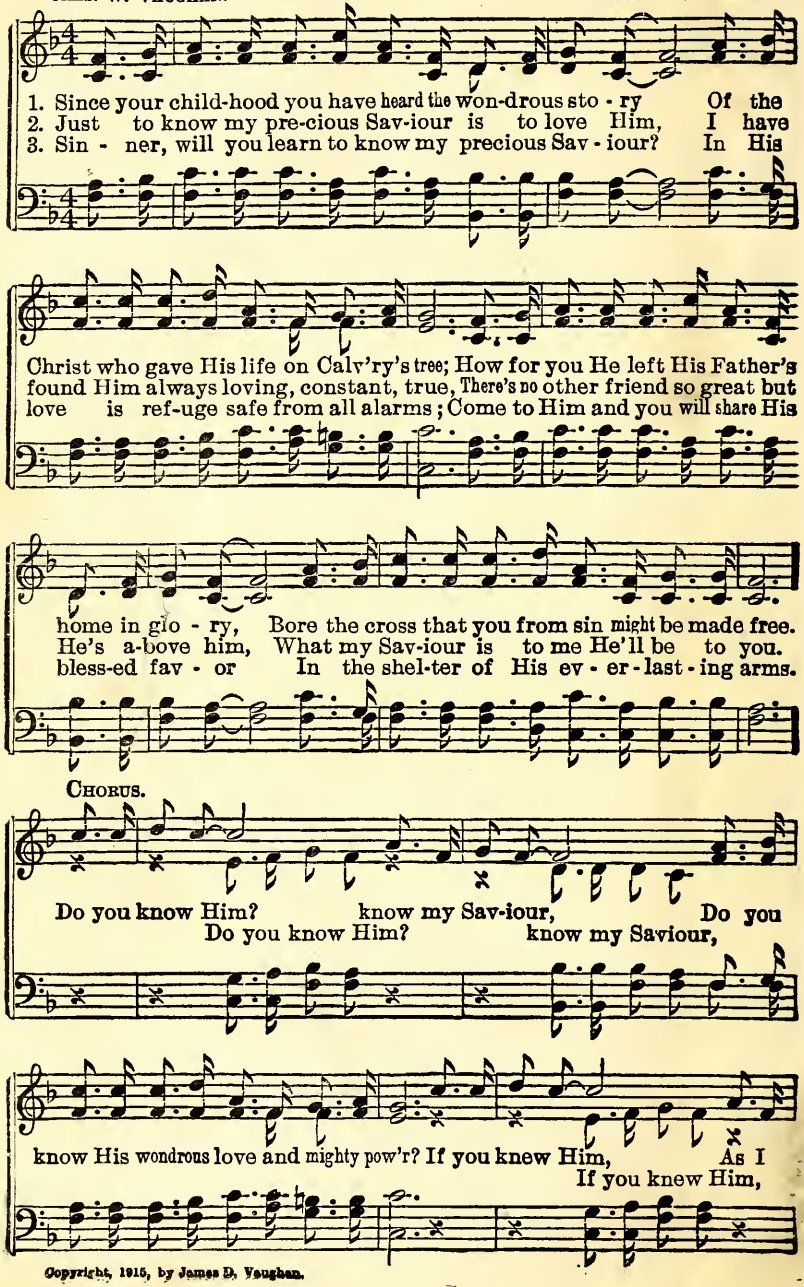
## No. 83. JEWELS.

W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er, The gems for His king-dom, All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the
Chorus.
jew - els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morning,
jew - els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.
His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 84.

# DO YOU KNOW HIM?

CHAS. W. VAUGHAN. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Since your child-hood you have heard the won-drous sto - ry Of the
2. Just to know my pre-cious Sav-iour is to love Him, I have
3. Sin - ner, will you learn to know my precious Sav - iour? In His
Christ who gave His life on Calv'ry's tree; How for you He left His Father's
found Him always loving, constant, true, There's no other friend so great but
love is ref-uge safe from all alarms; Come to Him and you will share His
home in glo - ry, Bore the cross that you from sin might be made free.
He's a-bove him, What my Sav-iour is to me He'll be to you.
bless-ed fav - or In the shel-ter of His ev - er - last - ing arms.
CHORUS.
Do you know Him? know my Sav-iour, Do you
Do you know Him? know my Saviour,
know His wondrous love and mighty pow'r? If you knew Him, As I
If you knew Him,

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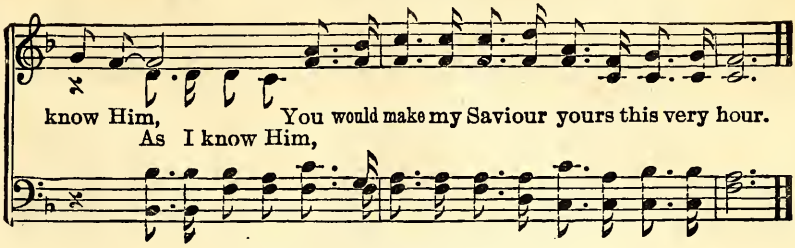
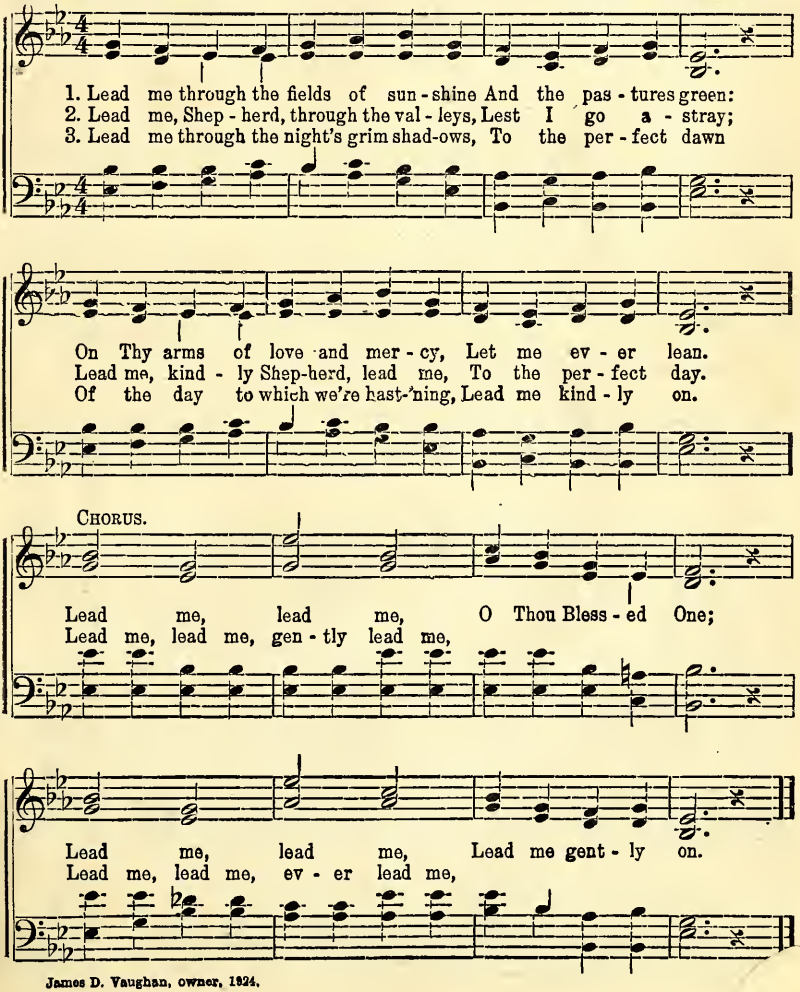



## No. 85. LEAD ME, SHEPHERD.

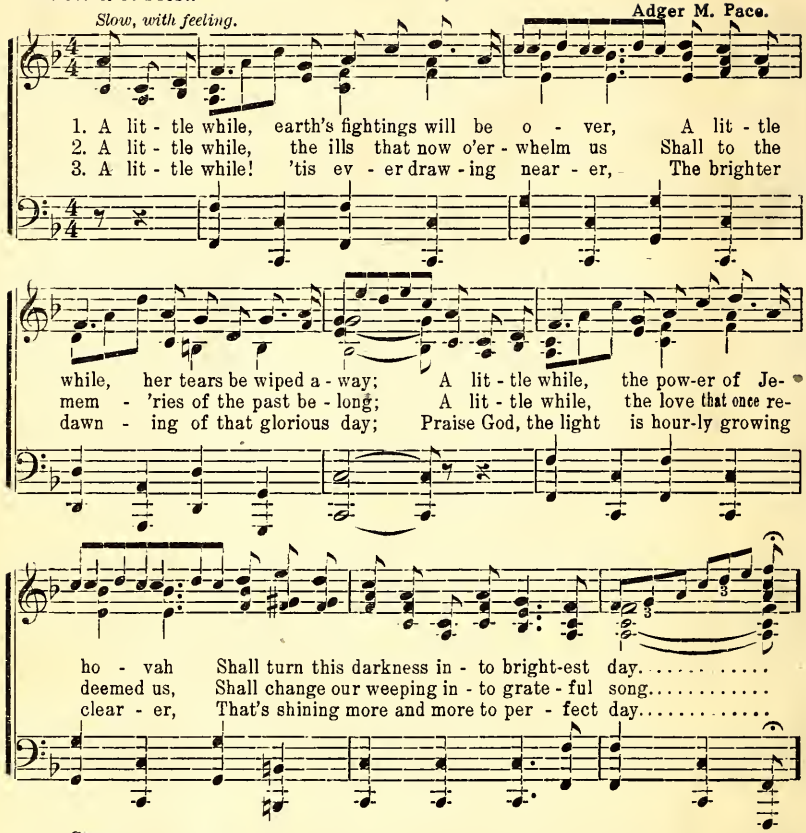
Henry H. Tilson. James D. Vaughan.

1. Lead me through the fields of sun - shine And the pas - tures green:
2. Lead me, Shep - herd, through the val - leys, Lest I go a - stray;
3. Lead me through the night's grim shad-ows, To the per - fect dawn
On Thy arms of love and mer - cy, Let me ev - er lean.
Lead me, kind - ly Shep-herd, lead me, To the per - fect day.
Of the day to which we're hast-'ning, Lead me kind - ly on.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, O Thou Bless - ed One;
Lead me, lead me, gen - tly lead me,
Lead me, lead me, Lead me gent - ly on.
Lead me, lead me, ev - er lead me,

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1924.

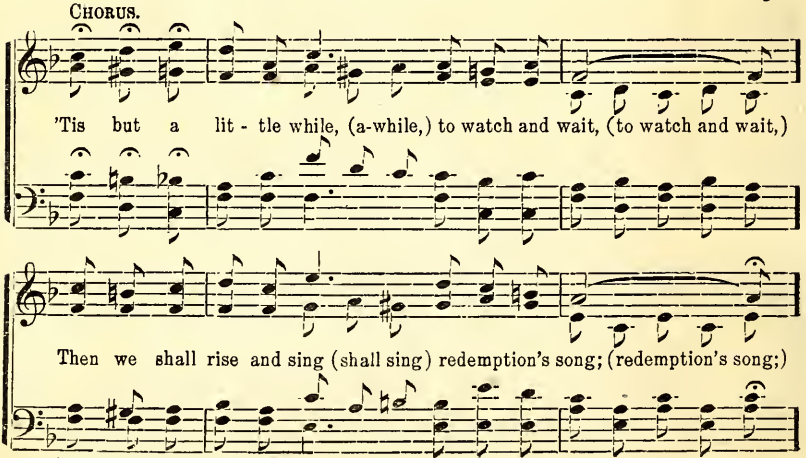
No. 86. 'TIS BUT A LITTLE WHILE.

Rev. C. J. Frost.

Adger M. Pace.

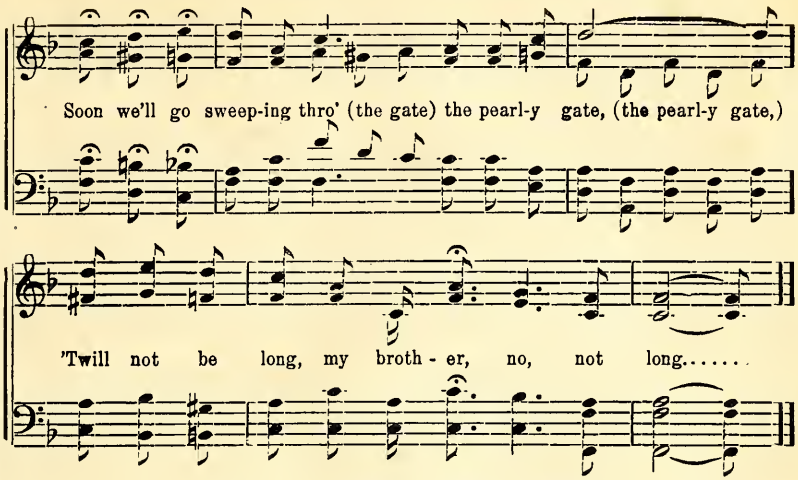
*Slow, with feeling.*

1. A lit - tle while, earth's fightings will be o - ver, A lit - tle
2. A lit - tle while, the ills that now o'er - whelm us Shall to the
3. A lit - tle while! 'tis ev - er draw - ing near - er, The brighter
while, her tears be wiped a - way; A lit - tle while, the pow-er of Je-
mem - 'ries of the past be - long; A lit - tle while, the love that once re-
dawn - ing of that glorious day; Praise God, the light is hour-ly growing
ho - vah Shall turn this darkness in - to bright-est day.
deemed us, Shall change our weeping in - to grate - ful song.
clear - er, That's shining more and more to per - fect day.

CHORUS.


'Tis but a lit - tle while, (a-while,) to watch and wait, (to watch and wait,)
Then we shall rise and sing (shall sing) redemption's song; (redemption's song;)

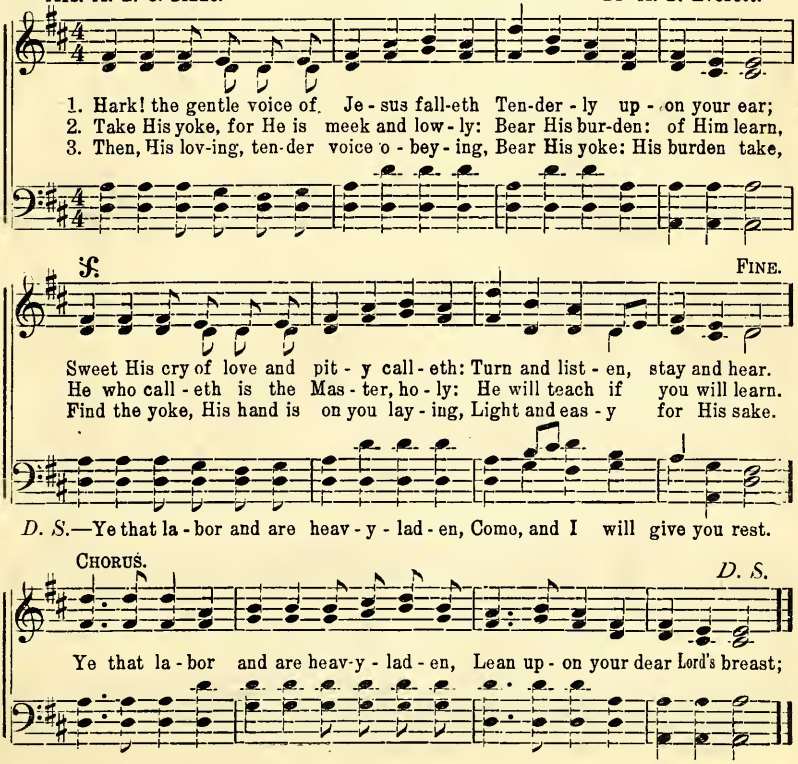
Adger M. Pace, owner, 1928.

## 'TIS BUT A LITTLE WHILE. Concluded.



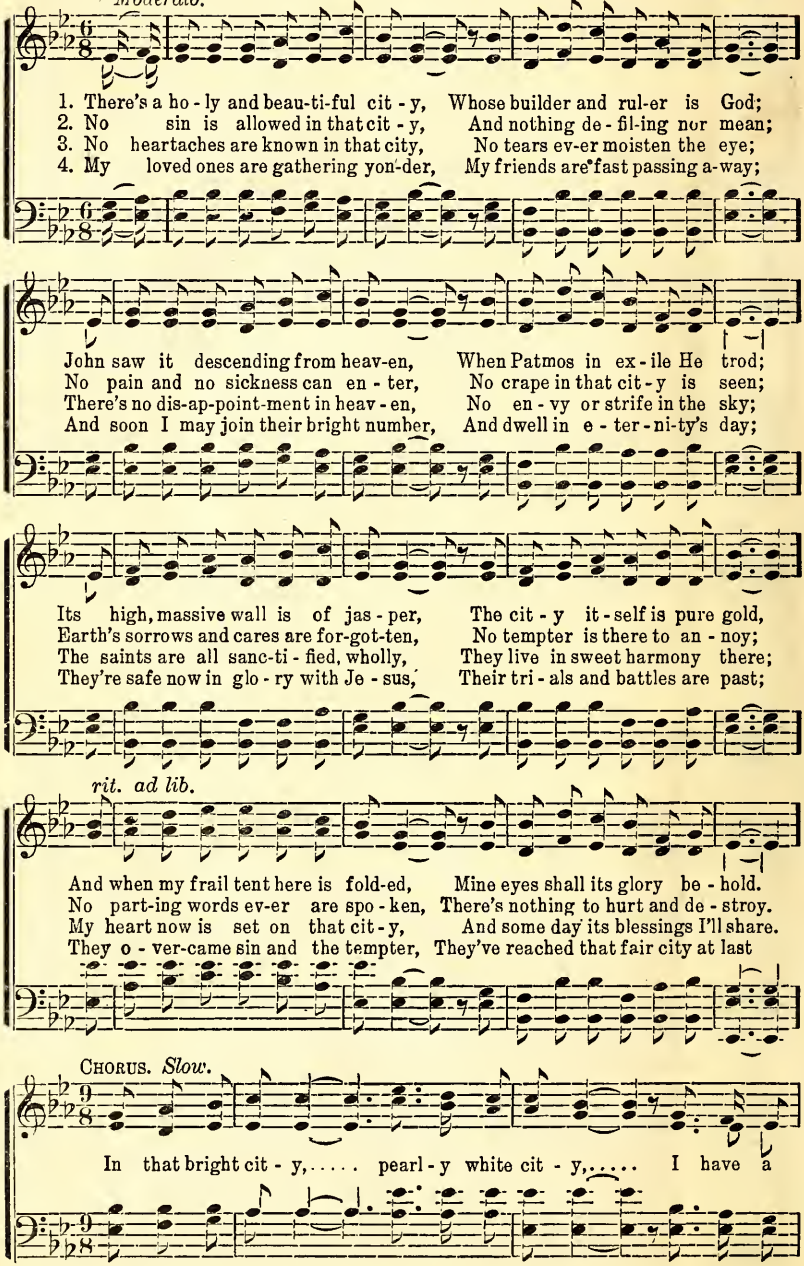

## No. 87. HARK! THE GENTLE VOICE.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.


1. Hark! the gentle voice of Je - sus fall-eth Ten-der - ly up - on your ear;
2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low - ly: Bear His bur-den: of Him learn,
3. Then, His lov-ing, ten-der voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke: His burden take,
Sf.
Fine.
Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call - eth: Turn and list - en, stay and hear.
He who call - eth is the Mas - ter, ho - ly: He will teach if you will learn.
Find the yoke, His hand is on you lay - ing, Light and eas - y for His sake.
D. S.—Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - lad - en, Come, and I will give you rest.
Chorus.
D. S.
Ye that la - bor and are heav-y - lad - en, Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast;

No. 88. **THE PEARLY-WHITE CITY.**

A. F. L. (The city that's coming down.) **Arthur F. Ingler.**

*Moderato.*

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yon-der, My friends are fast passing a-way;
John saw it descending from heav-en, When Patmos in ex - ile He trod;
No pain and no sickness can en - ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy or strife in the sky;
And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni-ty's day;
Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold,
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc-ti - fied, wholly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and battles are past;
*rit. ad lib.*
And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glory be - hold.
No part-ing words ev-er are spo - ken, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart now is set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last
CHORUS. *Slow.*
In that bright cit - y,..... pearl - y white cit - y,..... I have a

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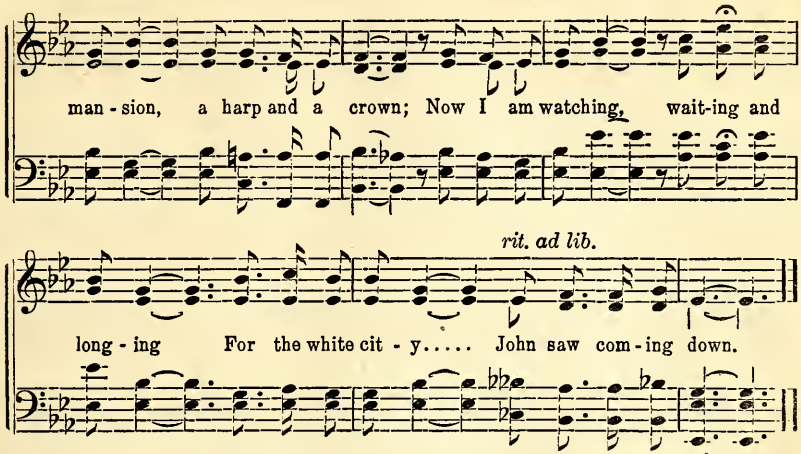
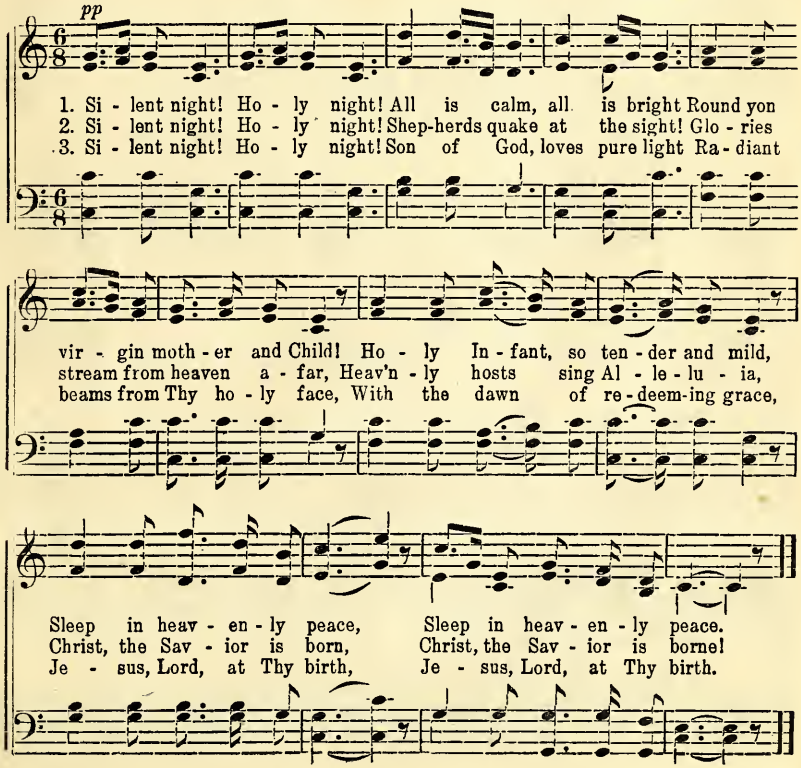
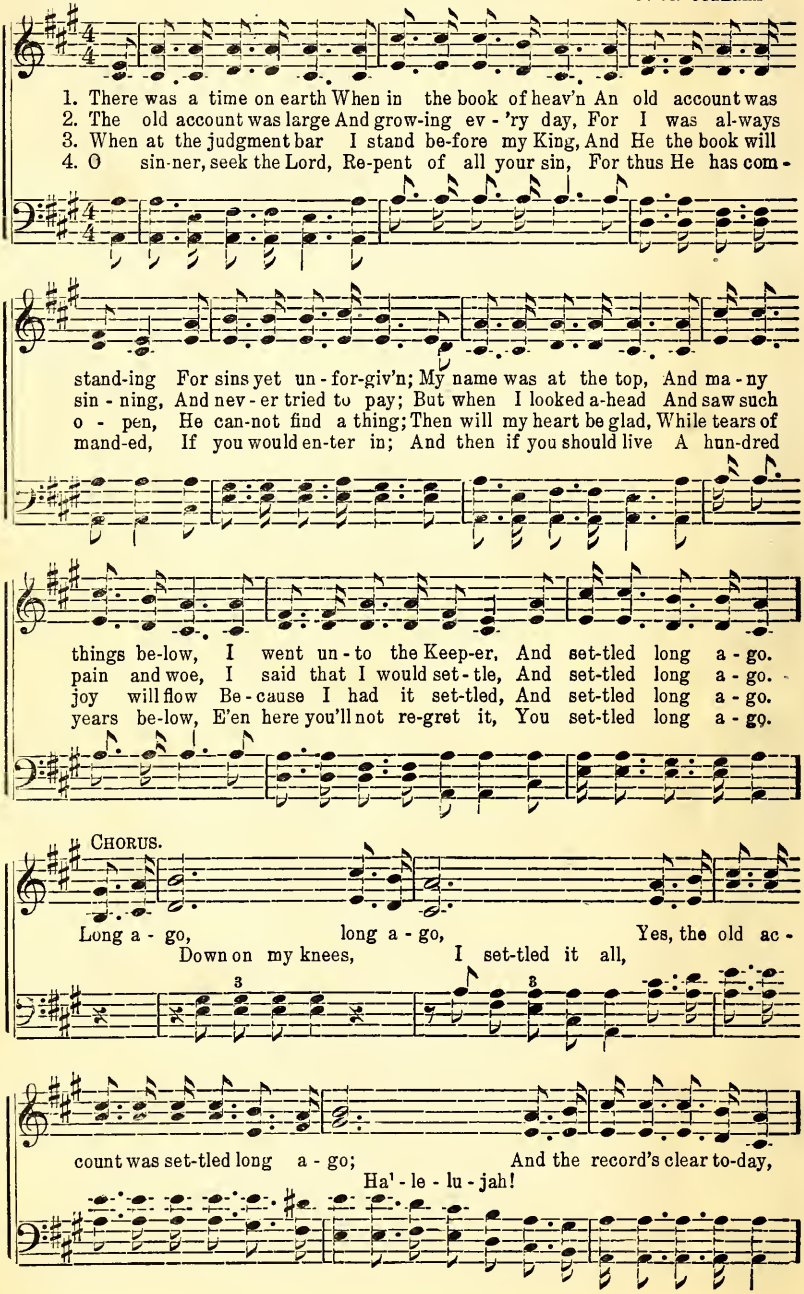
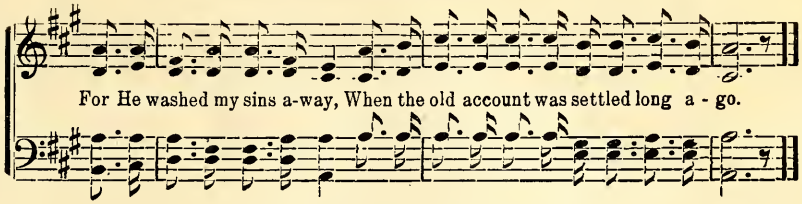



## No. 89. SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT.

Michael Haydn.

pp
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round yon
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight! Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, loves pure light Ra - diant
vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
stream from heaven a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia,
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem-ing grace,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - ior is born, Christ, the Sav - ior is borne!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

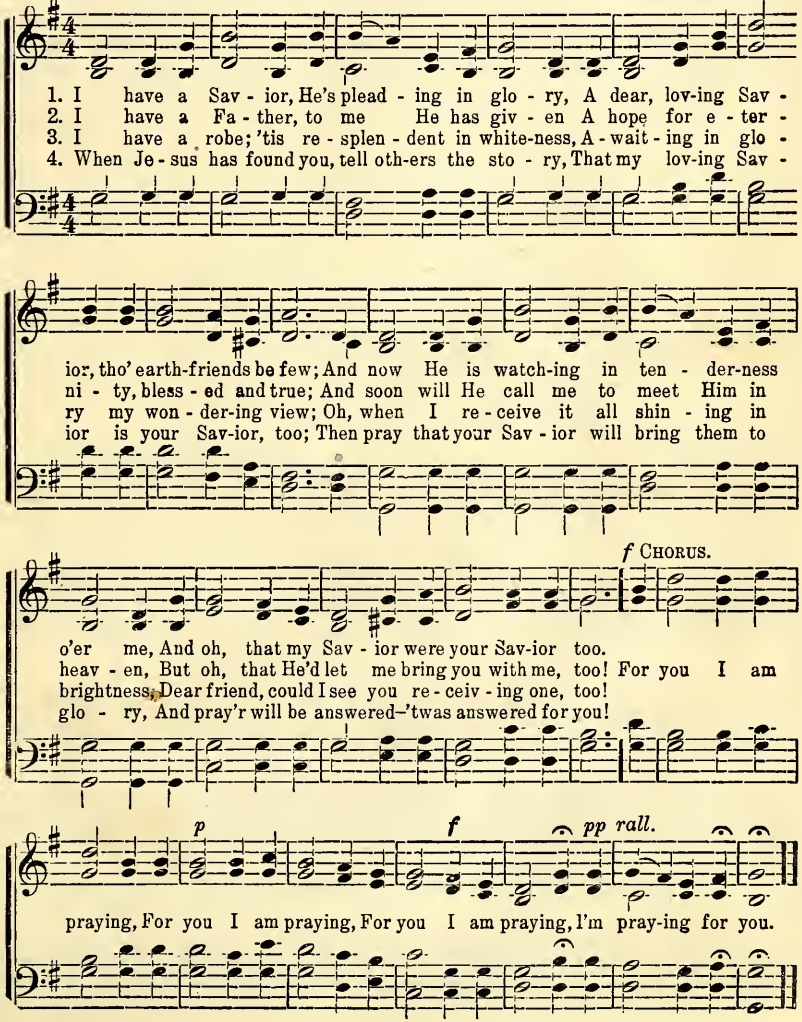
No. 90. AN OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large And grow-ing ev - 'ry day, For I was al-ways
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com -
stand-ing For sins yet un - for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And ma - ny
sin - ning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head And saw such
o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of
mand-ed, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred
things be-low, I went un - to the Keep-er, And set-tled long a - go.
pain and woe, I said that I would set - tle, And set-tled long a - go.
joy will flow Be - cause I had it set-tled, And set-tled long a - go.
years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You set-tled long a - go.
CHORUS.
Long a - go, long a - go, Yes, the old ac -
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
count was set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day,
Ha' - le - lu - jah!



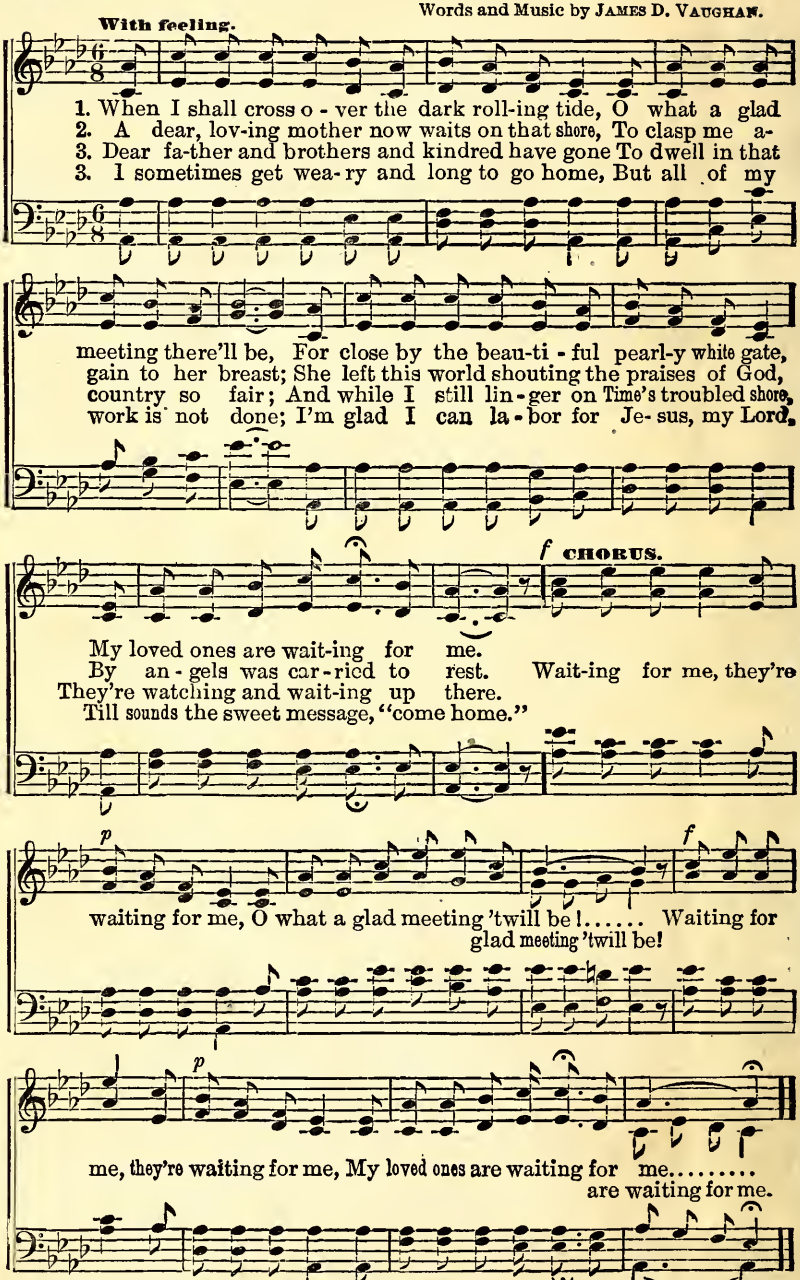

## No. 91. I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

S. O'Maley Gluff. Ira D. Sankey.


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav -
2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen - dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in glo -
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav -
ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Sav - ior will bring them to
f CHORUS.
o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered–'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

# No. 92 My Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me.

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


With feeling.
1. When I shall cross o - ver the dark roll-ing tide, O what a glad
2. A dear, lov-ing mother now waits on that shore, To clasp me a-
3. Dear fa-ther and brothers and kindred have gone To dwell in that
3. I sometimes get wea-ry and long to go home, But all of my
meeting there'll be, For close by the beau-ti - ful pearl-y white gate,
gain to her breast; She left this world shouting the praises of God,
country so fair; And while I still lin-ger on Time's troubled shore,
work is not done; I'm glad I can la-bor for Je-sus, my Lord.
f CHORUS.
My loved ones are wait-ing for me.
By an - gels was car-ried to rest. Wait-ing for me, they're
They're watching and wait-ing up there.
Till sounds the sweet message, "come home."
p
waiting for me, O what a glad meeting 'twill be!..... Waiting for
glad meeting 'twill be!
f
p
me, they're waiting for me, My loved ones are waiting for me.....
are waiting for me.

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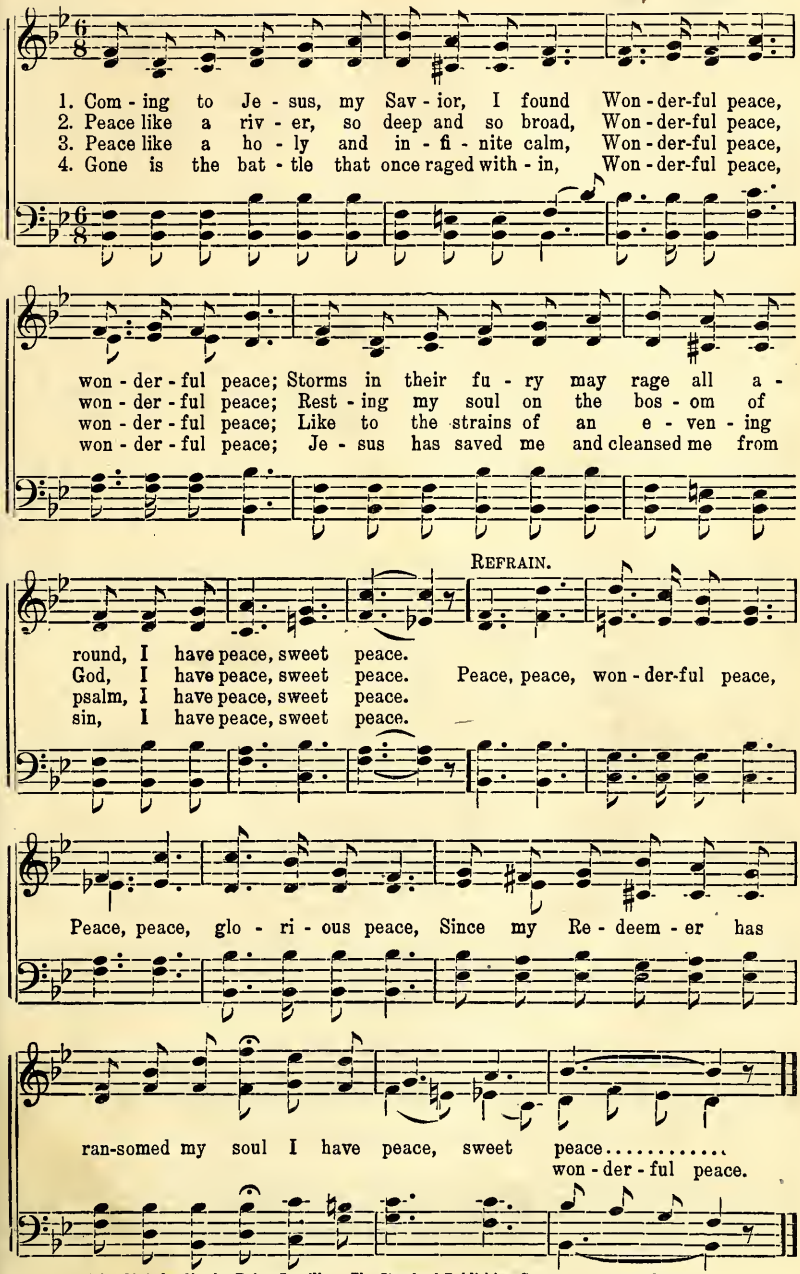
No. 93.

# WONDEREUL PEACE.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I found Won - der-ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der-ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der-ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der-ful peace,
won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from
REFRAIN.
round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.
Peace, peace, won - der-ful peace,
Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has
ran-somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

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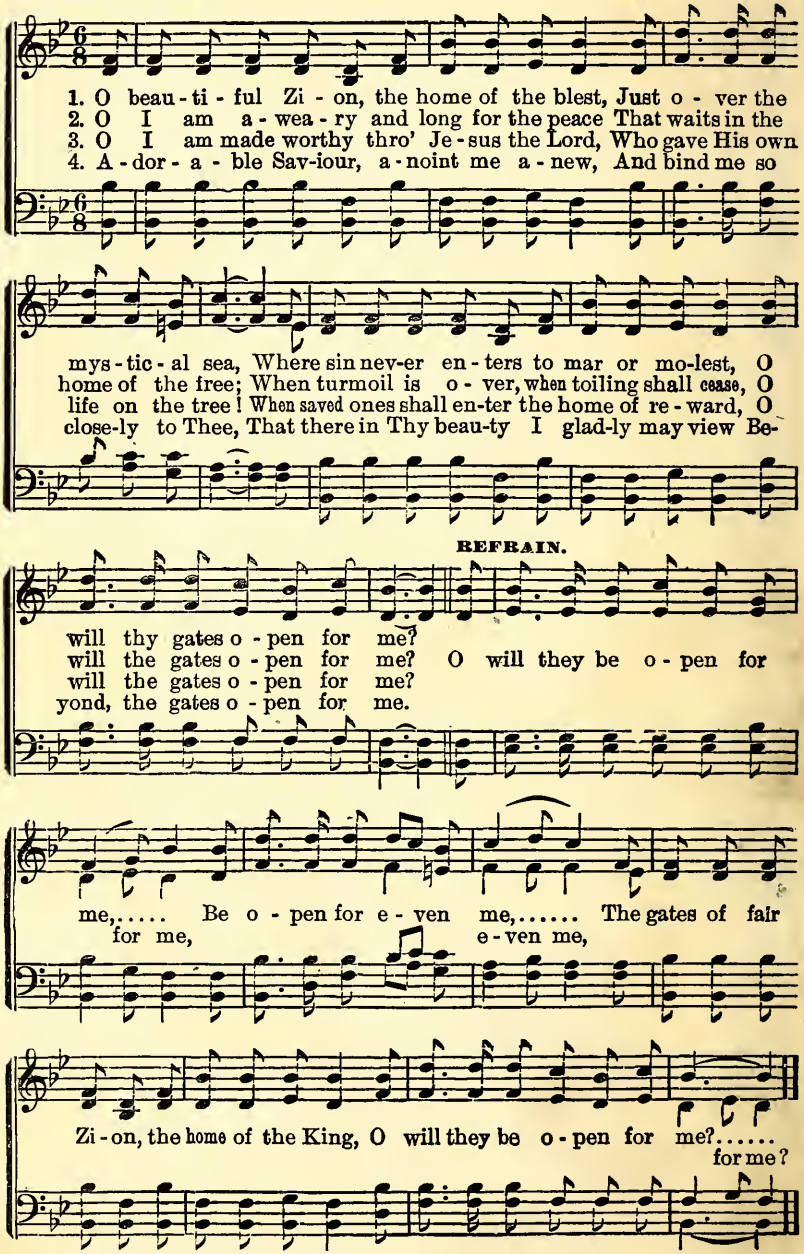
## No. 94 WILL THE GATES OPEN FOR ME?

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. O beau-ti-ful Zi-on, the home of the blest, Just o-ver the
2. O I am a-wea-ry and long for the peace That waits in the
3. O I am made worthy thro' Je-sus the Lord, Who gave His own
4. A-dor-a-ble Sav-iour, a-noint me a-new, And bind me so
mys-tic-al sea, Where sin nev-er en-ters to mar or mo-lest, O
home of the free; When turmoil is o-ver, when toiling shall cease, O
life on the tree! When saved ones shall en-ter the home of re-ward, O
close-ly to Thee, That there in Thy beau-ty I glad-ly may view Be-
REFRAIN.
will thy gates o-pen for me?
will the gates o-pen for me? O will they be o-pen for
will the gates o-pen for me?
yond, the gates o-pen for me.
me,..... Be o-pen for e-ven me,..... The gates of fair
for me, e-ven me,
Zi-on, the home of the King, O will they be o-pen for me?.....
for me?

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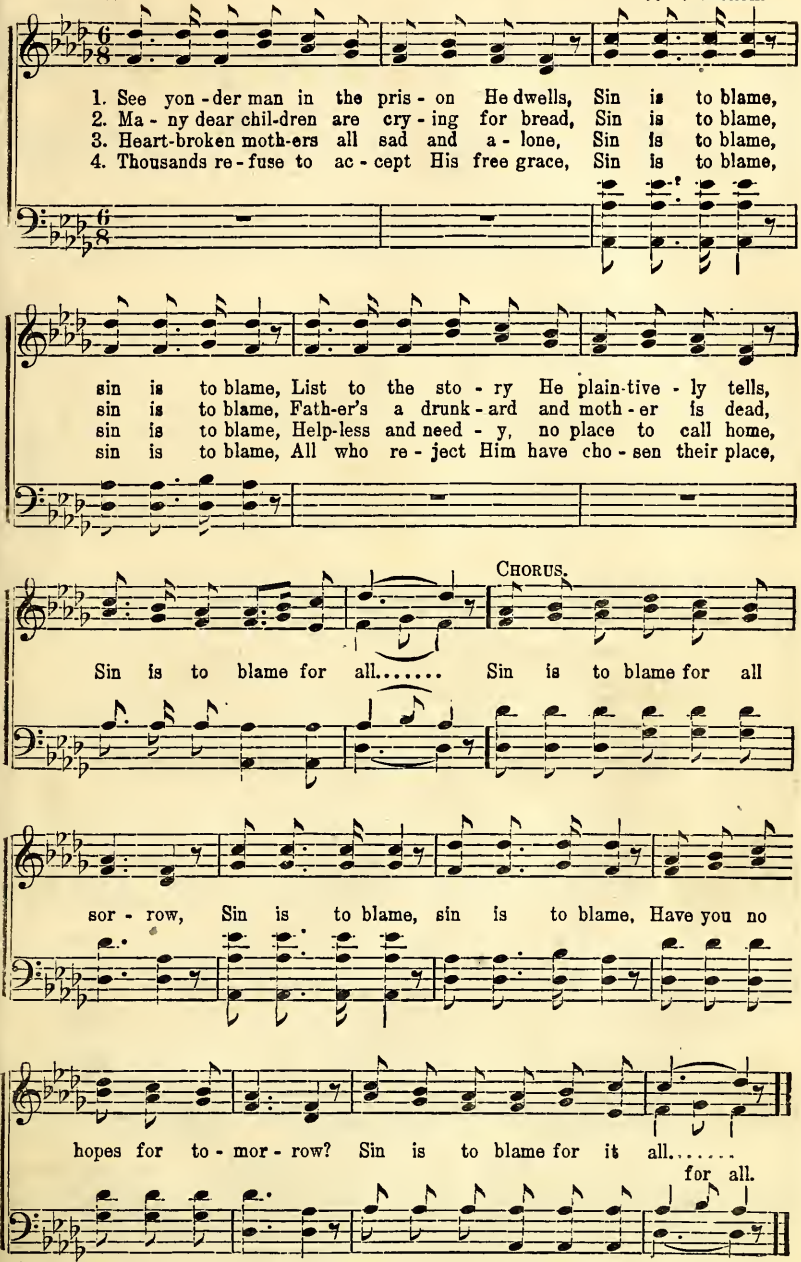
No. 95.

# SIN IS TO BLAME.

J. H. V. J. H. Vernon.

1. See yon - der man in the pris - on He dwells, Sin is to blame,
2. Ma - ny dear chil-dren are cry - ing for bread, Sin is to blame,
3. Heart-broken moth-ers all sad and a - lone, Sin is to blame,
4. Thousands re - fuse to ac - cept His free grace, Sin is to blame,
sin is to blame, List to the sto - ry He plain-tive - ly tells,
sin is to blame, Fath-er's a drunk - ard and moth - er is dead,
sin is to blame, Help-less and need - y, no place to call home,
sin is to blame, All who re - ject Him have cho - sen their place,
CHORUS.
Sin is to blame for all..... Sin is to blame for all
sor - row, Sin is to blame, sin is to blame, Have you no
hopes for to - mor - row? Sin is to blame for it all.....
for all.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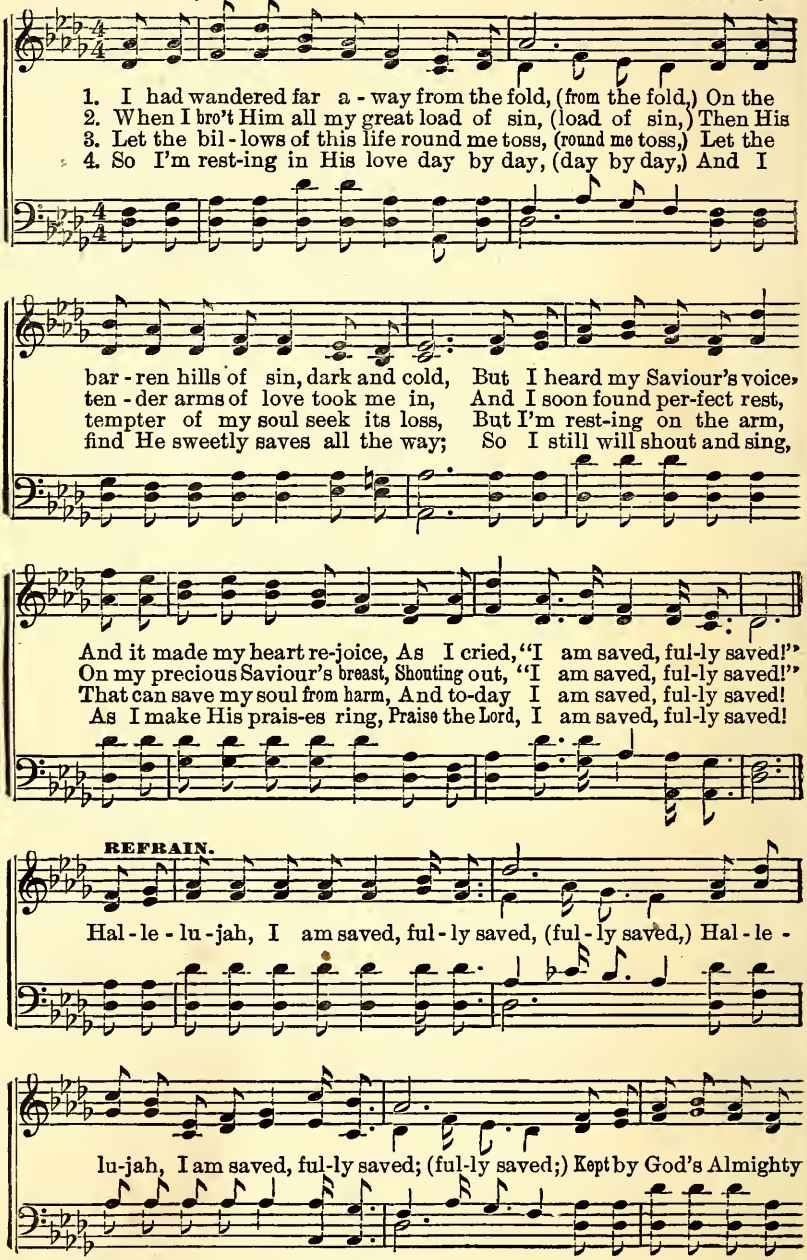
No. 96. **FULLY SAVED.**

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. D. BURLESON.

1. I had wandered far a - way from the fold, (from the fold,) On the
2. When I bro't Him all my great load of sin, (load of sin,) Then His
3. Let the bil - lows of this life round me toss, (round me toss,) Let the
4. So I'm rest-ing in His love day by day, (day by day,) And I
bar - ren hills of sin, dark and cold, But I heard my Saviour's voice,
ten - der arms of love took me in, And I soon found per-fect rest,
tempter of my soul seek its loss, But I'm rest-ing on the arm,
find He sweetly saves all the way; So I still will shout and sing,
And it made my heart re-joice, As I cried, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
On my precious Saviour's breast, Shouting out, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
That can save my soul from harm, And to-day I am saved, ful-ly saved!
As I make His prais-es ring, Praise the Lord, I am saved, ful-ly saved!
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved, (ful - ly saved,) Hal - le -
lu-jah, I am saved, ful-ly saved; (ful-ly saved;) Kept by God's Almighty

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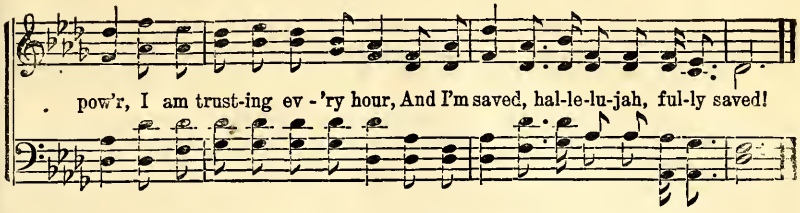
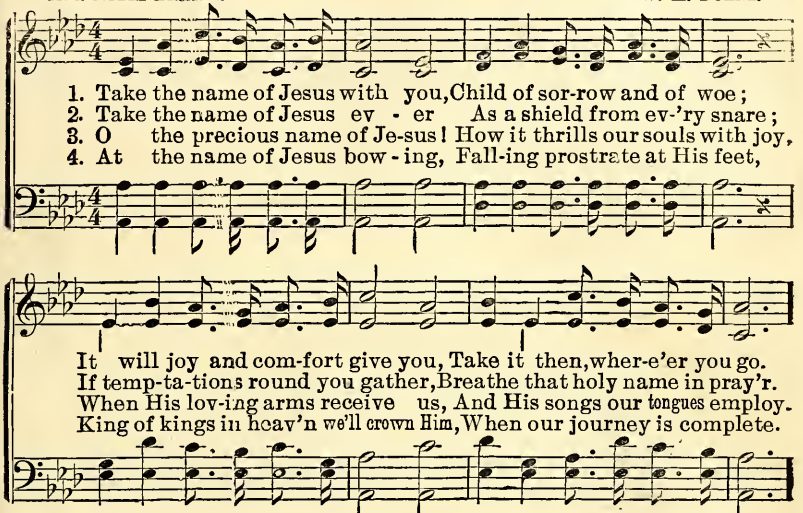
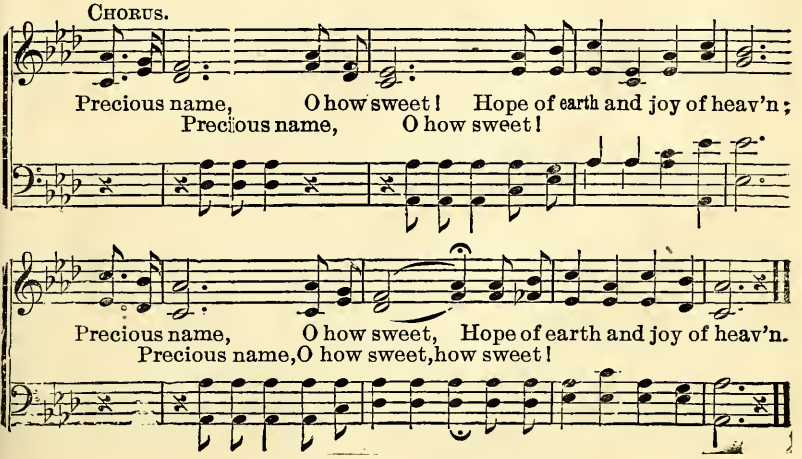



## No. 97. TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS.

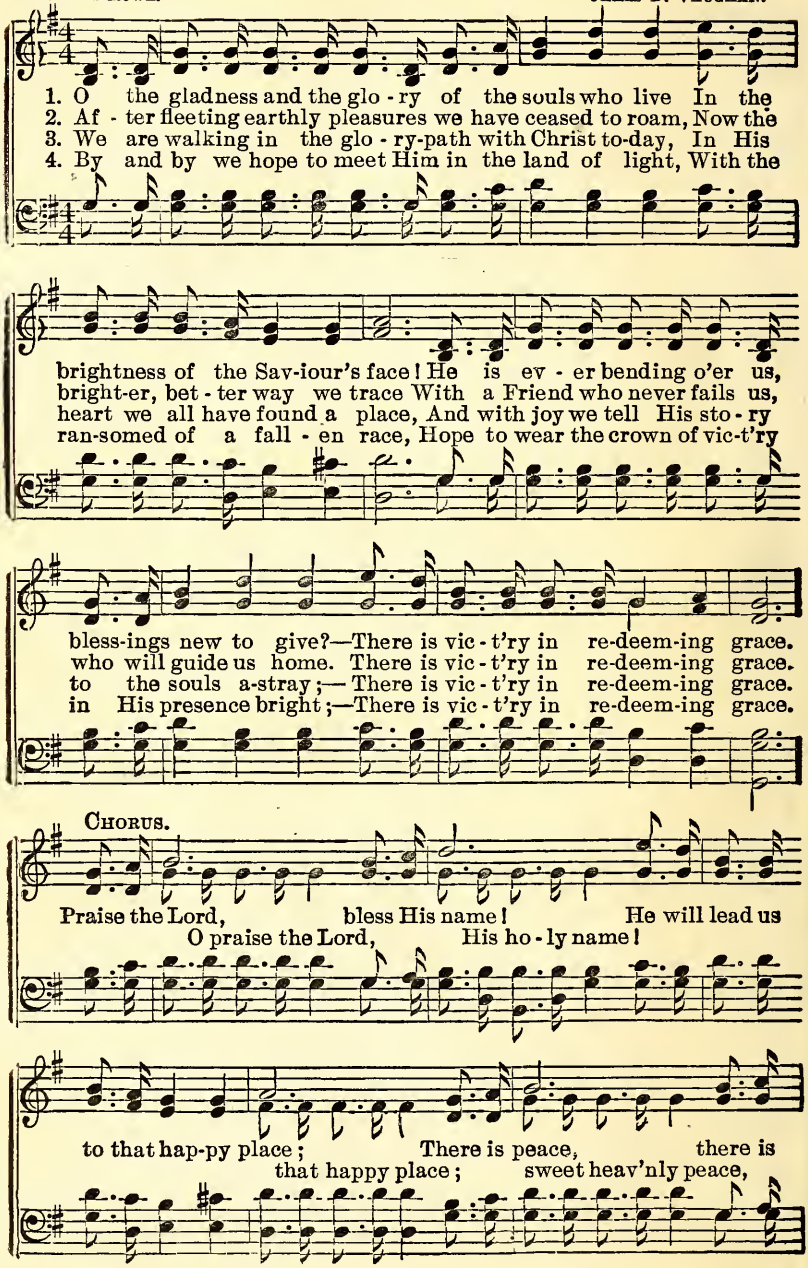
MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Jesus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je-sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

CHORUS.


Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 98. **THERE IS VICT'RY IN GRACE.**

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. O the gladness and the glo - ry of the souls who live In the
2. Af - ter fleeting earthly pleasures we have ceased to roam, Now the
3. We are walking in the glo - ry-path with Christ to-day, In His
4. By and by we hope to meet Him in the land of light, With the
brightness of the Sav-iour's face! He is ev - er bending o'er us,
bright-er, bet - ter way we trace With a Friend who never fails us,
heart we all have found a place, And with joy we tell His sto - ry
ran-somed of a fall - en race, Hope to wear the crown of vic-t'ry
bless-ings new to give?—There is vic - t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.
who will guide us home. There is vic - t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.
to the souls a-stray;—There is vic - t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.
in His presence bright;—There is vic - t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, bless His name! He will lead us
O praise the Lord, His ho - ly name!
to that hap-py place; There is peace, there is
that happy place; sweet heav'nly peace,

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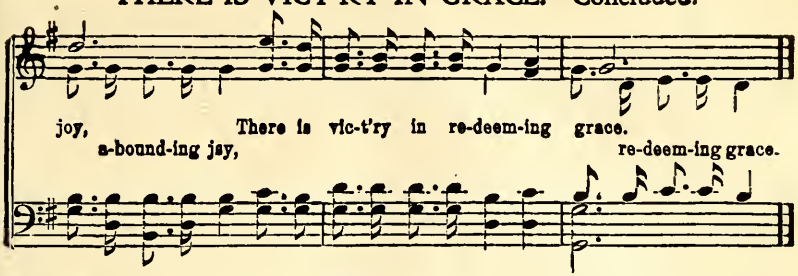
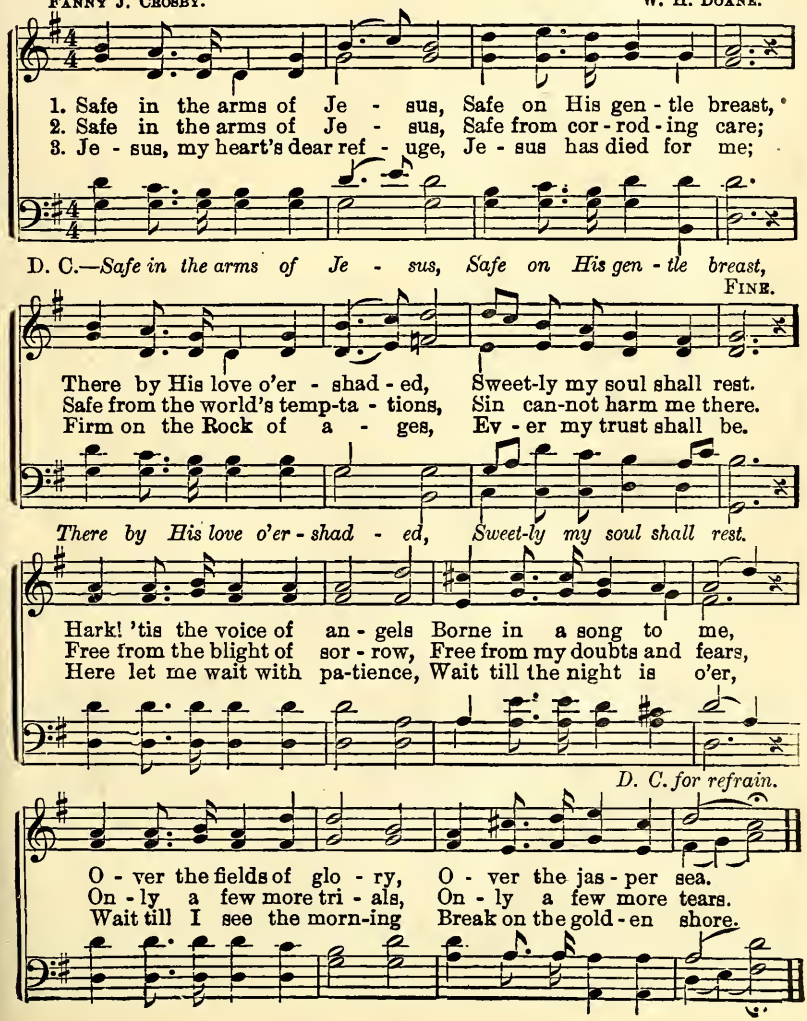
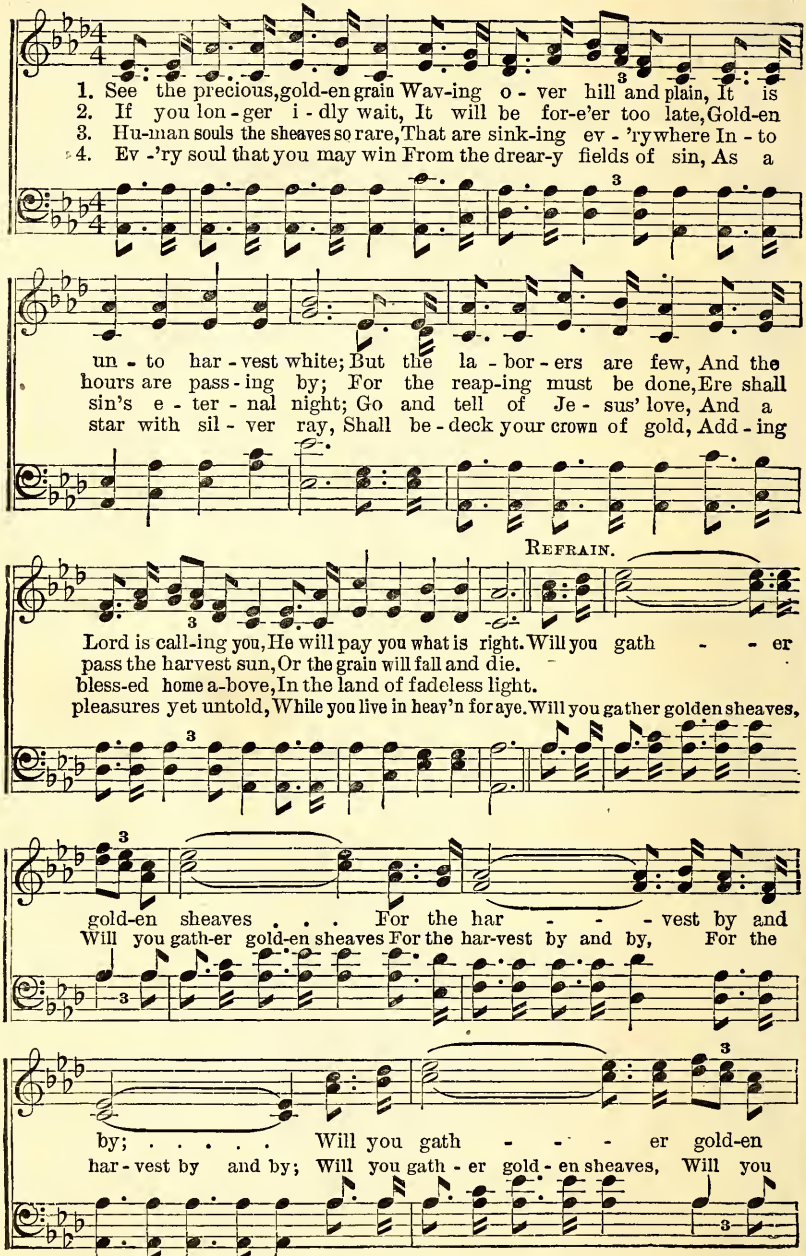



## No. 99. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
D. C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
FINE.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of a - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears,
Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er,
D. C. for refrain.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the gold - en shore.

# No. 100. Will You Gather Golden Sheaves?

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. See the precious, gold-en grain Wav-ing o - ver hill and plain, It is
2. If you lon - ger i - dly wait, It will be for-e'er too late, Gold-en
3. Hu-man souls the sheaves so rare, That are sink-ing ev - 'ry where In - to
4. Ev -'ry soul that you may win From the drear-y fields of sin, As a
un - to har - vest white; But the la - bor - ers are few, And the
hours are pass - ing by; For the reap-ing must be done, Ere shall
sin's e - ter - nal night; Go and tell of Je - sus' love, And a
star with sil - ver ray, Shall be - deck your crown of gold, Add - ing
REFRAIN.
Lord is call-ing you, He will pay you what is right. Will you gath - - er
pass the harvest sun, Or the grain will fall and die.
bless-ed home a-bove, In the land of fadeless light.
pleasures yet untold, While you live in heav'n for aye. Will you gather golden sheaves,
gold-en sheaves . . . For the har - - - - vest by and
Will you gath-er gold-en sheaves For the har-vest by and by, For the
by; . . . . . Will you gath - - - - er gold-en
har - vest by and by; Will you gath - er gold - en sheaves, Will you

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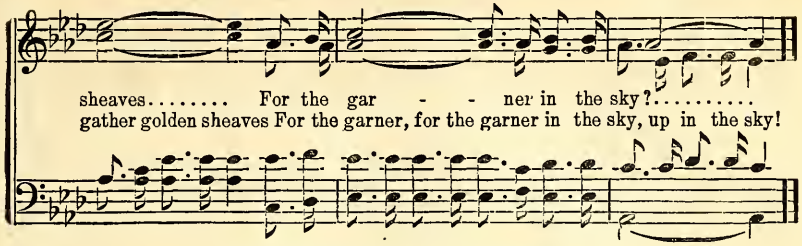
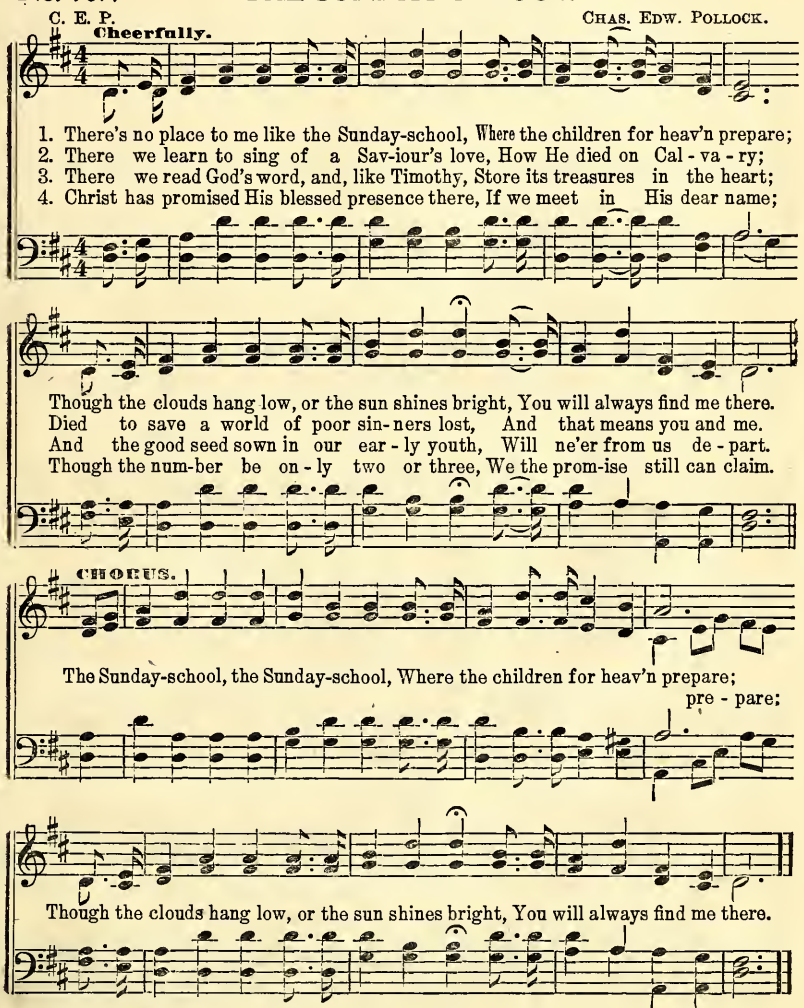
## WILL YOU GATHER GOLDEN SHEAVES? Concluded.

## No. 101. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


Cheerfully.
1. There's no place to me like the Sunday-school, Where the children for heav'n prepare;
2. There we learn to sing of a Sav-iour's love, How He died on Cal - va - ry;
3. There we read God's word, and, like Timothy, Store its treasures in the heart;
4. Christ has promised His blessed presence there, If we meet in His dear name;
Though the clouds hang low, or the sun shines bright, You will always find me there.
Died to save a world of poor sin-ners lost, And that means you and me.
And the good seed sown in our ear - ly youth, Will ne'er from us de - part.
Though the num-ber be on - ly two or three, We the prom-ise still can claim.
CHORUS.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Where the children for heav'n prepare;
pre - pare;
Though the clouds hang low, or the sun shines bright, You will always find me there.

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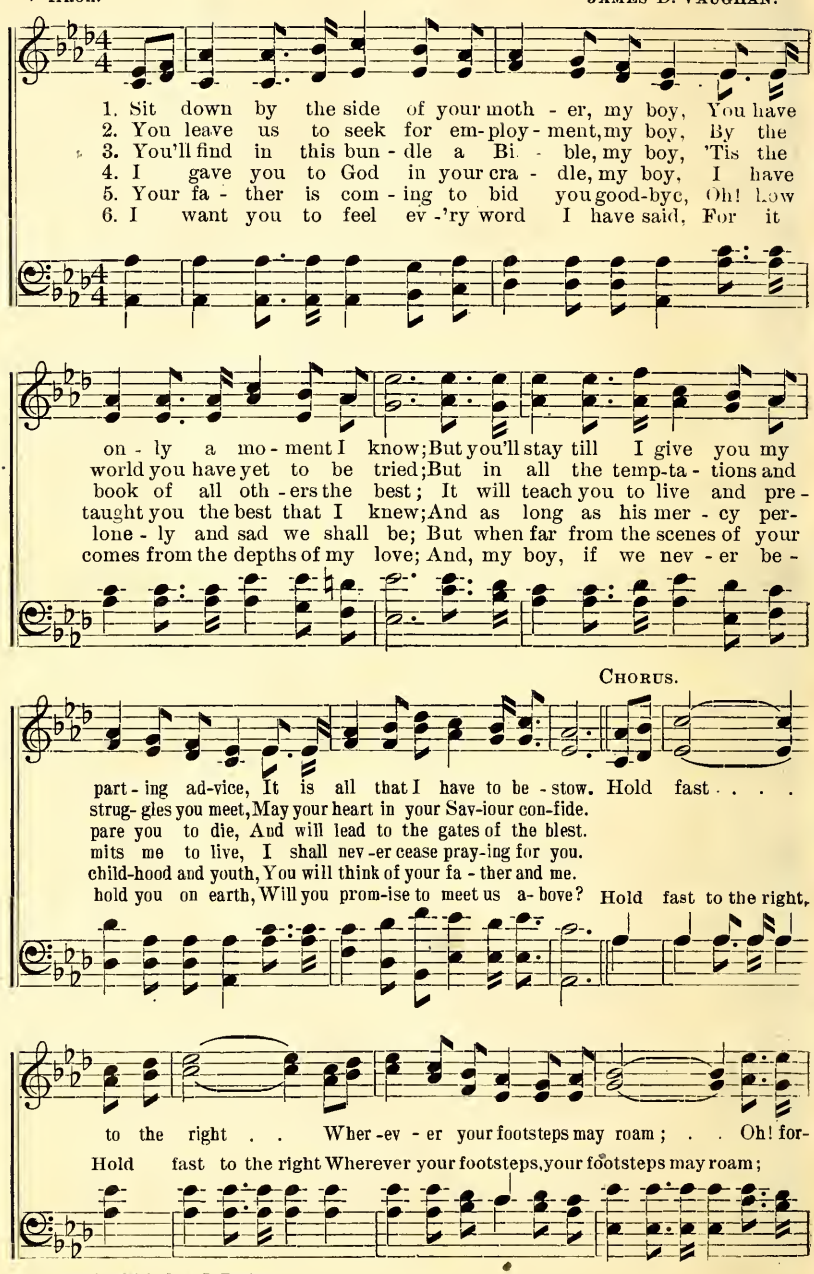
## No. 102. The Mother's Good-bye.

Anon. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Sit down by the side of your moth - er, my boy, You have
2. You leave us to seek for em-ploy - ment, my boy, By the
3. You'll find in this bun - dle a Bi - ble, my boy, 'Tis the
4. I gave you to God in your cra - dle, my boy, I have
5. Your fa - ther is com - ing to bid you good-bye, Oh! how
6. I want you to feel ev -'ry word I have said, For it
on - ly a mo - ment I know; But you'll stay till I give you my
world you have yet to be tried; But in all the temp-ta - tions and
book of all oth - ers the best; It will teach you to live and pre -
taught you the best that I knew; And as long as his mer - cy per -
lone - ly and sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your
comes from the depths of my love; And, my boy, if we nev - er be -
CHORUS.
part - ing ad-vice, It is all that I have to be - stow. Hold fast . . . .
strug- gles you meet, May your heart in your Sav-iour con-fide.
pare you to die, And will lead to the gates of the blest.
mits me to live, I shall nev -er cease pray-ing for you.
child-hood and youth, You will think of your fa - ther and me.
hold you on earth, Will you prom-ise to meet us a- bove? Hold fast to the right,
to the right . . Wher -ev - er your footsteps may roam; . . Oh! for-
Hold fast to the right Wherever your footsteps, your footsteps may roam;

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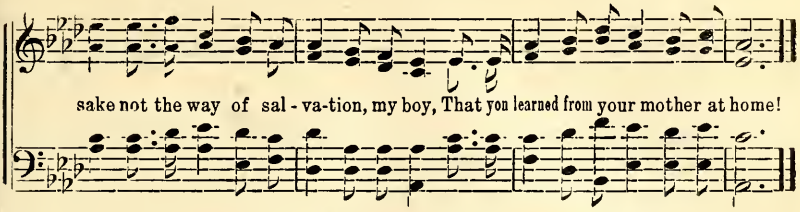
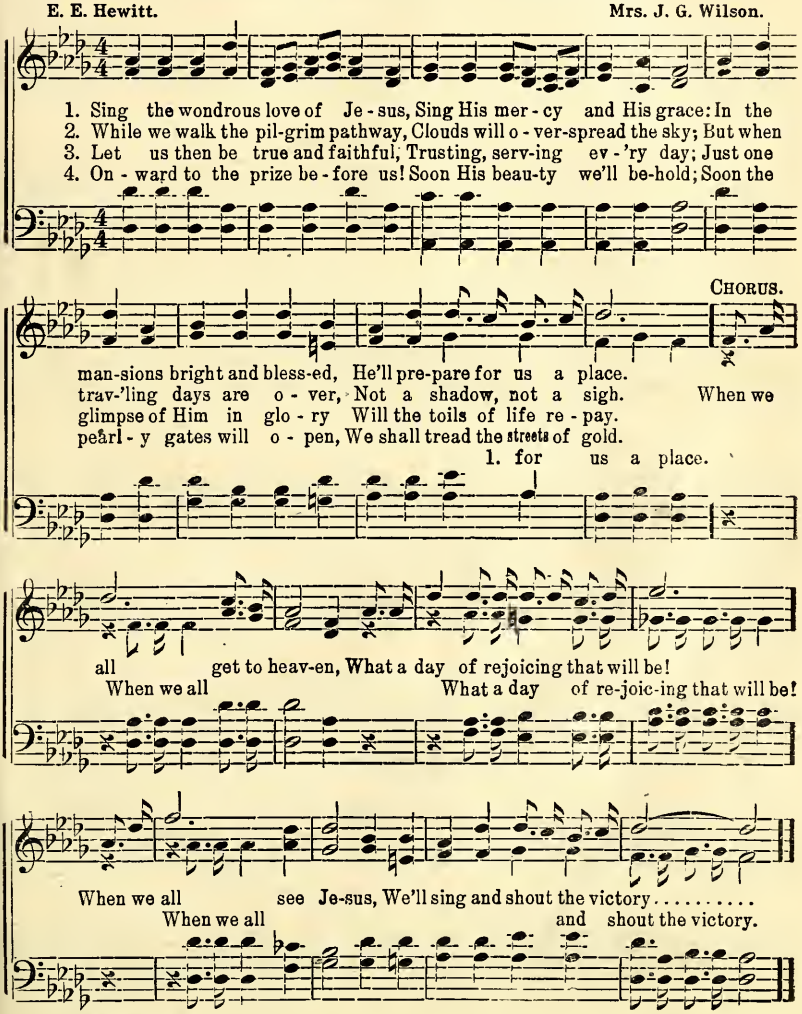



## No. 103. WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace: In the
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky; But when
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trusting, serv-ing ev - 'ry day; Just one
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold; Soon the
CHORUS.
man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shadow, not a sigh. When we
glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
all get to heav-en, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of re-joic-ing that will be!
When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.....
When we all and shout the victory.

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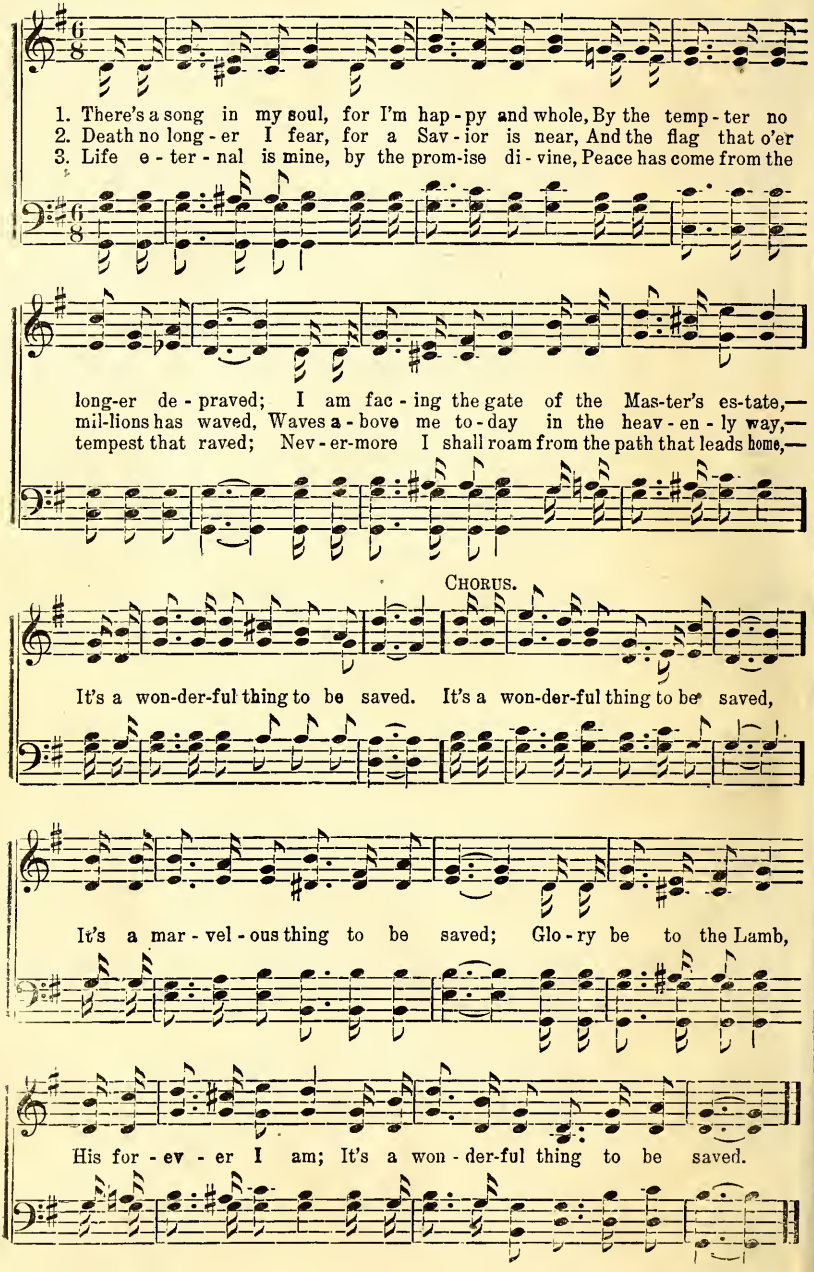
## No. 104. IT'S A WONDERFUL THING.

James Rowe. Geo. W. Sebren.

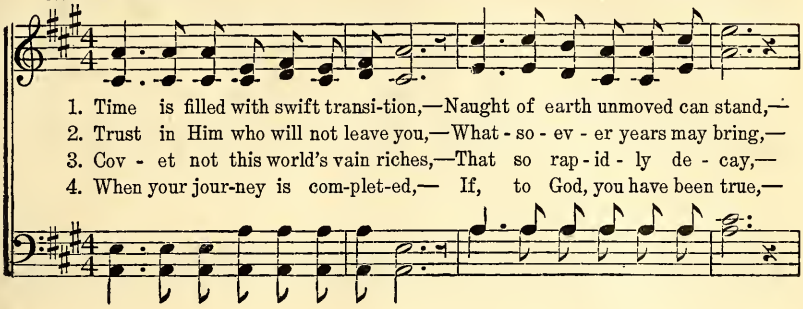

1. There's a song in my soul, for I'm hap - py and whole, By the temp - ter no
2. Death no long - er I fear, for a Sav - ior is near, And the flag that o'er
3. Life e - ter - nal is mine, by the prom-ise di - vine, Peace has come from the
long-er de - praved; I am fac - ing the gate of the Mas-ter's es-tate,—
mil-lions has waved, Waves a - bove me to - day in the heav - en - ly way,—
tempest that raved; Nev - er-more I shall roam from the path that leads home,—
CHORUS.
It's a won-der-ful thing to be saved. It's a won-der-ful thing to be saved,
It's a mar - vel - ous thing to be saved; Glo - ry be to the Lamb,
His for - ev - er I am; It's a won - der-ful thing to be saved.

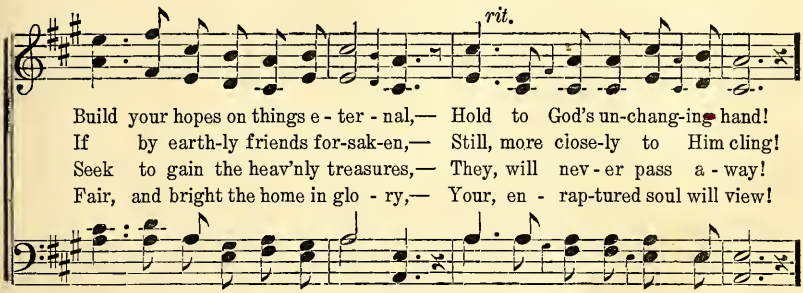
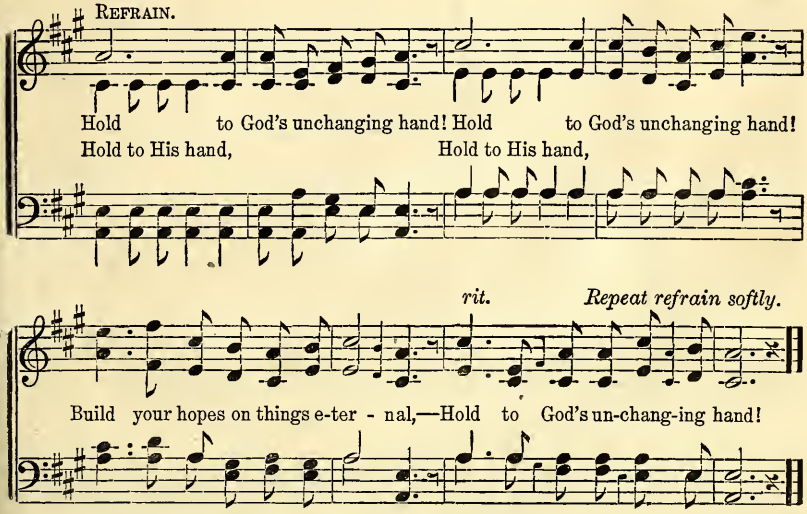
James D. Vaughan, owner.

# No. 105. HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.

It is joy beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—"Hold to God's unchanging hand!"—F. L. E.

JENNIE WILSON. F. L. EILAND.


1. Time is filled with swift transi-tion,—Naught of earth unmoved can stand,—
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you,—What - so - ev - er years may bring,—
3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches,—That so rap - id - ly de - cay,—
4. When your jour-ney is com-plet-ed,— If, to God, you have been true,—


rit.
Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal,— Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for-sak-en,— Still, more close-ly to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures,— They, will nev - er pass a - way!
Fair, and bright the home in glo - ry,— Your, en - rap-tured soul will view!

REFRAIN.
Hold to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,
rit.
Repeat refrain softly.
Build your hopes on things e-ter - nal,—Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!

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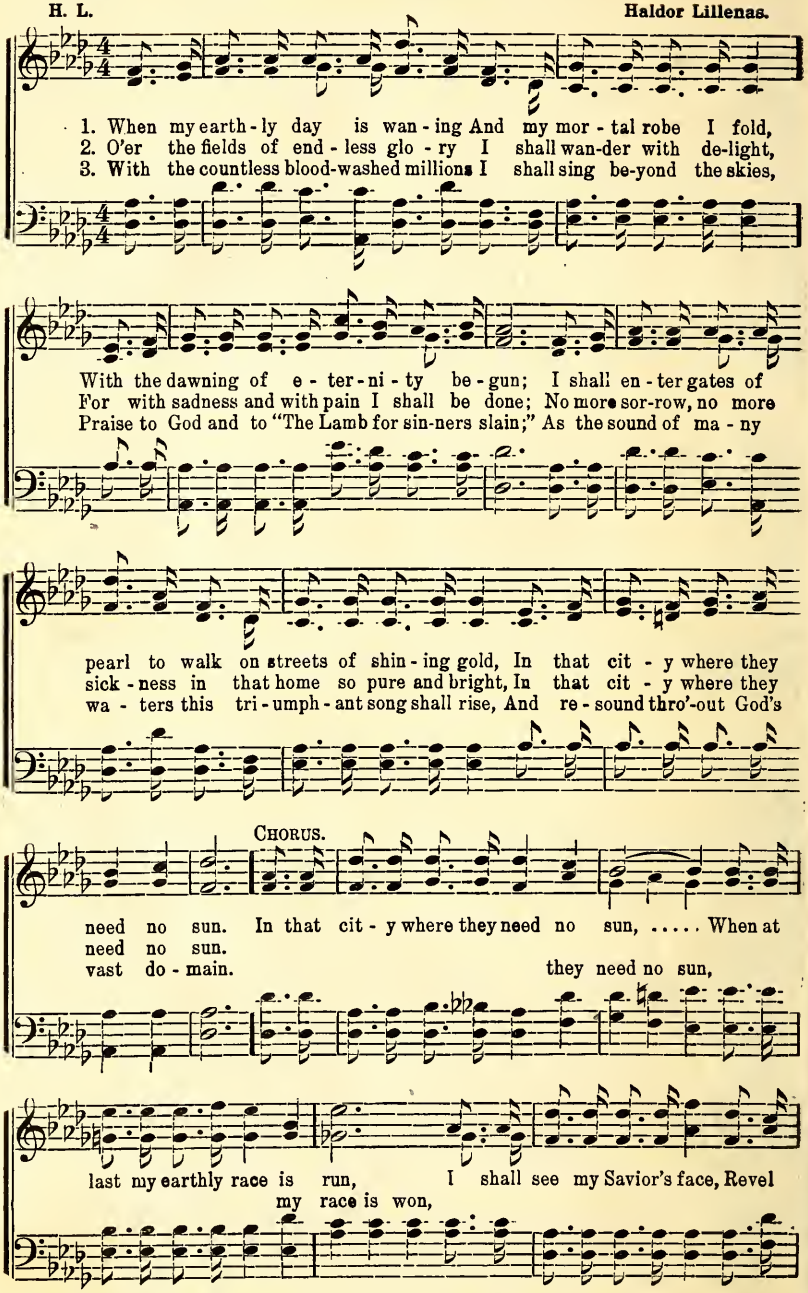
## No. 106. WHERE THEY NEED NO SUN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.


1. When my earth-ly day is wan-ing And my mor-tal robe I fold,
2. O'er the fields of end-less glo-ry I shall wan-der with de-light,
3. With the countless blood-washed millions I shall sing be-yond the skies,
With the dawning of e-ter-ni-ty be-gun; I shall en-ter gates of
For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sor-row, no more
Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sin-ners slain;" As the sound of ma-ny
pearl to walk on streets of shin-ing gold, In that cit-y where they
sick-ness in that home so pure and bright, In that cit-y where they
wa-ters this tri-umph-ant song shall rise, And re-sound thro'-out God's
CHORUS.
need no sun. In that cit-y where they need no sun, ..... When at
need no sun.
vast do-main. they need no sun,
last my earthly race is run, I shall see my Savior's face, Revel
my race is won,

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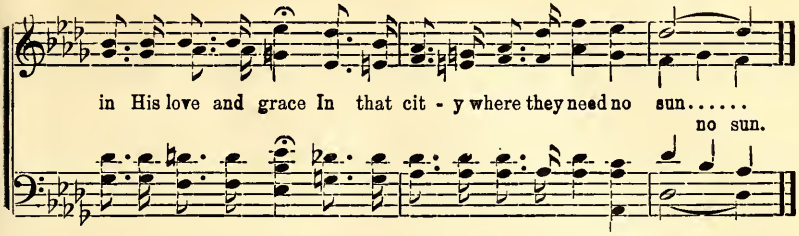
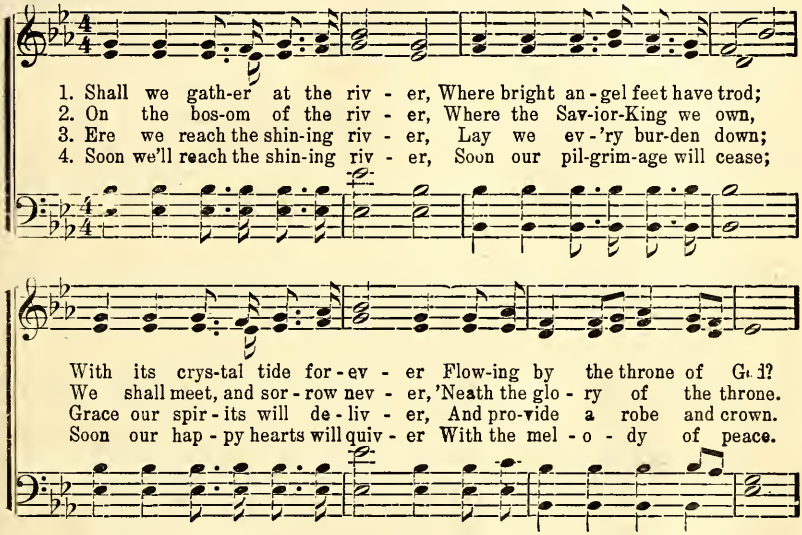
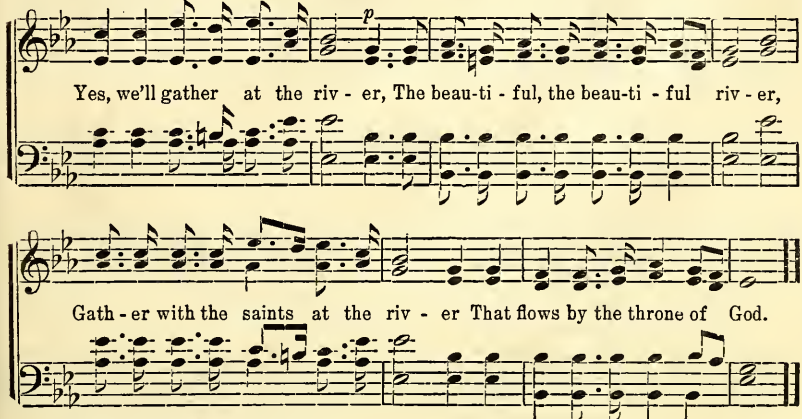


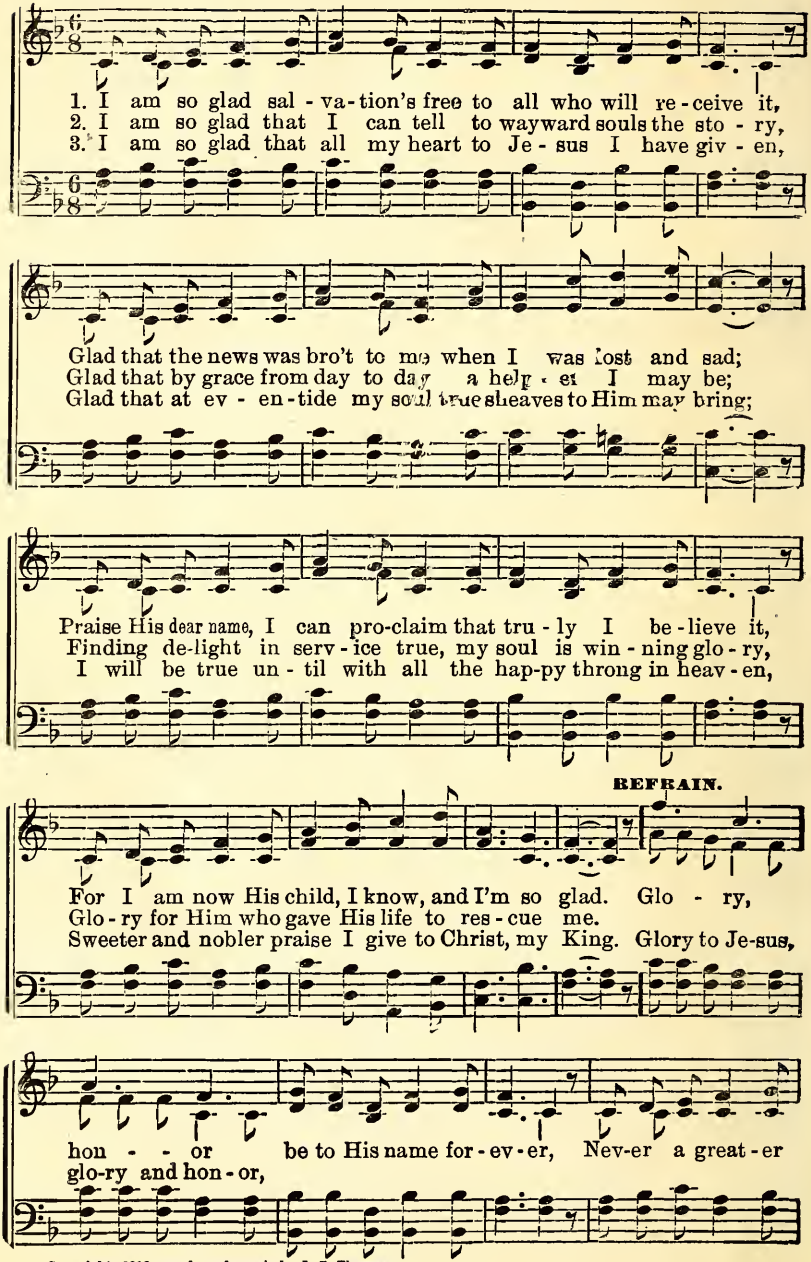

## No. 107. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

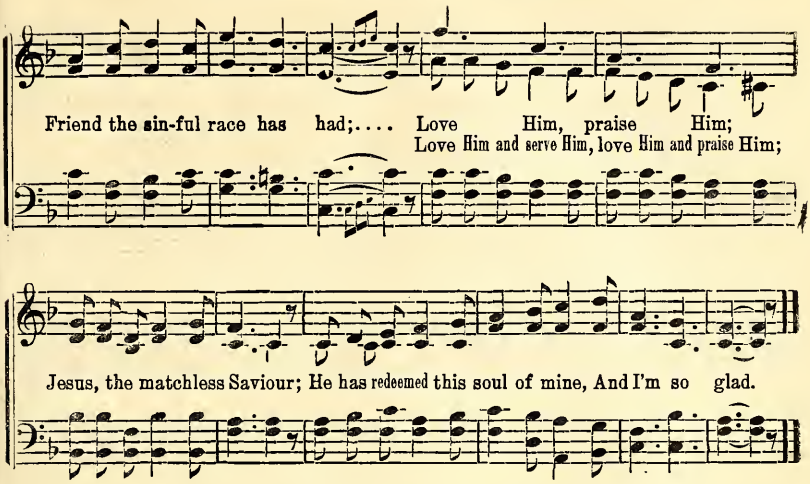
R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bos-om of the riv - er, Where the Sav-ior-King we own,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

Copyright property of Mary Runyon Lowry.

## No. 108. I Am So Glad.

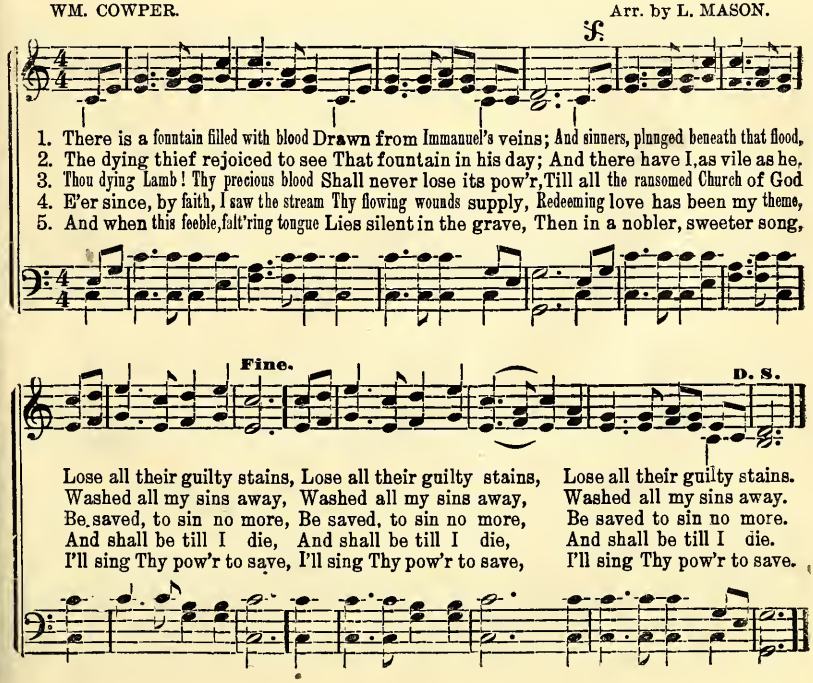
JAMES ROWE. J. E. THOMAS.

1. I am so glad sal - va-tion's free to all who will re-ceive it,
2. I am so glad that I can tell to wayward souls the sto - ry,
3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,
Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;
Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;
Glad that at ev - en-tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;
Praise His dear name, I can pro-claim that tru - ly I be-lieve it,
Finding de-light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,
I will be true un - til with all the hap-py throng in heav - en,
REFRAIN.
For I am now His child, I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry,
Glo - ry for Him who gave His life to res - cue me.
Sweeter and nobler praise I give to Christ, my King. Glory to Je-sus,
hon - - or be to His name for - ev - er, Nev-er a great - er
glo-ry and hon - or,

Copyright, 1912, words and music by J. E. Thomas.

Friend the sin-ful race has had;.... Love Him, praise Him;
Love Him and serve Him, love Him and praise Him;
Jesus, the matchless Saviour; He has redeemed this soul of mine, And I'm so glad.

## No. 109. There Is a Fountain.

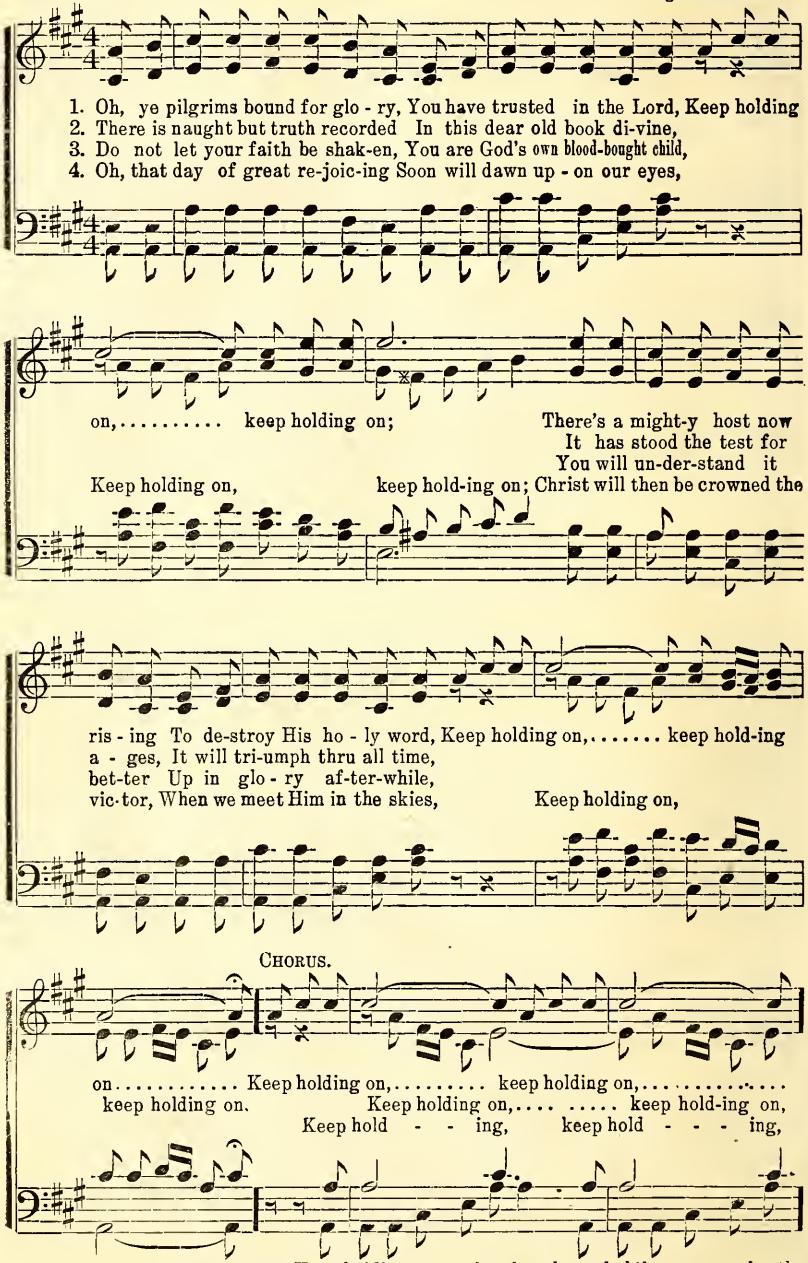
"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER. Arr. by L. MASON.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as vile as he,
3. Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed Church of God
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,
5. And when this feeble, falt'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
Fine.
D. S.
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Washed all my sins away, Washed all my sins away, Washed all my sins away.
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

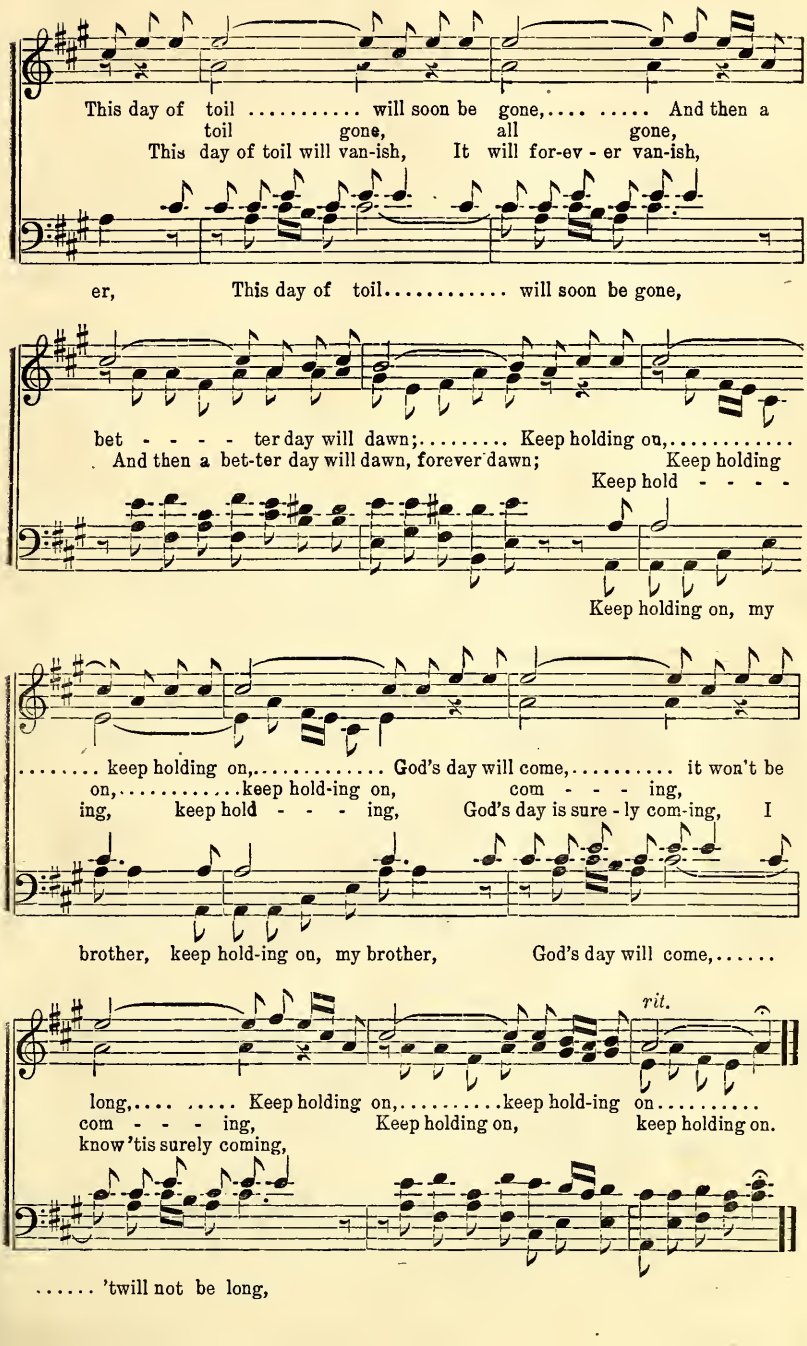
No. 110. KEEP HOLDING ON.

A. M. P. Adger M. Pace.


1. Oh, ye pilgrims bound for glo - ry, You have trusted in the Lord, Keep holding
2. There is naught but truth recorded In this dear old book di-vine,
3. Do not let your faith be shak-en, You are God's own blood-bought child,
4. Oh, that day of great re-joic-ing Soon will dawn up - on our eyes,
on,..... keep holding on;
There's a might-y host now
It has stood the test for
You will un-der-stand it
Keep holding on, keep hold-ing on; Christ will then be crowned the
ris - ing To de-stroy His ho - ly word, Keep holding on,..... keep hold-ing
a - ges, It will tri-umph thru all time,
bet-ter Up in glo - ry af-ter-while,
vic-tor, When we meet Him in the skies,
Keep holding on,
CHORUS.
on..... Keep holding on,..... keep holding on,.....
keep holding on.
Keep holding on,..... keep hold-ing on,
Keep hold - - ing, keep hold - - - ing,
Keep holding on, my brother, keep holding on, my broth-

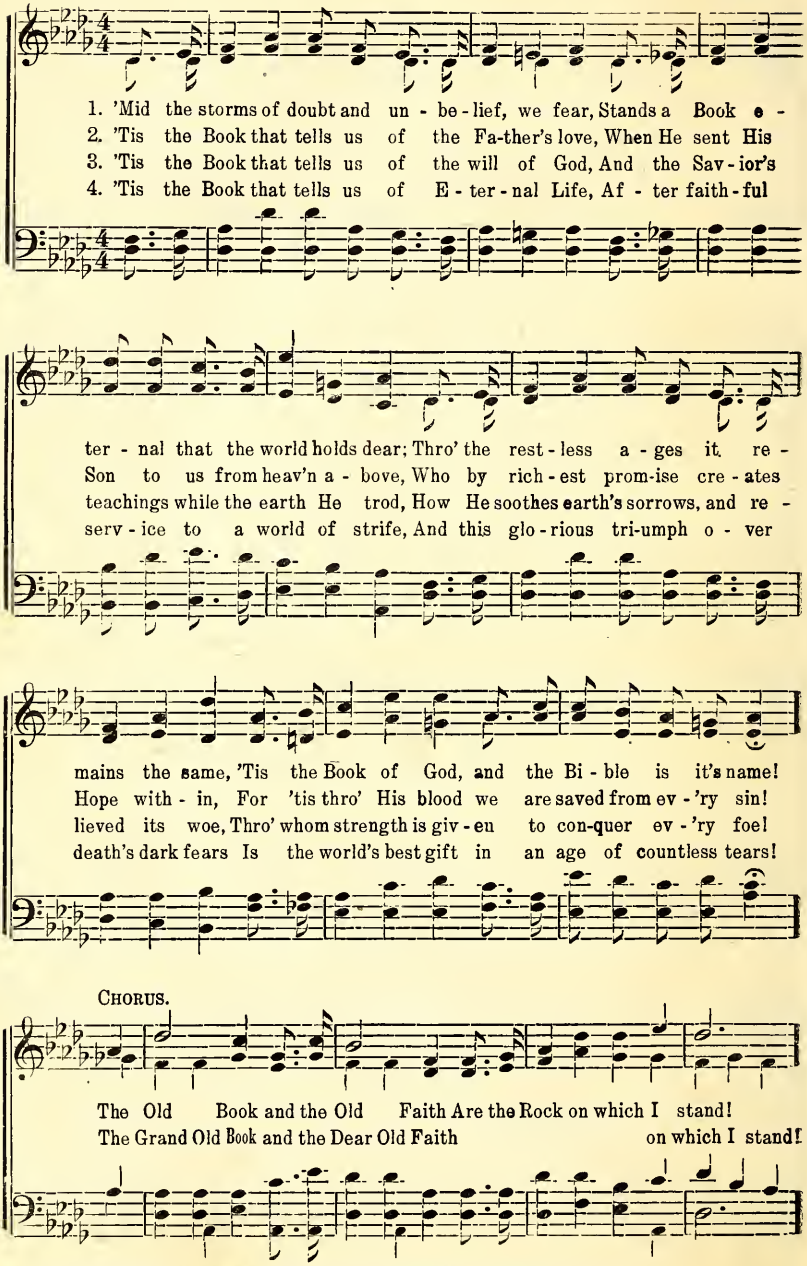
A. M. Pace, owner, 1926.

# KEEP HOLDING ON. Concluded.

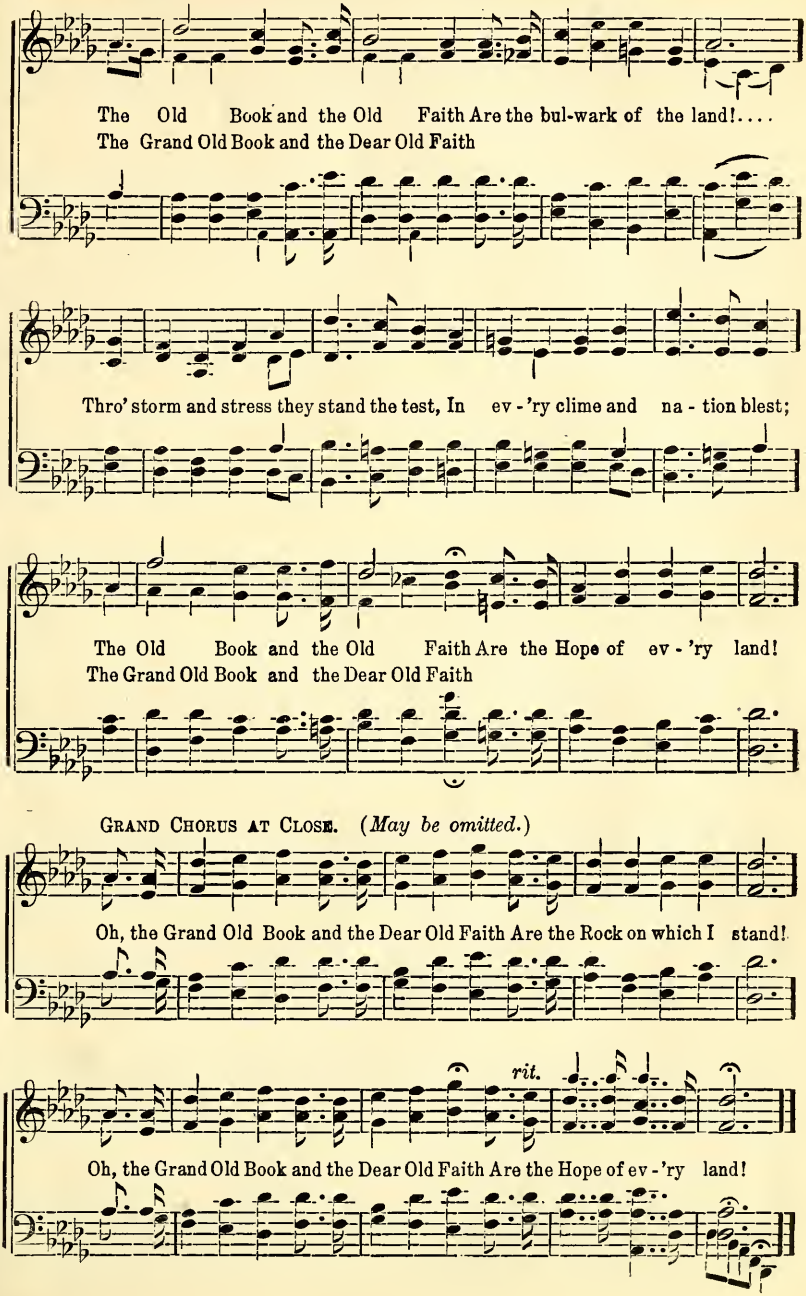

This day of toil ..... will soon be gone,..... And then a
toil gone, all gone,
This day of toil will van-ish, It will for-ev - er van-ish,
er, This day of toil..... will soon be gone,
bet - - - - ter day will dawn;..... Keep holding on,.....
And then a bet-ter day will dawn, forever dawn; Keep holding
Keep hold - - - -
Keep holding on, my
..... keep holding on,..... God's day will come,..... it won't be
on,.....keep hold-ing on, com - - - ing,
ing, keep hold - - - ing, God's day is sure - ly com-ing, I
brother, keep hold-ing on, my brother, God's day will come,.....
rit.
long,..... Keep holding on,.....keep hold-ing on.....
com - - - ing, Keep holding on, keep holding on.
know 'tis surely coming,
..... 'twill not be long,

# No. 111. THE OLD BOOK AND THE OLD FAITH.

G. H. C. Geo. H. Carr.


1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e -
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav - ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Af - ter faith - ful
ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re -
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre - ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothes earth's sorrows, and re -
serv - ice to a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver
mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is it's name!
Hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev - 'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev - 'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of countless tears!
CHORUS.
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

Copyright, 1914, by E. M. Hackleman. The Standard Publishing Company, owner.

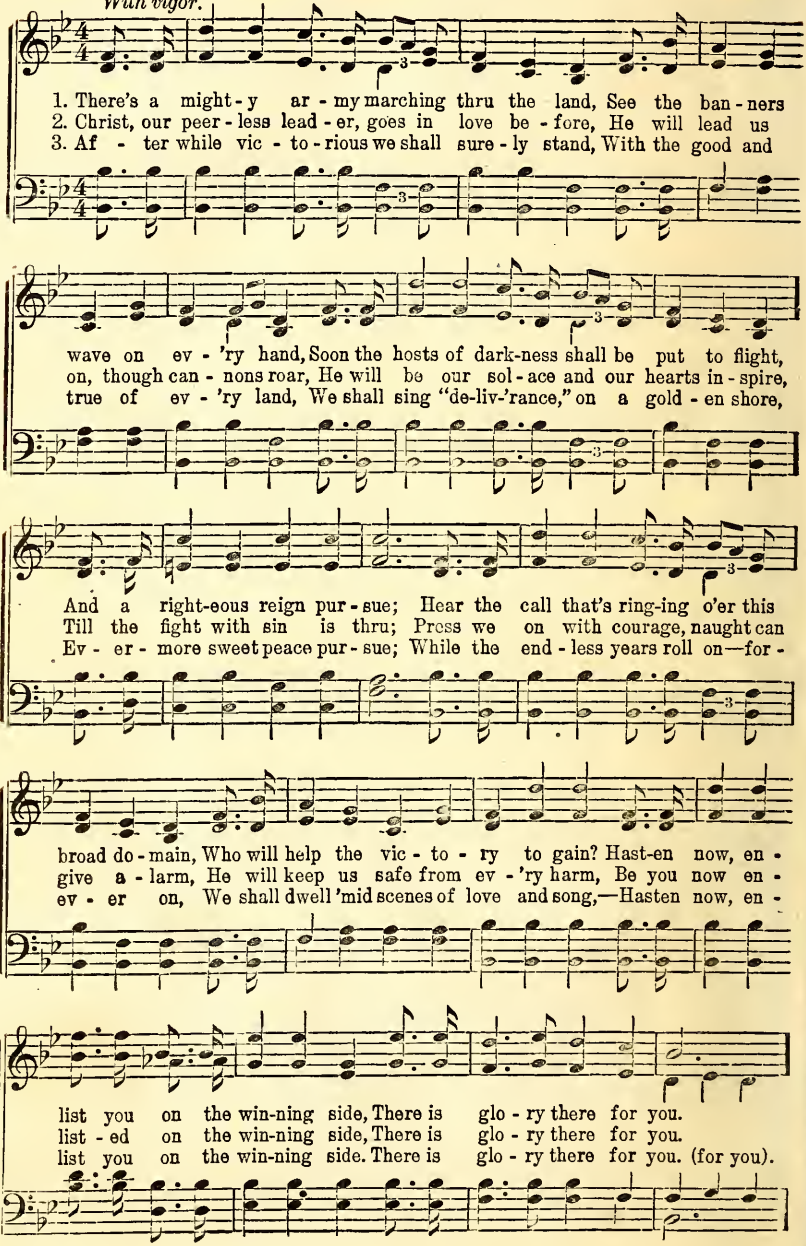

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land!....
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev - 'ry clime and na - tion blest;
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev - 'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (May be omitted.)
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
rit.
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev - 'ry land!

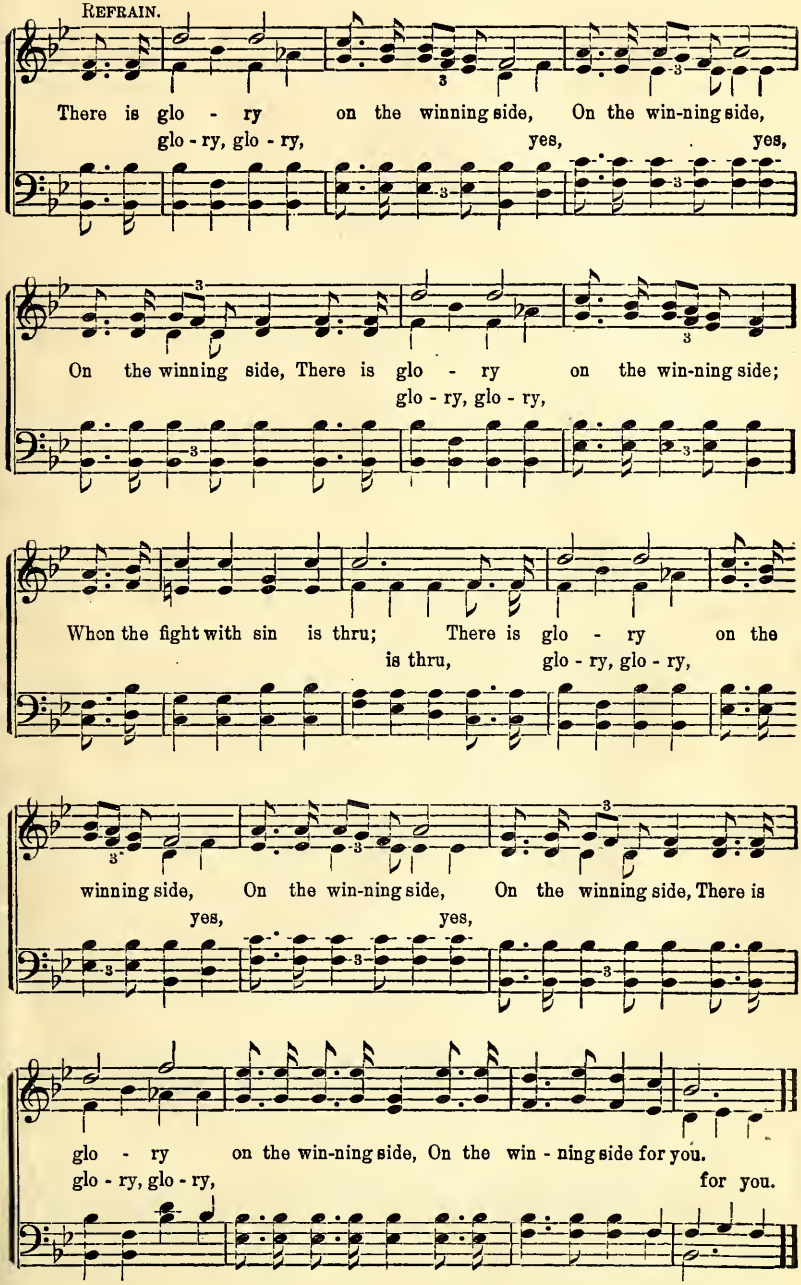
# No. 112. There's Glory on the Winning Side.

Copyright, 1918, in "Love Tidings," by Ussery and Jones, M. D. Ussery, owner.

M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.

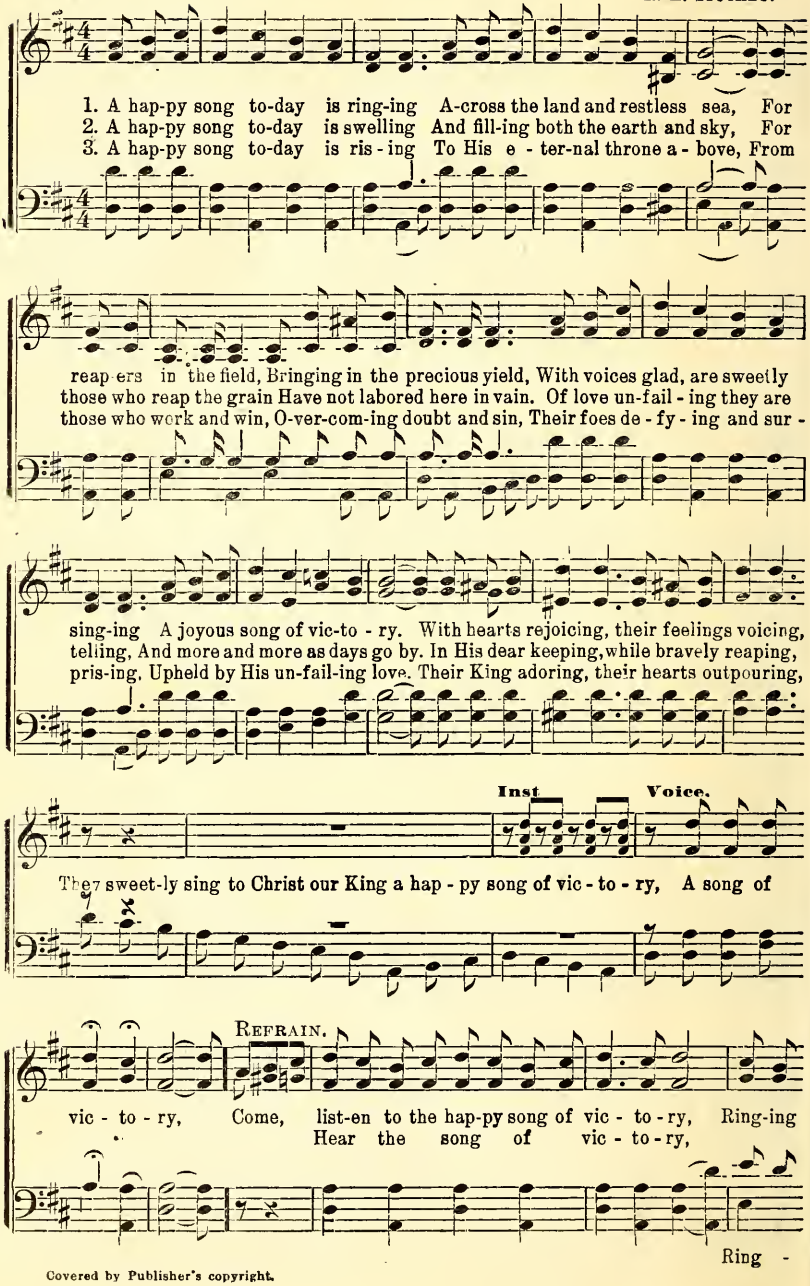
*With vigor.*


1. There's a might-y ar-my marching thru the land, See the ban-ners
2. Christ, our peer-less lead-er, goes in love be-fore, He will lead us
3. Af-ter while vic-to-rious we shall sure-ly stand, With the good and
wave on ev-'ry hand, Soon the hosts of dark-ness shall be put to flight,
on, though can-nons roar, He will be our sol-ace and our hearts in-spire,
true of ev-'ry land, We shall sing "de-liv-'rance," on a gold-en shore,
And a right-eous reign pur-sue; Hear the call that's ring-ing o'er this
Till the fight with sin is thru; Press we on with courage, naught can
Ev-er-more sweet peace pur-sue; While the end-less years roll on—for-
broad do-main, Who will help the vic-to-ry to gain? Hast-en now, en-
give a-larm, He will keep us safe from ev-'ry harm, Be you now en-
ev-er on, We shall dwell 'mid scenes of love and song,—Hasten now, en-
list you on the win-ning side, There is glo-ry there for you.
list-ed on the win-ning side, There is glo-ry there for you.
list you on the win-ning side. There is glo-ry there for you. (for you).

# There's Glory on the Winning Side. Concluded.

REFRAIN.
There is glo - ry on the winning side, On the win-ning side,
glo - ry, glo - ry, yes, yes,
On the winning side, There is glo - ry on the win-ning side;
glo - ry, glo - ry,
When the fight with sin is thru; There is glo - ry on the
is thru, glo - ry, glo - ry,
winning side, On the win-ning side, On the winning side, There is
yes, yes,
glo - ry on the win-ning side, On the win - ning side for you.
glo - ry, glo - ry, for you.

## No. 113. THEIR SONG IS "VICTORY."

JAMES ROWE. R. L. STUCKEY.


1. A hap-py song to-day is ring-ing A-cross the land and restless sea, For
2. A hap-py song to-day is swelling And fill-ing both the earth and sky, For
3. A hap-py song to-day is ris-ing To His e-ter-nal throne a-bove, From
reap-ers in the field, Bringing in the precious yield, With voices glad, are sweetly
those who reap the grain Have not labored here in vain. Of love un-fail-ing they are
those who work and win, O-ver-com-ing doubt and sin, Their foes de-fy-ing and sur-
sing-ing A joyous song of vic-to-ry. With hearts rejoicing, their feelings voicing,
telling, And more and more as days go by. In His dear keeping, while bravely reaping,
pris-ing. Upheld by His un-fail-ing love. Their King adoring, their hearts outpouring,
Inst.
Voice.
They sweet-ly sing to Christ our King a hap-py song of vic-to-ry, A song of
REFRAIN.
vic-to-ry, Come, list-en to the hap-py song of vic-to-ry, Ring-ing
Hear the song of vic-to-ry,
Ring-

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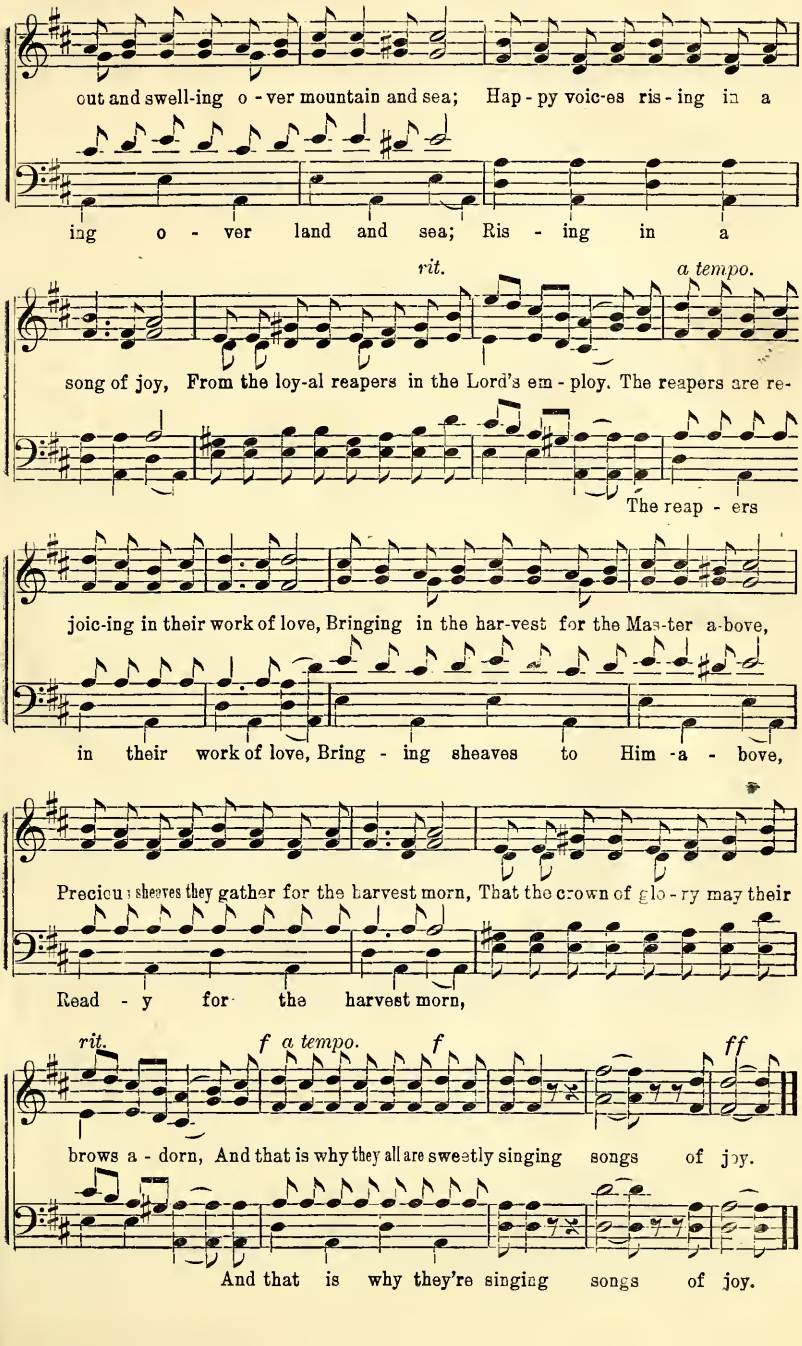
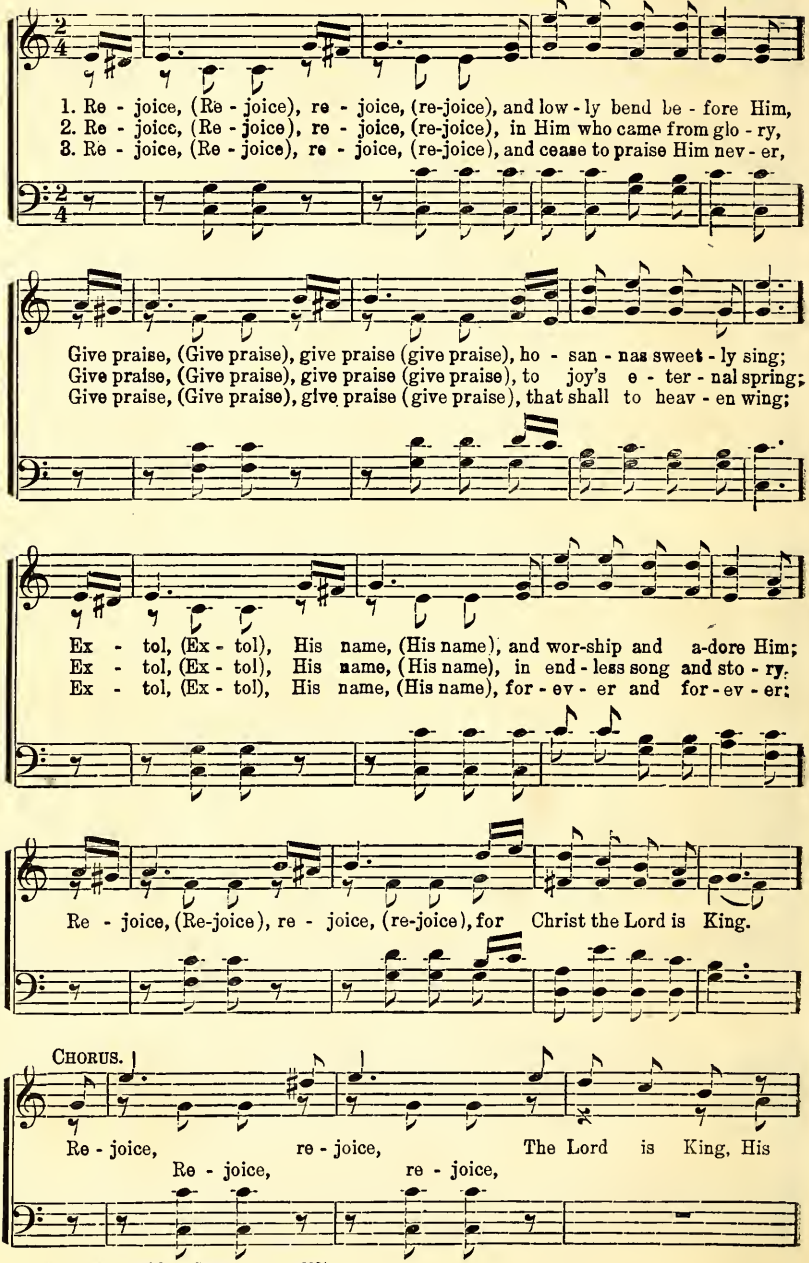
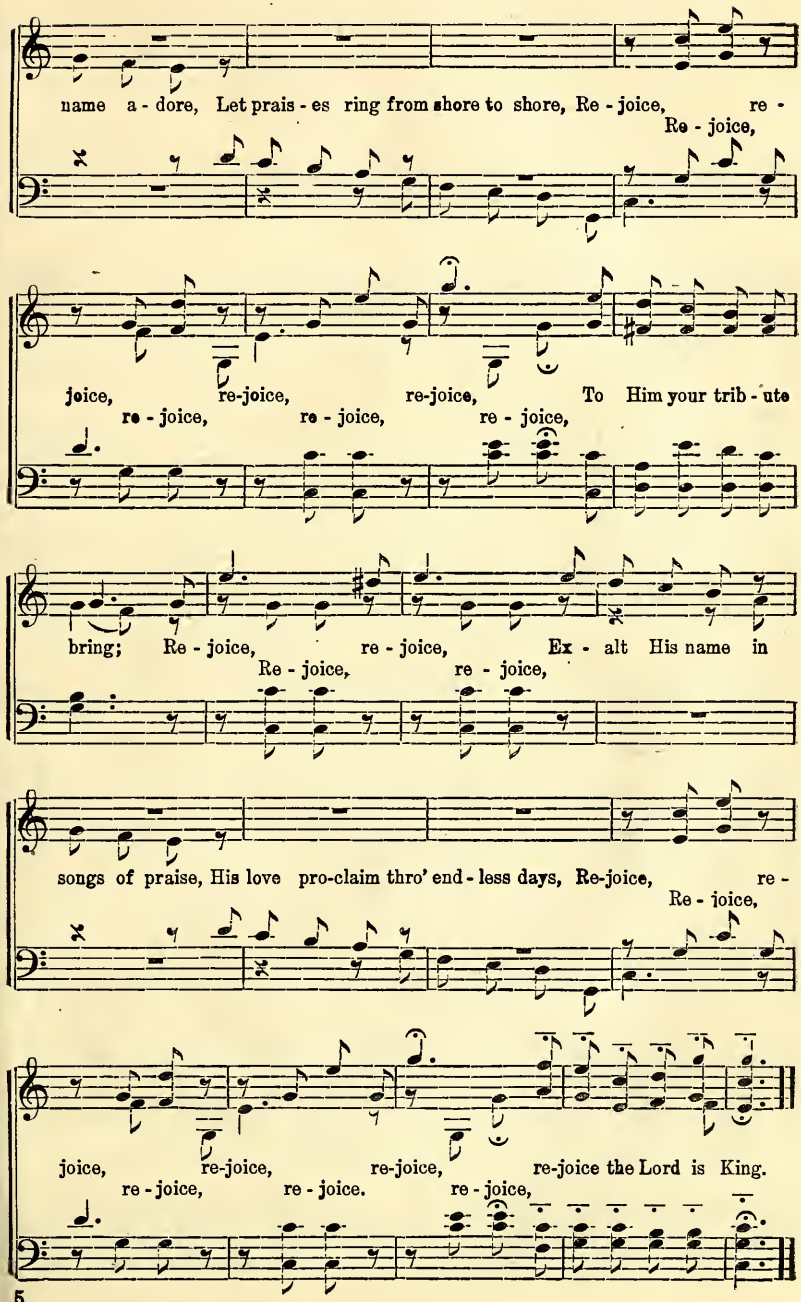

out and swell-ing o - ver mountain and sea; Hap - py voic-es ris - ing in a
ing o - ver land and sea; Ris - ing in a
rit.
a tempo.
song of joy, From the loy-al reapers in the Lord's em - ploy. The reapers are re-
The reap - ers
joic-ing in their work of love, Bringing in the har-vest for the Mas-ter a-bove,
in their work of love, Bring - ing sheaves to Him - a - bove,
Precious sheaves they gather for the harvest morn, That the crown of glo - ry may their
Read - y for the harvest morn,
rit.
f
a tempo.
f
ff
brows a - dorn, And that is why they all are sweetly singing songs of joy.
And that is why they're singing songs of joy.

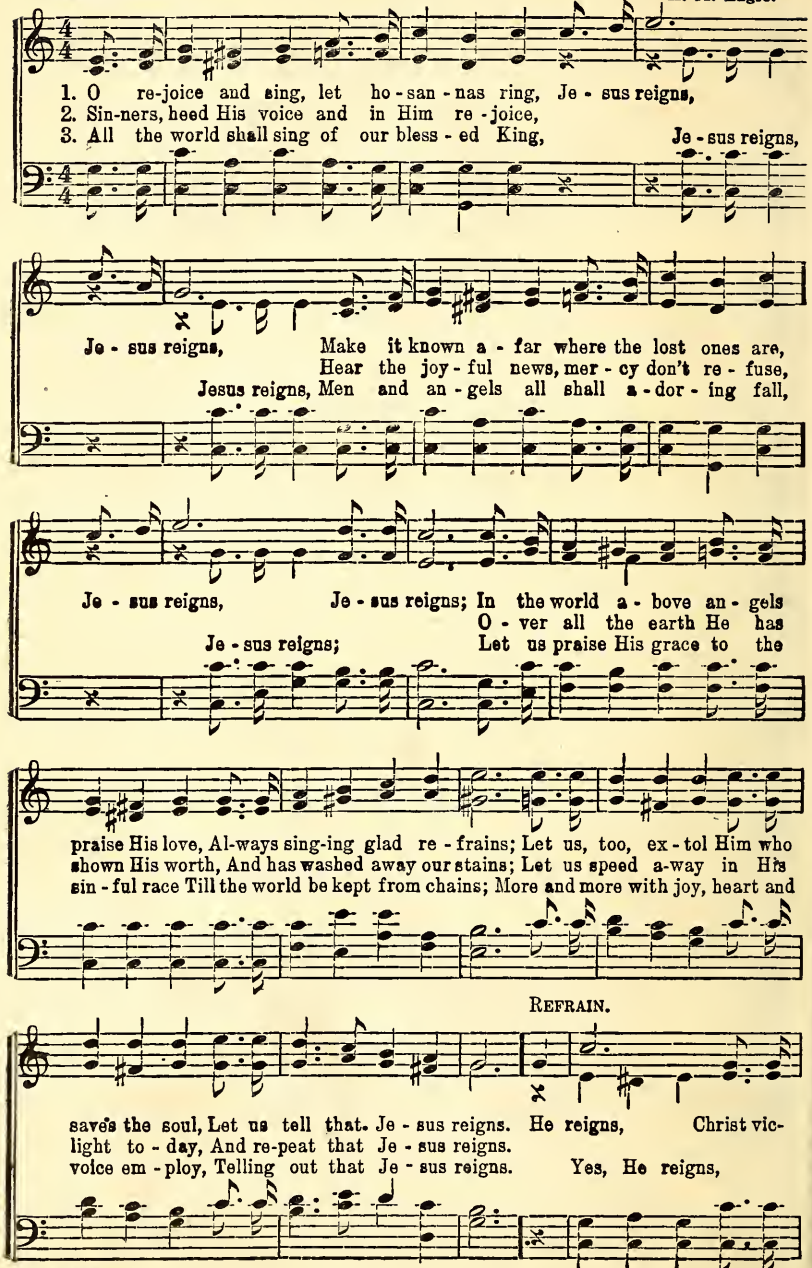
No. 114. **REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING.**

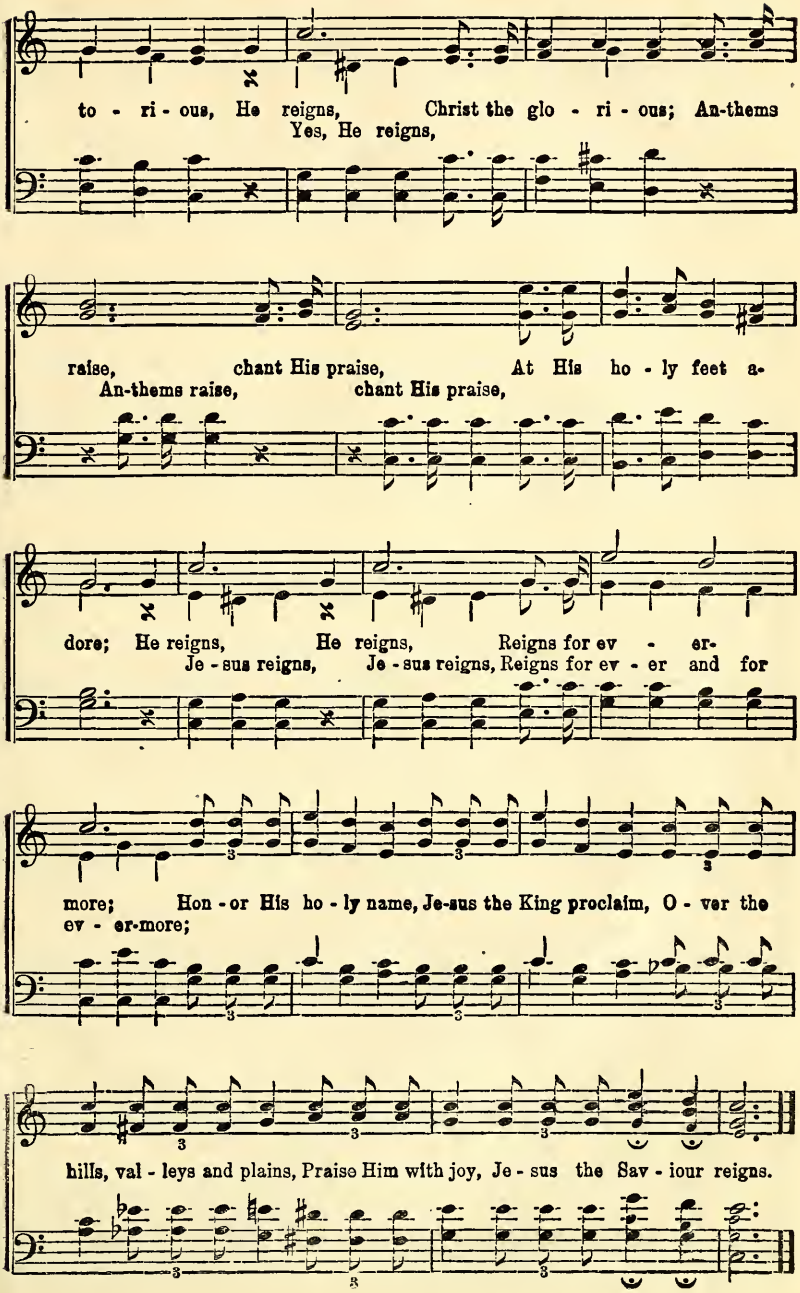
James Rowe. W. C. Carter. Arr. by A. M. Pace.

1. Re - joice, (Re - joice), re - joice, (re-joice), and low - ly bend be - fore Him,
2. Re - joice, (Re - joice), re - joice, (re-joice), in Him who came from glo - ry,
3. Re - joice, (Re - joice), re - joice, (re-joice), and cease to praise Him nev - er,
Give praise, (Give praise), give praise (give praise), ho - san - nas sweet - ly sing;
Give praise, (Give praise), give praise (give praise), to joy's e - ter - nal spring;
Give praise, (Give praise), give praise (give praise), that shall to heav - en wing;
Ex - tol, (Ex - tol), His name, (His name), and wor-ship and a-dore Him;
Ex - tol, (Ex - tol), His name, (His name), in end - less song and sto - ry.
Ex - tol, (Ex - tol), His name, (His name), for - ev - er and for - ev - er;
Re - joice, (Re-joice), re - joice, (re-joice), for Christ the Lord is King.
CHORUS.
Re - joice, re - joice, The Lord is King, His
Re - joice, re - joice,

A. M. Pace and W. C. Carter, owners, 1924.

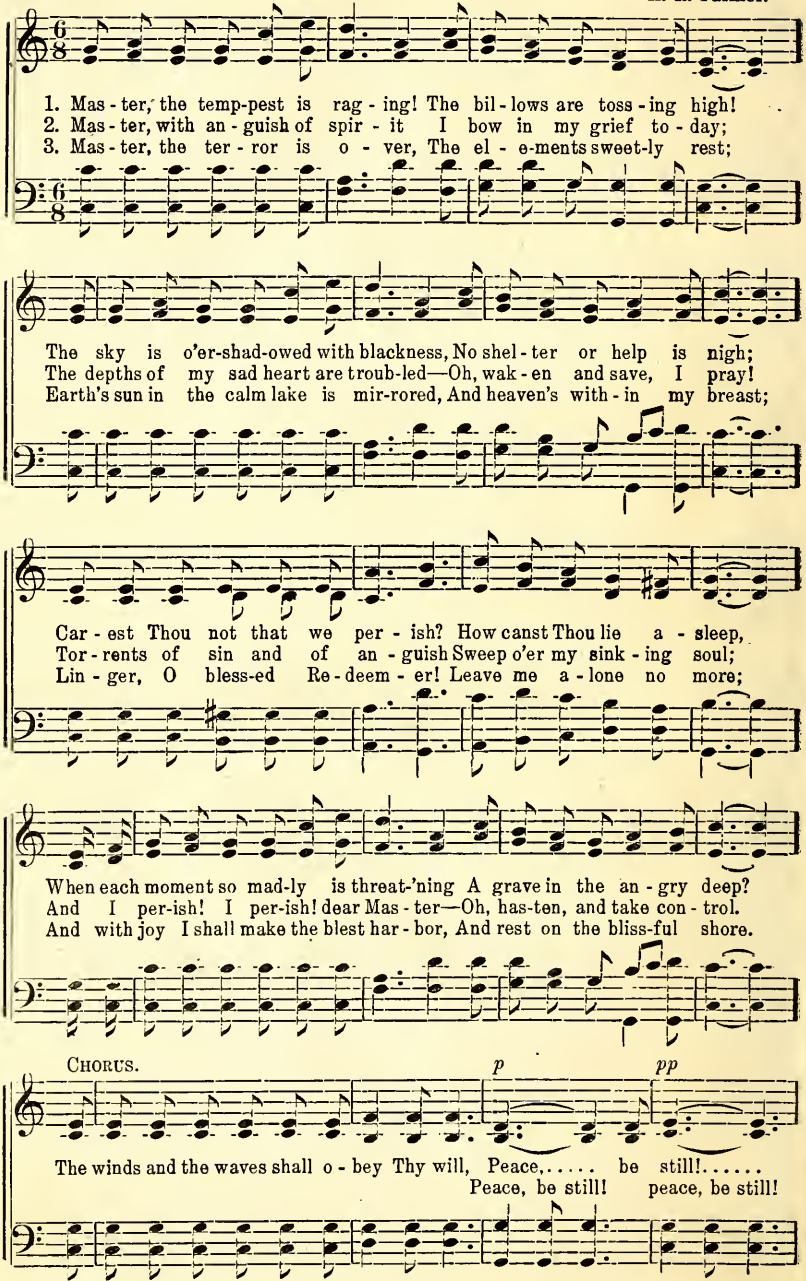
# REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING. Concluded.

name a - dore, Let prais - es ring from shore to shore, Re - joice, re -
Re - joice,
joice, re-joice, re-joice, To Him your trib - ute
re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,
bring; Re - joice, re - joice, Ex - alt His name in
Re - joice, re - joice,
songs of praise, His love pro-claim thro' end - less days, Re-joice, re -
Re - joice,
joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice the Lord is King.
re - joice, re - joice. re - joice,

## No. 115. CHRIST, THE GLORIOUS, REIGNS.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. O re-joice and sing, let ho-san-nas ring, Je-sus reigns,
2. Sin-ners, heed His voice and in Him re-joice,
3. All the world shall sing of our bless-ed King, Je-sus reigns,
Je-sus reigns, Make it known a-far where the lost ones are,
Hear the joy-ful news, mer-cy don't re-fuse,
Jesus reigns, Men and an-gels all shall a-dor-ing fall,
Je-sus reigns, Je-sus reigns; In the world a-bove an-gels
O-ver all the earth He has
Je-sus reigns; Let us praise His grace to the
praise His love, Al-ways sing-ing glad re-frains; Let us, too, ex-tol Him who
shown His worth, And has washed away our stains; Let us speed a-way in His
sin-ful race Till the world be kept from chains; More and more with joy, heart and
REFRAIN.
saves the soul, Let us tell that. Je-sus reigns. He reigns, Christ vic-
light to-day, And re-peat that Je-sus reigns.
voice em-ploy, Telling out that Je-sus reigns. Yes, He reigns,

H. M. Eagle, owner. By per.

to - ri - ous, He reigns, Christ the glo - ri - ous; An-thems
Yes, He reigns,
raise, chant His praise, At His ho - ly feet a-
An-thems raise, chant His praise,
dore; He reigns, He reigns, Reigns for ev - er-
Je - sus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Reigns for ev - er and for
more; Hon - or His ho - ly name, Je-sus the King proclaim, O - ver the
ev - er-more;
hills, val - leys and plains, Praise Him with joy, Je - sus the Sav - iour reigns.

## No. 116. MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas - ter, the temp-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with - in my breast;
Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.
CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace,..... be still!.....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

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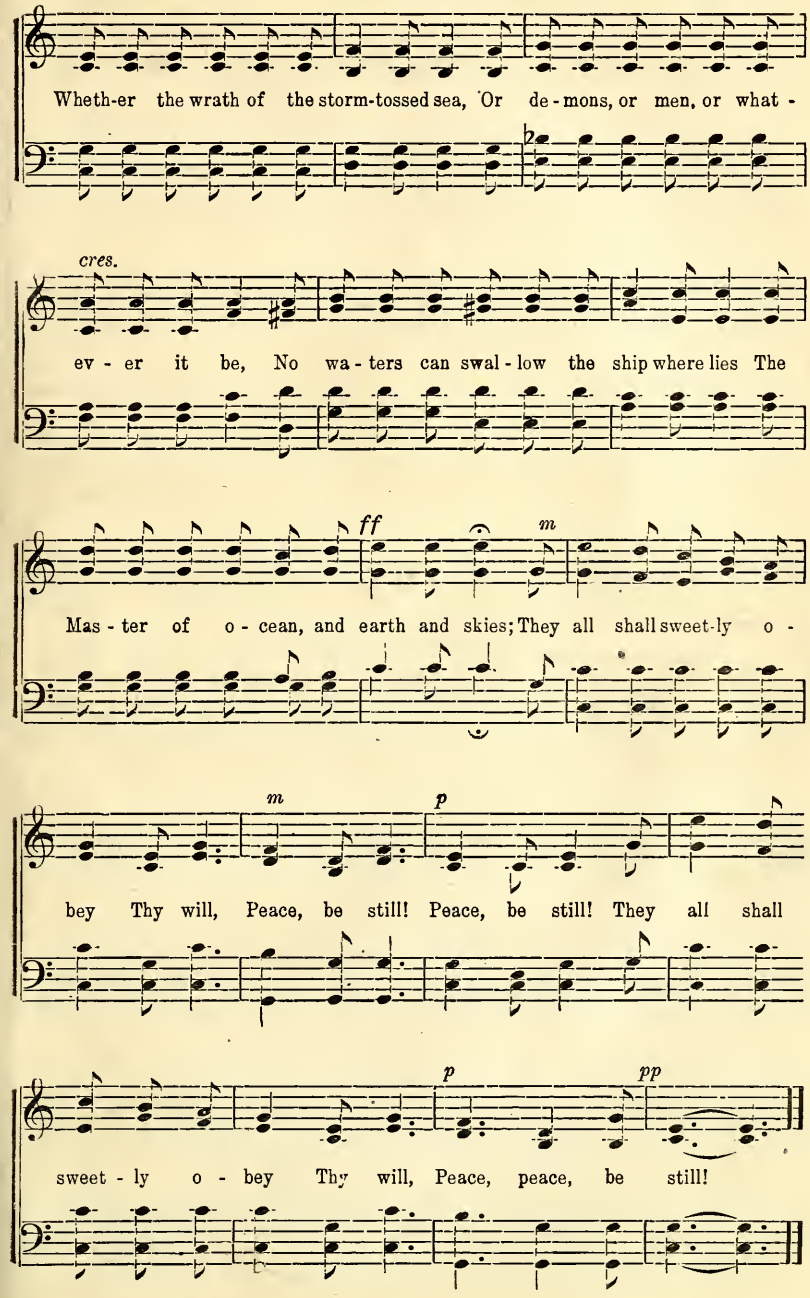
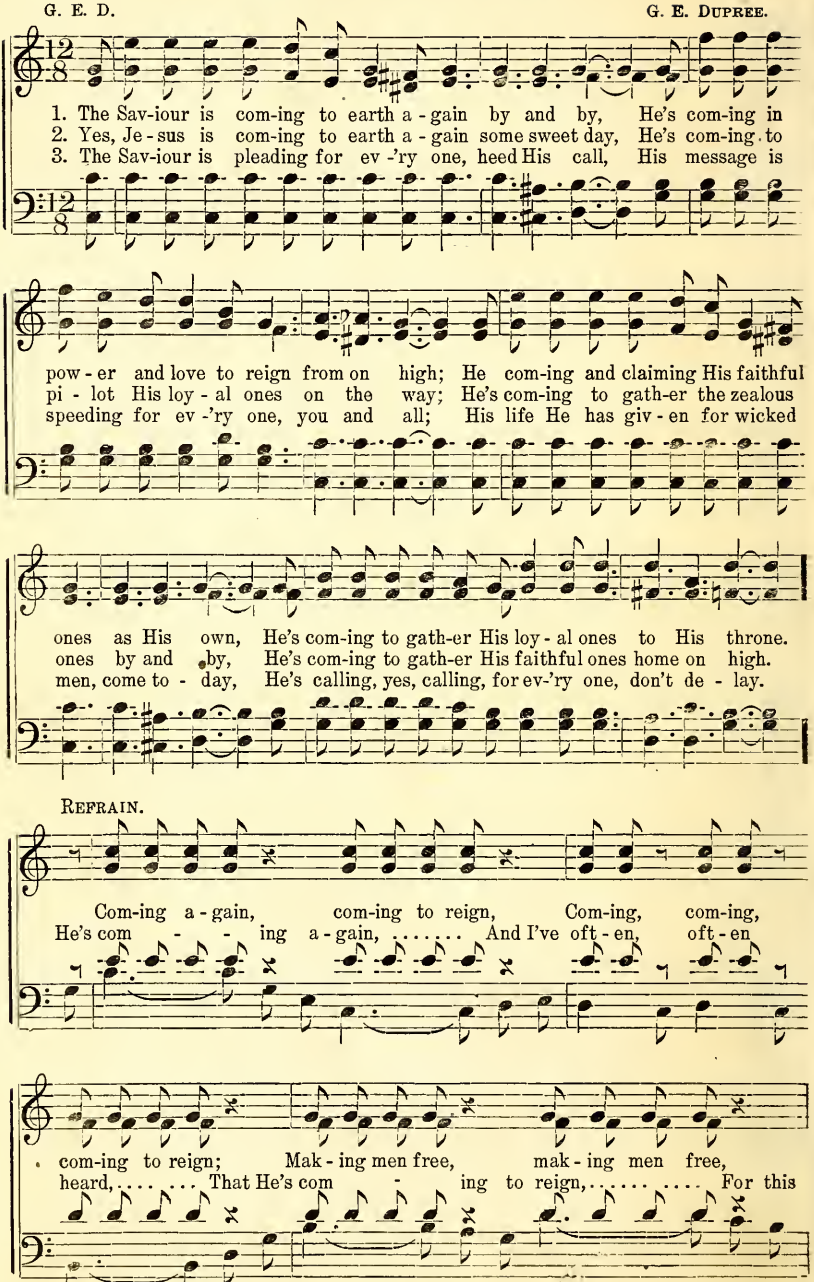
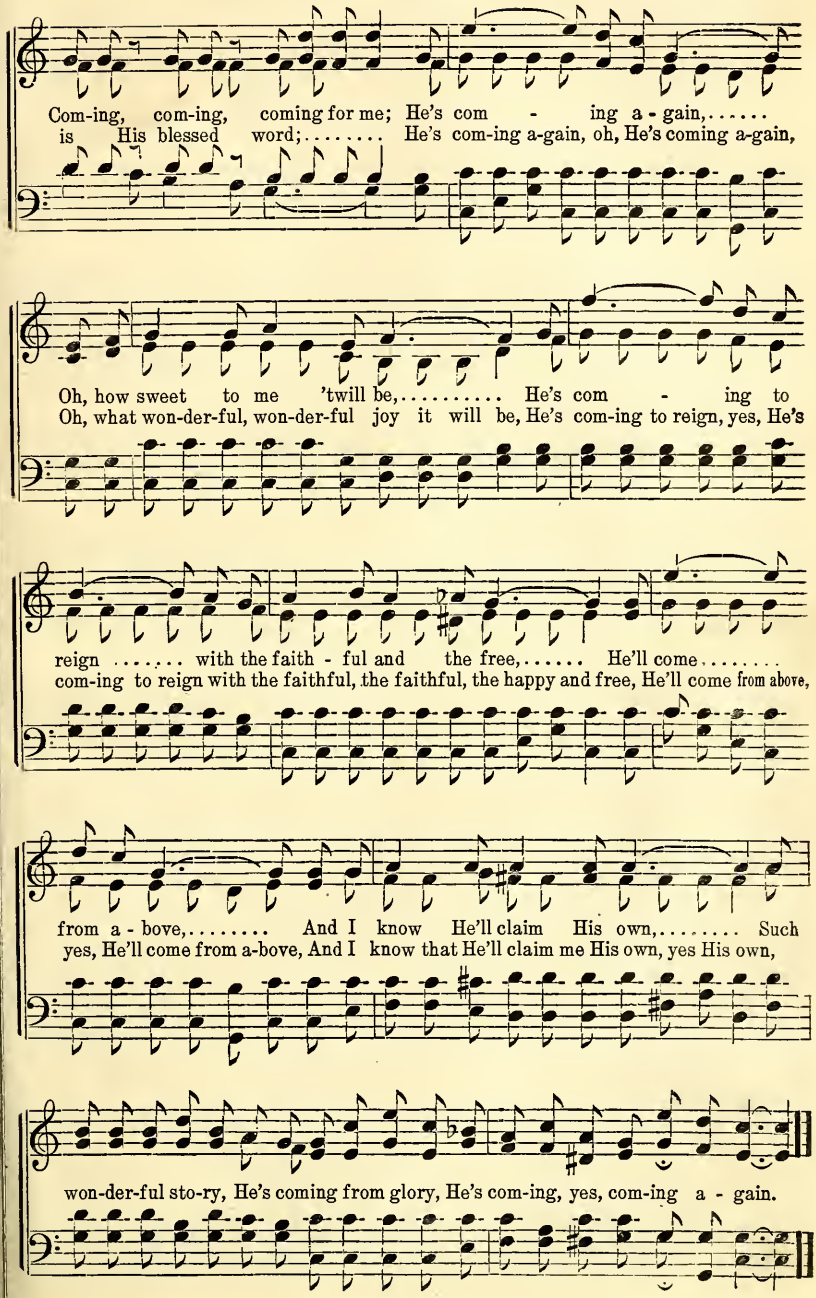

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-
cres.
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 117. **HE'S COMING AGAIN.**

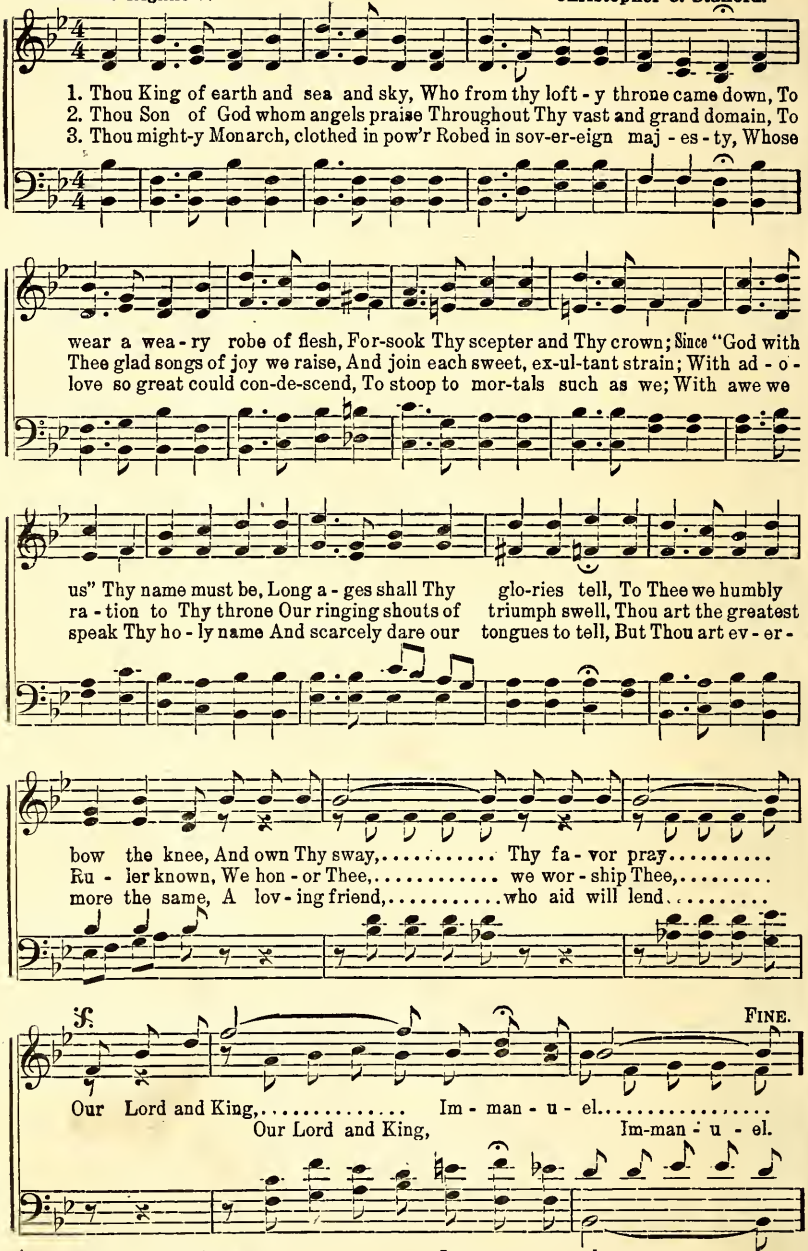
G. E. D. G. E. DUPREE.

1. The Sav-iour is com-ing to earth a-gain by and by, He's com-ing in
2. Yes, Je-sus is com-ing to earth a-gain some sweet day, He's com-ing to
3. The Sav-iour is pleading for ev-'ry one, heed His call, His message is
pow-er and love to reign from on high; He com-ing and claiming His faithful
pi-lot His loy-al ones on the way; He's com-ing to gath-er the zealous
speeding for ev-'ry one, you and all; His life He has giv-en for wicked
ones as His own, He's com-ing to gath-er His loy-al ones to His throne.
ones by and by, He's com-ing to gath-er His faithful ones home on high.
men, come to-day, He's calling, yes, calling, for ev-'ry one, don't de-lay.
REFRAIN.
Com-ing a-gain, com-ing to reign, Com-ing, com-ing,
He's com-ing a-gain, And I've oft-en, oft-en
com-ing to reign; Mak-ing men free, mak-ing men free,
heard, That He's com-ing to reign, For this

Owned by James D. Vaughan.

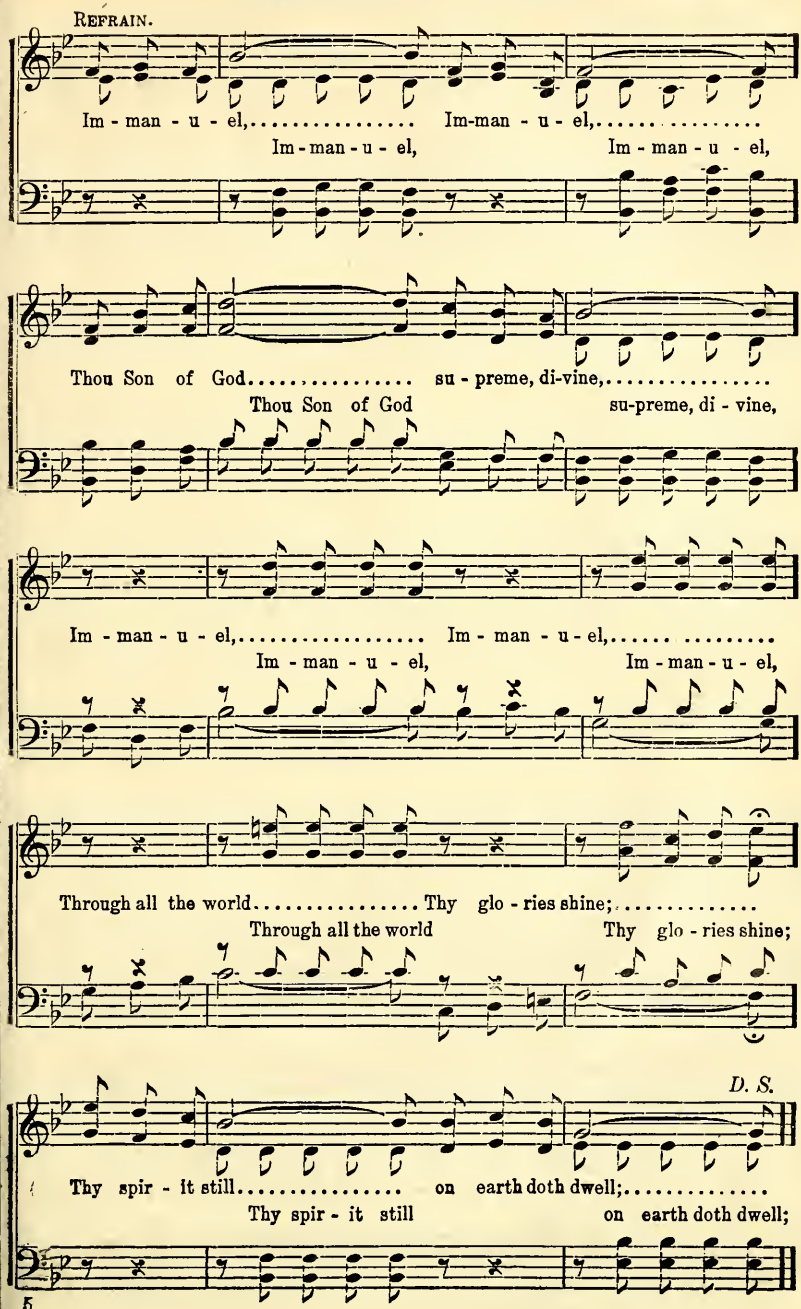
# HE'S COMING AGAIN. Concluded.

Com-ing, com-ing, coming for me; He's com - ing a - gain,.....
is His blessed word;..... He's com-ing a-gain, oh, He's coming a-gain,
Oh, how sweet to me 'twill be,..... He's com - ing to
Oh, what won-der-ful, won-der-ful joy it will be, He's com-ing to reign, yes, He's
reign ..... with the faith - ful and the free,..... He'll come.....
com-ing to reign with the faithful, the faithful, the happy and free, He'll come from above,
from a - bove,..... And I know He'll claim His own,..... Such
yes, He'll come from a-bove, And I know that He'll claim me His own, yes His own,
won-der-ful sto-ry, He's coming from glory, He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a - gain.

No. 118. **IMMANUEL.**

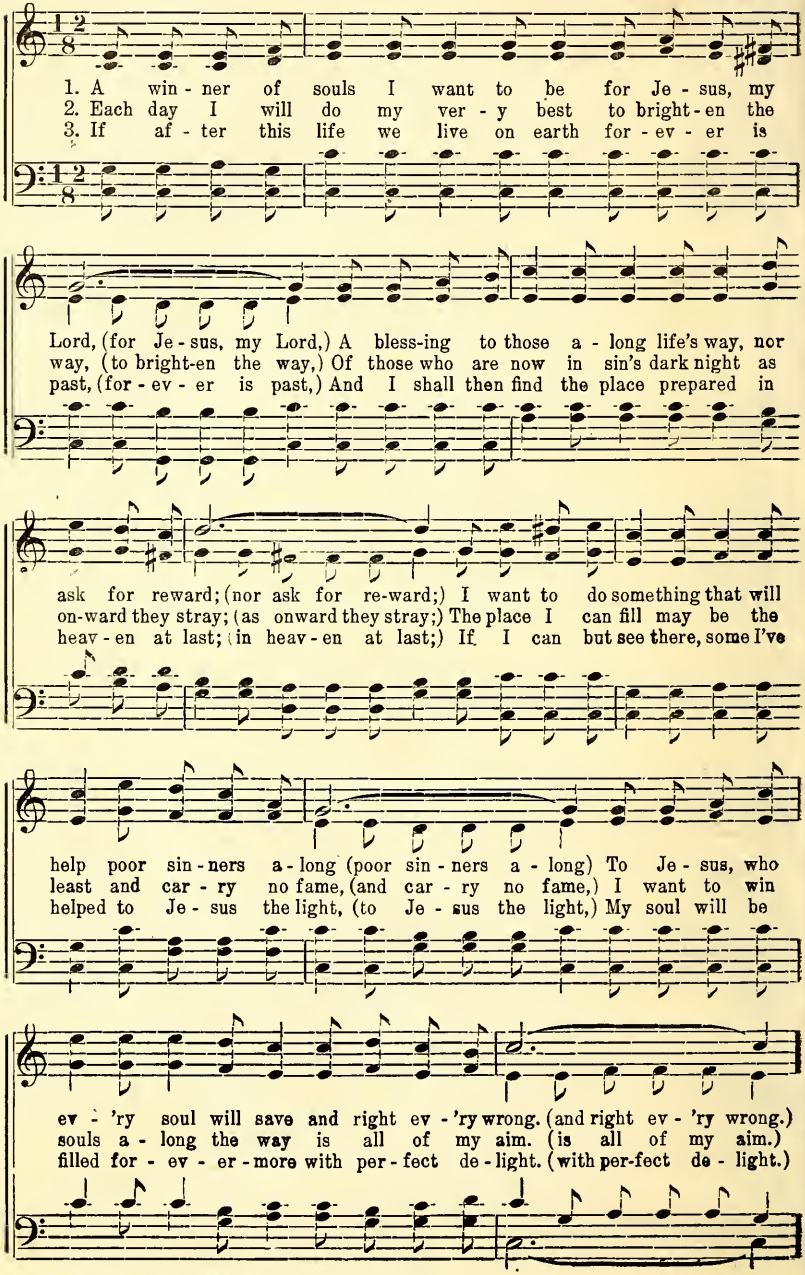
Laurene Highfield. Christopher C. Stafford.


1. Thou King of earth and sea and sky, Who from thy loft - y throne came down, To
2. Thou Son of God whom angels praise Throughout Thy vast and grand domain, To
3. Thou might-y Monarch, clothed in pow'r Robed in sov-er-eign maj - es - ty, Whose
wear a wea - ry robe of flesh, For-sook Thy scepter and Thy crown; Since "God with
Thee glad songs of joy we raise, And join each sweet, ex-ul-tant strain; With ad - o -
love so great could con-de-scend, To stoop to mor-tals such as we; With awe we
us" Thy name must be, Long a - ges shall Thy glo-ries tell, To Thee we humbly
ra - tion to Thy throne Our ringing shouts of triumph swell, Thou art the greatest
speak Thy ho - ly name And scarcely dare our tongues to tell, But Thou art ev - er -
bow the knee, And own Thy sway,..... Thy fa - vor pray.....
Ru - ler known, We hon - or Thee,..... we wor - ship Thee,.....
more the same, A lov - ing friend,.....who aid will lend.....
f.
FINE.
Our Lord and King,..... Im - man - u - el.....
Our Lord and King, Im-man - u - el.
Our Lord and King..... Im - man - u - el.....

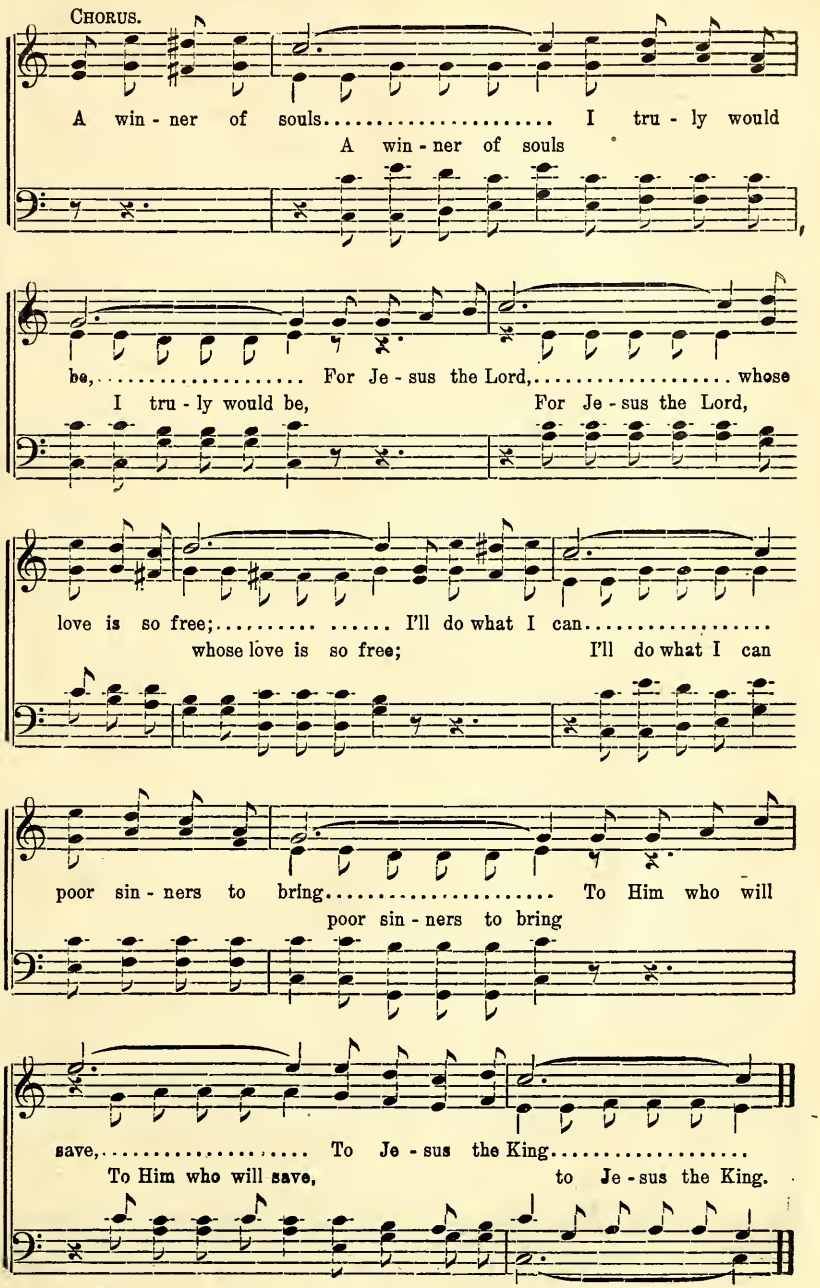
C. C. Stafford, owner, 1921

# IMMANUEL. Concluded.

REFRAIN.
Im - man - u - el,..... Im-man - u - el,.....
Im - man - u - el, Im - man - u - el,
Thou Son of God..... su - preme, di-vine,.....
Thou Son of God su-preme, di - vine,
Im - man - u - el,..... Im - man - u - el,.....
Im - man - u - el, Im - man - u - el,
Through all the world..... Thy glo - ries shine;.....
Through all the world Thy glo - ries shine;
D. S.
Thy spir - it still..... on earth doth dwell;.....
Thy spir - it still on earth doth dwell;

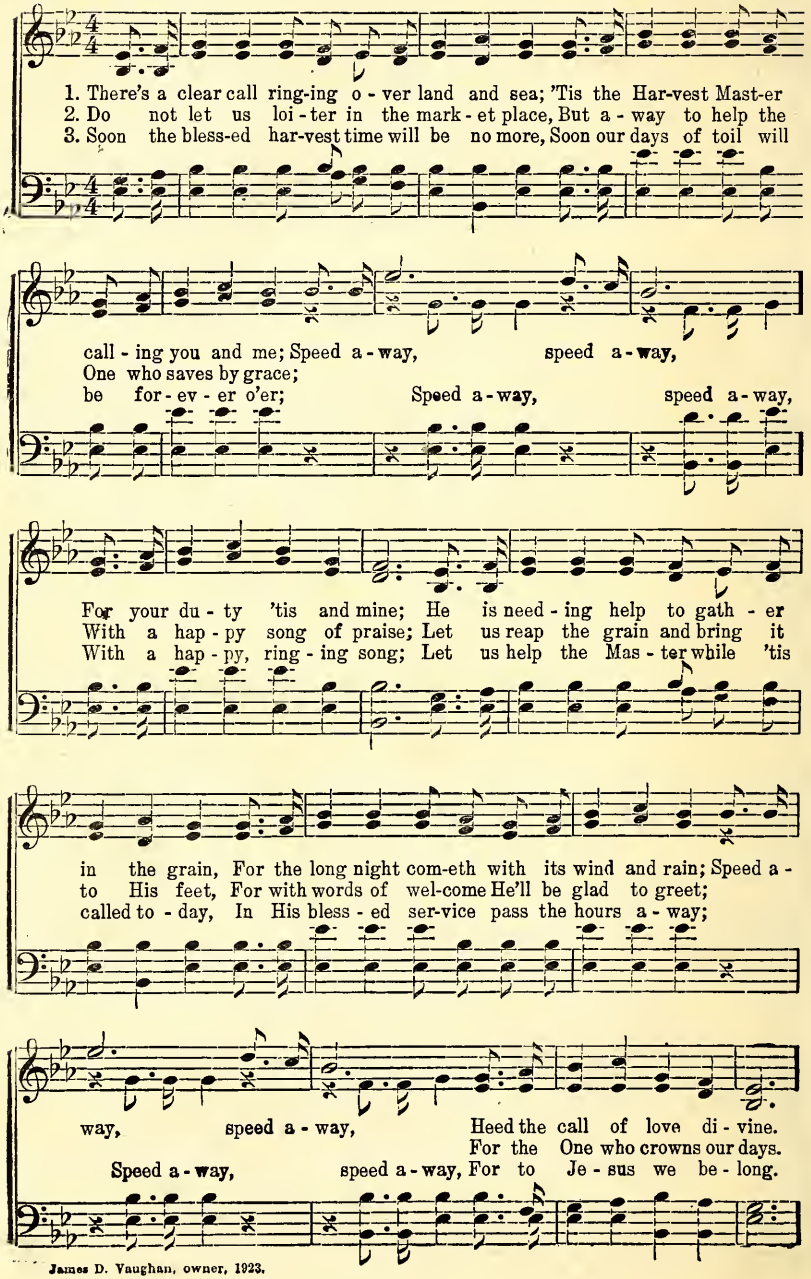
## No. 119. I WANT TO WIN SOULS.

Chas. W. Vaughan. James D. Vaughan.

1. A win - ner of souls I want to be for Je - sus, my
2. Each day I will do my ver - y best to bright - en the
3. If af - ter this life we live on earth for - ev - er is
Lord, (for Je - sus, my Lord,) A bless-ing to those a - long life's way, nor
way, (to bright-en the way,) Of those who are now in sin's dark night as
past, (for - ev - er is past,) And I shall then find the place prepared in
ask for reward; (nor ask for re-ward;) I want to do something that will
on-ward they stray; (as onward they stray;) The place I can fill may be the
heav - en at last; (in heav - en at last;) If I can but see there, some I've
help poor sin - ners a - long (poor sin - ners a - long) To Je - sus, who
least and car - ry no fame, (and car - ry no fame,) I want to win
helped to Je - sus the light, (to Je - sus the light,) My soul will be
ev - 'ry soul will save and right ev - 'ry wrong. (and right ev - 'ry wrong.)
souls a - long the way is all of my aim. (is all of my aim.)
filled for - ev - er - more with per - fect de - light. (with per-fect de - light.)

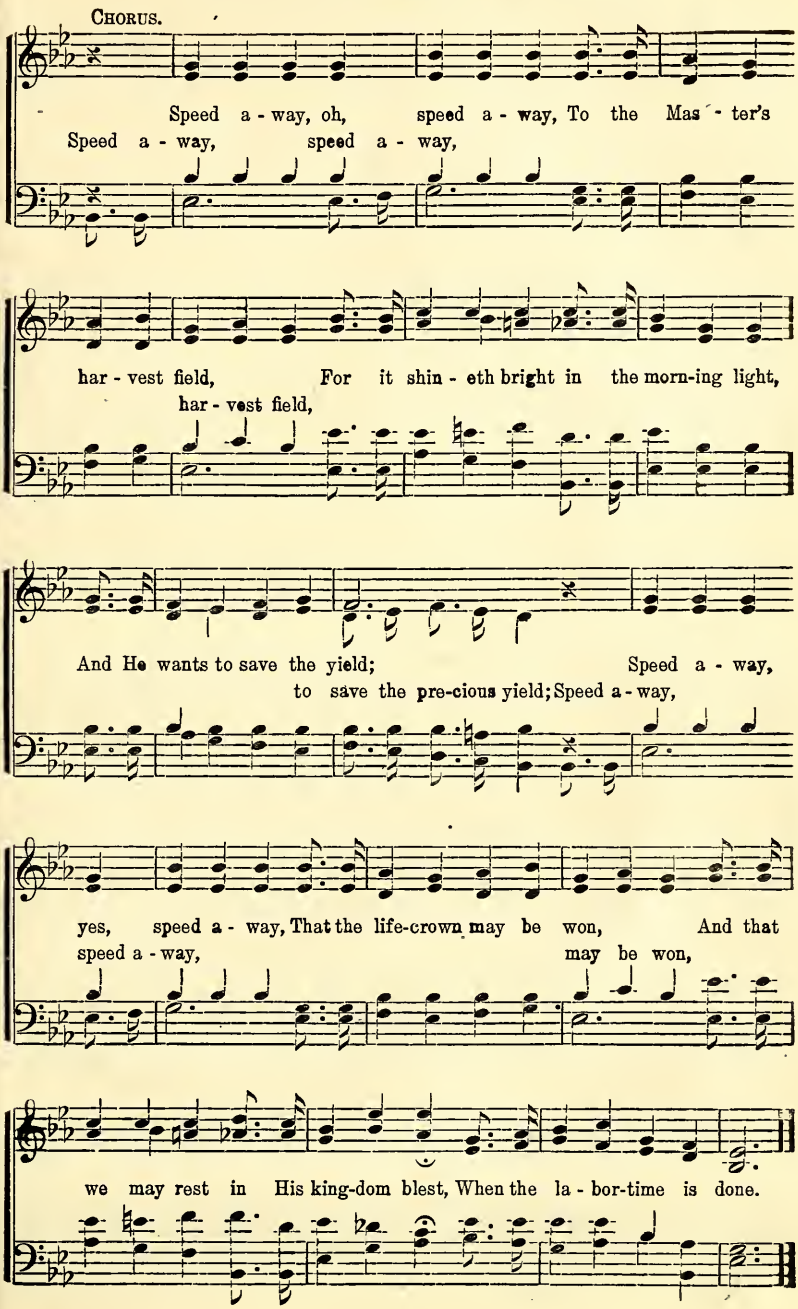
James D. Vaughan, owner, 1926.

# I WANT TO WIN SOULS. Concluded.

CHORUS.
A win - ner of souls..... I tru - ly would
A win - ner of souls
be,..... For Je - sus the Lord,..... whose
I tru - ly would be, For Je - sus the Lord,
love is so free;..... ..... I'll do what I can.....
whose love is so free; I'll do what I can
poor sin - ners to bring..... To Him who will
poor sin - ners to bring
save,..... To Je - sus the King.....
To Him who will save, to Je - sus the King.

## No. 120. THE CALL TO WORK.

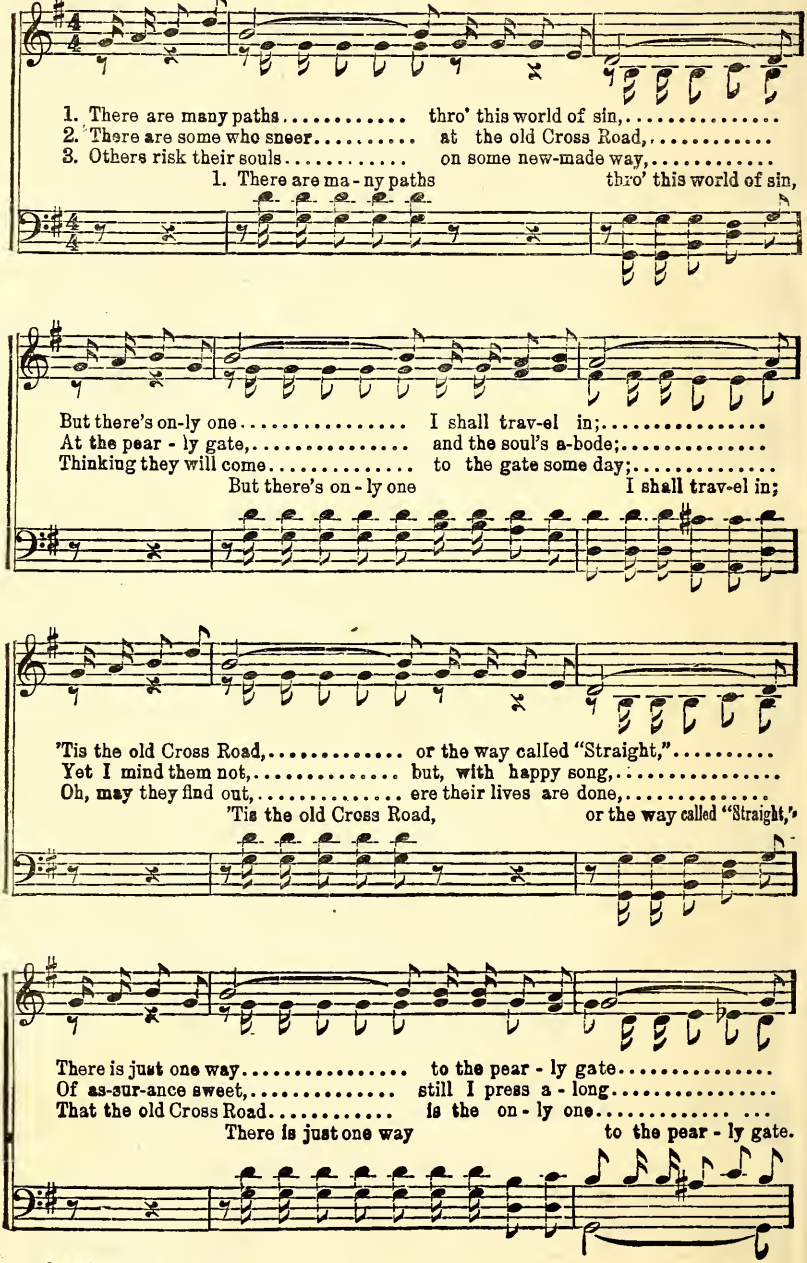
James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.

1. There's a clear call ring-ing o - ver land and sea; 'Tis the Har-vest Mast-er
2. Do not let us loi - ter in the mark - et place, But a - way to help the
3. Soon the bless-ed har-vest time will be no more, Soon our days of toil will
call - ing you and me; Speed a - way, speed a - way,
One who saves by grace;
be for - ev - er o'er; Speed a - way, speed a - way,
For your du - ty 'tis and mine; He is need - ing help to gath - er
With a hap - py song of praise; Let us reap the grain and bring it
With a hap - py, ring - ing song; Let us help the Mas - ter while 'tis
in the grain, For the long night com-eth with its wind and rain; Speed a -
to His feet, For with words of wel-come He'll be glad to greet;
called to - day, In His bless - ed ser-vice pass the hours a - way;
way, speed a - way, Heed the call of love di - vine.
For the One who crowns our days.
Speed a - way, speed a - way, For to Je - sus we be - long.

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1923.

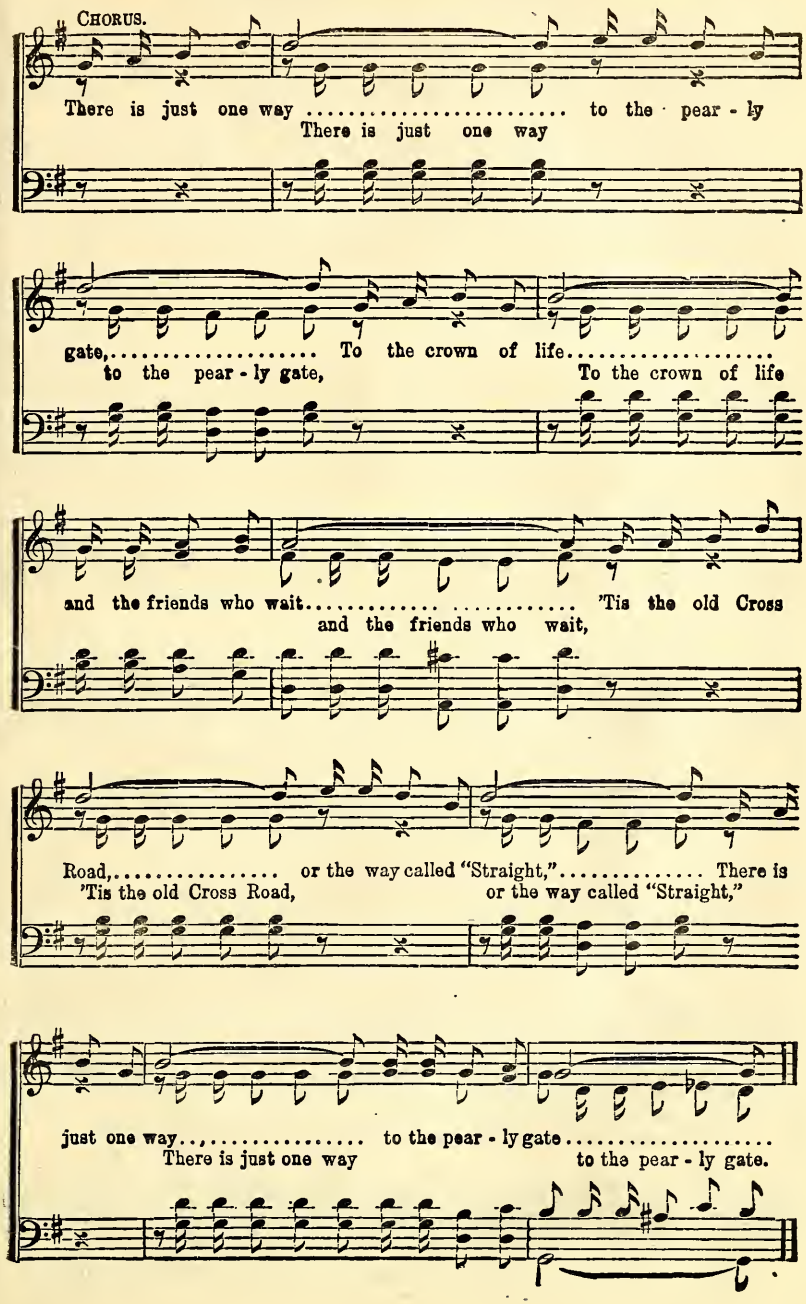
# THE CALL TO WORK. Concluded.

CHORUS.
Speed a - way, oh, speed a - way, To the Mas - ter's
Speed a - way, speed a - way,
har - vest field, For it shin - eth bright in the morn-ing light,
har - vest field,
And He wants to save the yield; Speed a - way,
to save the pre-cious yield; Speed a - way,
yes, speed a - way, That the life-crown may be won, And that
speed a - way, may be won,
we may rest in His king-dom blest, When the la - bor-time is done.

## No. 121. JUST ONE WAY TO THE GATE.

James Rowe. James D. Vaughan.


1. There are many paths ..... thro' this world of sin,.....
2. There are some who sneer..... at the old Cross Road,.....
3. Others risk their souls..... on some new-made way,.....
1. There are ma - ny paths thro' this world of sin,
But there's on-ly one..... I shall trav-el in;.....
At the pear - ly gate,..... and the soul's a-bode;.....
Thinking they will come..... to the gate some day;.....
But there's on - ly one I shall trav-el in;
'Tis the old Cross Road,..... or the way called "Straight,".....
Yet I mind them not,..... but, with happy song,.....
Oh, may they find out,..... ere their lives are done,.....
'Tis the old Cross Road, or the way called "Straight,"
There is just one way..... to the pear - ly gate.....
Of as-sur-ance sweet,..... still I press a - long.....
That the old Cross Road..... is the on - ly one.....
There is just one way to the pear - ly gate.

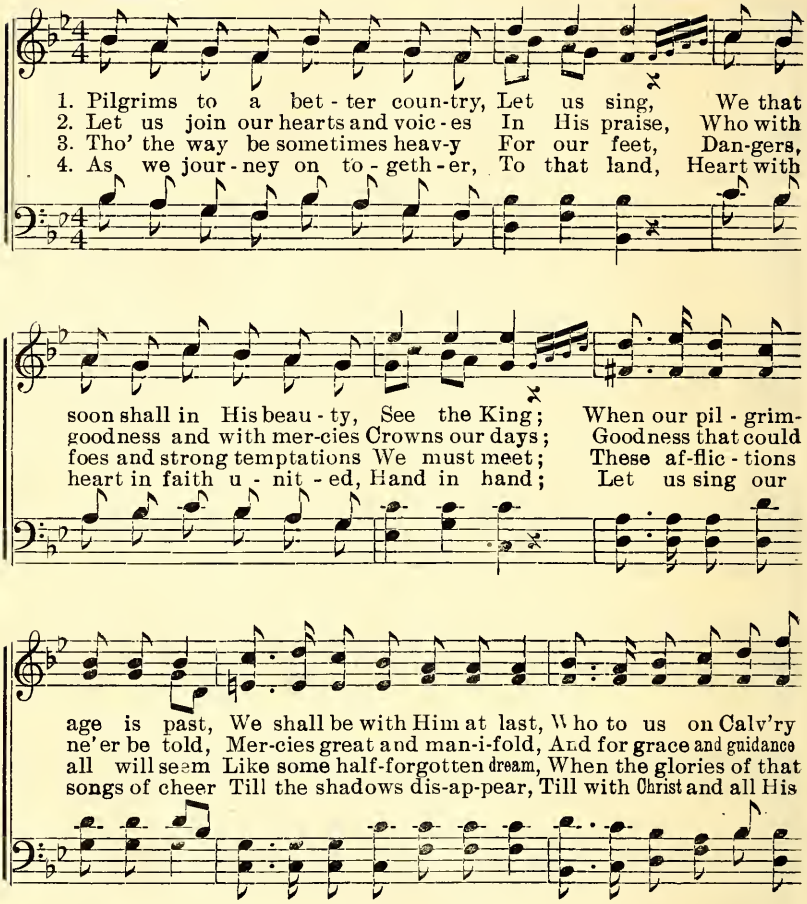
James D. Vaughan, owner, 1920.

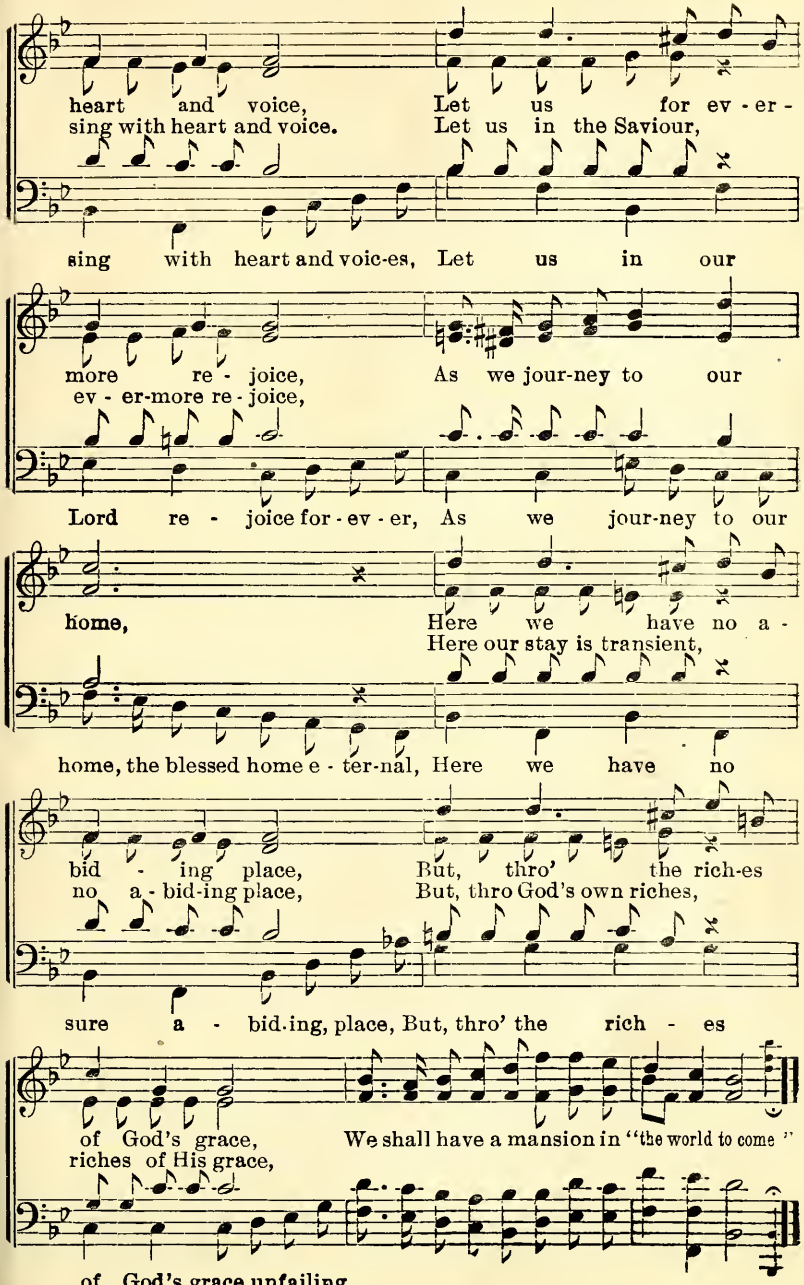
# JUST ONE WAY TO THE GATE. Concluded.

CHORUS.
There is just one way ..... to the pear - ly
There is just one way
gate,..... To the crown of life.....
to the pear - ly gate, To the crown of life
and the friends who wait..... ..... 'Tis the old Cross
and the friends who wait,
Road,..... or the way called "Straight,"..... There is
'Tis the old Cross Road, or the way called "Straight,"
just one way..,..... to the pear - ly gate.....
There is just one way to the pear - ly gate.

## No. 122. COME, LET US SING.

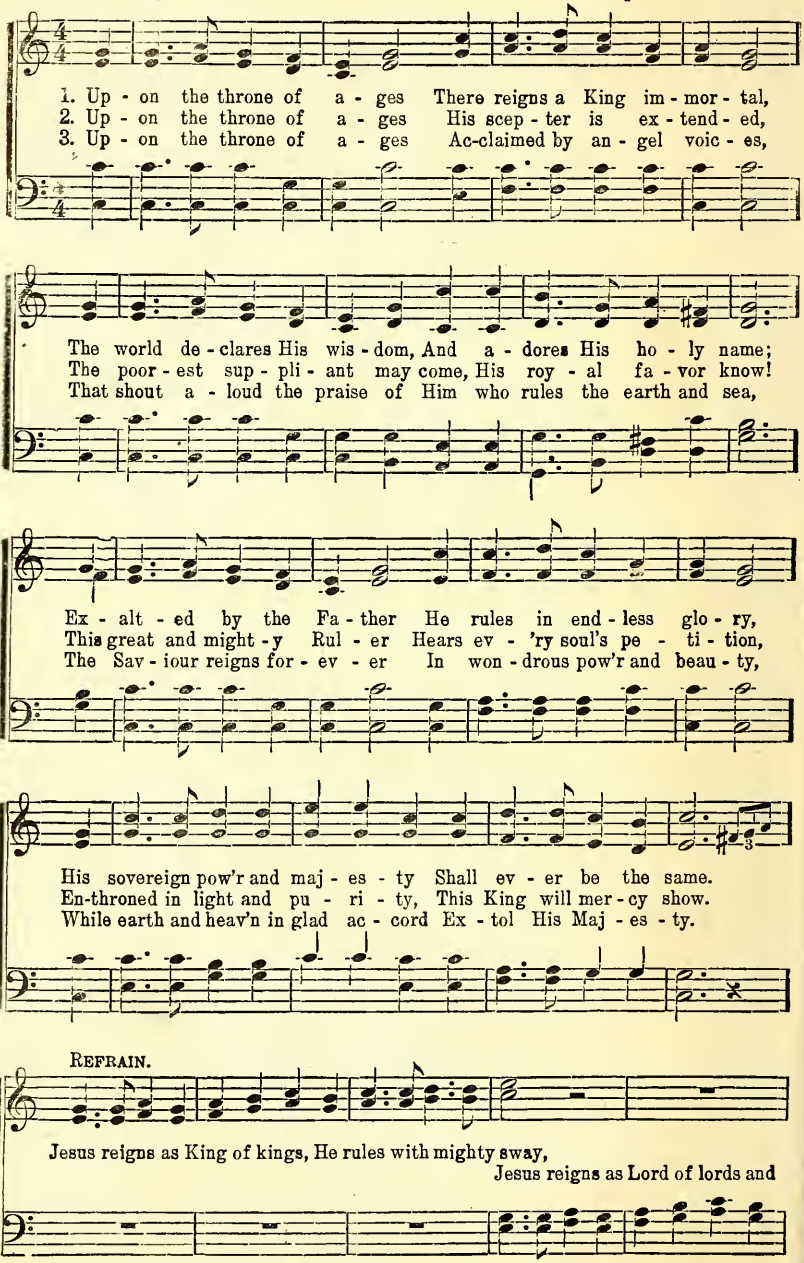
"Come, let us sing unto the Lord."—PSALM 95: 1.

T. O. CHISHOLM. ADGER M. PACE.

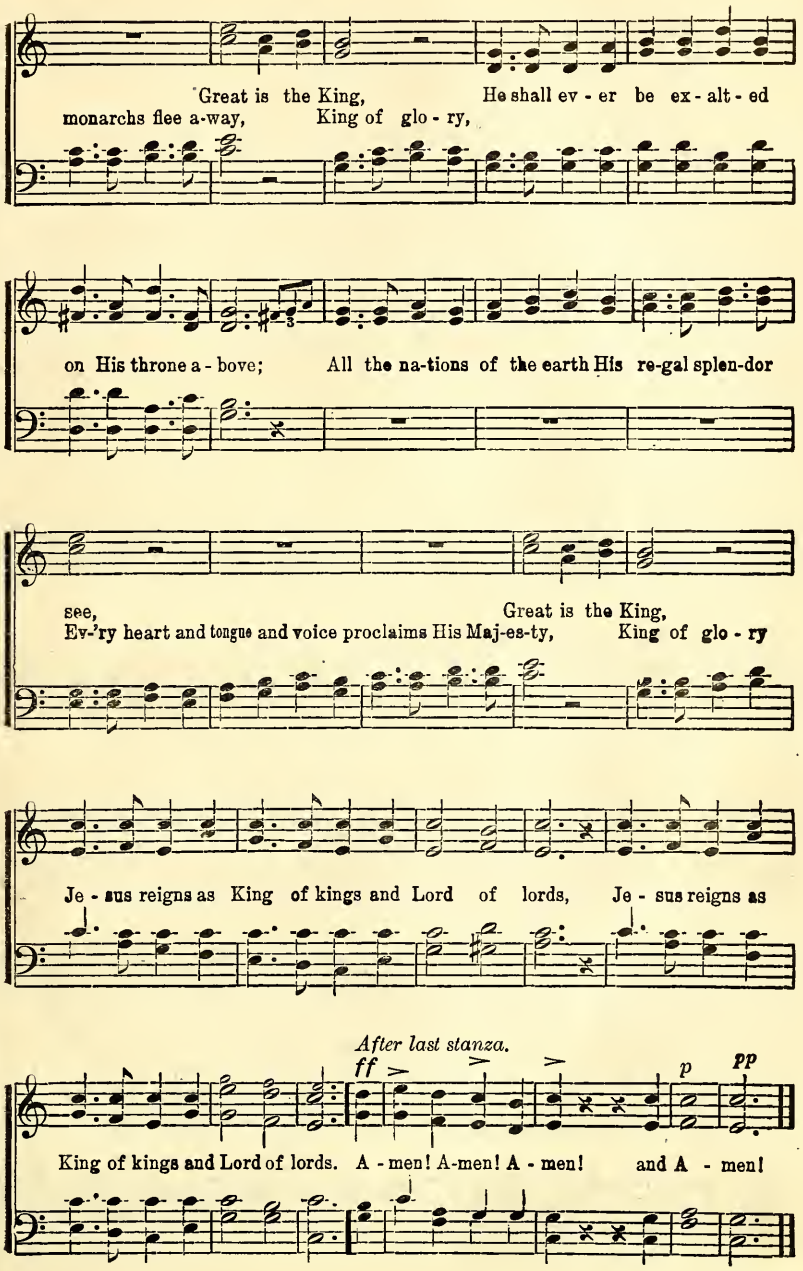

1. Pilgrims to a bet - ter coun-try, Let us sing, We that
2. Let us join our hearts and voic - es In His praise, Who with
3. Tho' the way be sometimes heav-y For our feet, Dan-gers,
4. As we jour - ney on to - geth - er, To that land, Heart with
soon shall in His beau - ty, See the King; When our pil - grim-
goodness and with mer-cies Crowns our days; Goodness that could
foes and strong temptations We must meet; These af-flic - tions
heart in faith u - nit - ed, Hand in hand; Let us sing our
age is past, We shall be with Him at last, Who to us on Calv'ry
ne'er be told, Mer-cies great and man-i-fold, And for grace and guidance
all will seem Like some half-forgotten dream, When the glories of that
songs of cheer Till the shadows dis-ap-pear, Till with Christ and all His
REFRAIN.
did sal - va - tion bring. Come, let us sing with
all a - long our ways.
world our eyes shall greet.
ransomed ones we stand. Come, ye Christian peo - ple,
Come, ye peo - ple,

Property of A. M. Pace. Used by per.

heart and voice, Let us for ev - er -
sing with heart and voice. Let us in the Saviour,
sing with heart and voic-es, Let us in our
more re - joice, As we jour-ney to our
ev - er-more re - joice,
Lord re - joice for - ev - er, As we jour-ney to our
home, Here we have no a -
Here our stay is transient,
home, the blessed home e - ter-nal, Here we have no
bid - ing place, But, thro' the rich-es
no a - bid-ing place, But, thro God's own riches,
sure a - bid-ing, place, But, thro' the rich - es
of God's grace, We shall have a mansion in "the world to come"
riches of His grace,
of God's grace unfailing,

# No. 123. KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

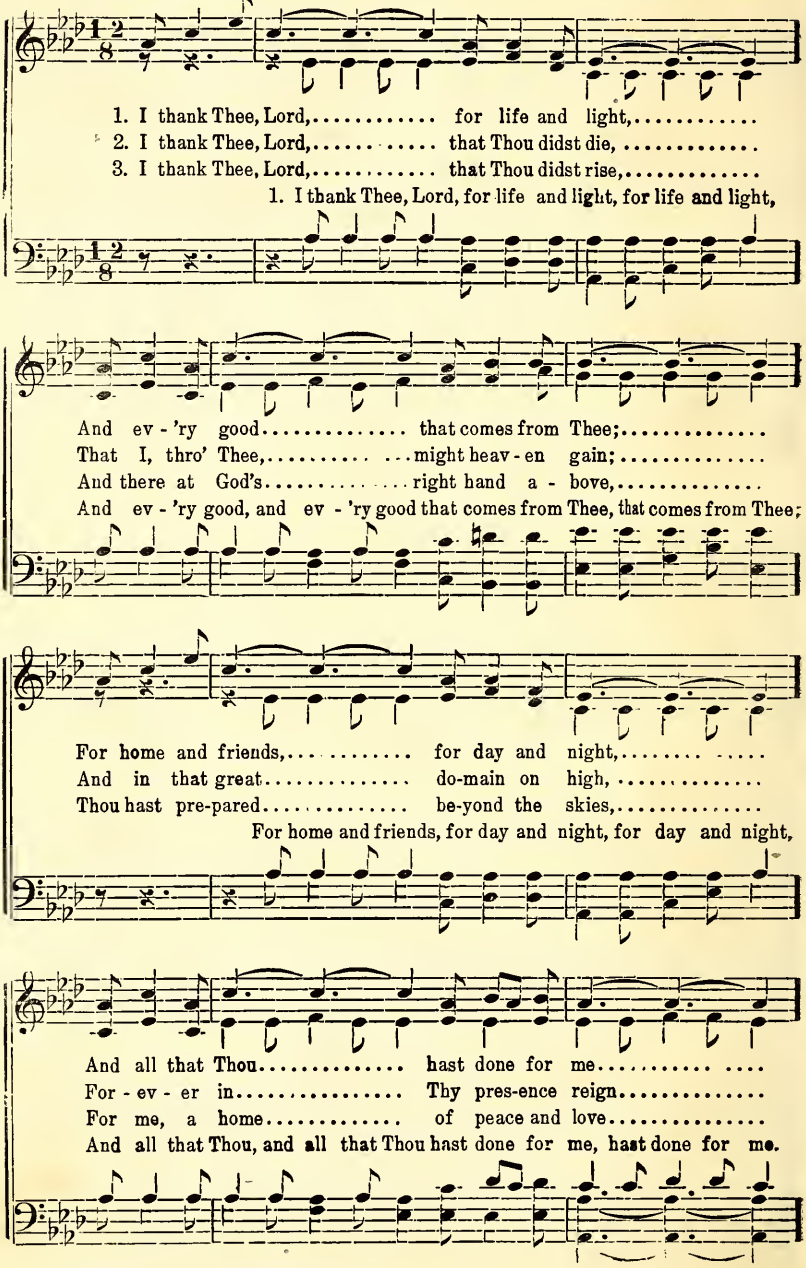
Laurene Highfield. Christopher C. Stafford.

1. Up - on the throne of a - ges There reigns a King im - mor - tal,
2. Up - on the throne of a - ges His scep - ter is ex - tend - ed,
3. Up - on the throne of a - ges Ac-claimed by an - gel voic - es,
The world de - clares His wis - dom, And a - dores His ho - ly name;
The poor - est sup - pli - ant may come, His roy - al fa - vor know!
That shout a - loud the praise of Him who rules the earth and sea,
Ex - alt - ed by the Fa - ther He rules in end - less glo - ry,
This great and might - y Rul - er Hears ev - 'ry soul's pe - ti - tion,
The Sav - iour reigns for - ev - er In won - drous pow'r and beau - ty,
His sovereign pow'r and maj - es - ty Shall ev - er be the same.
En-throned in light and pu - ri - ty, This King will mer - cy show.
While earth and heav'n in glad ac - cord Ex - tol His Maj - es - ty.
REFRAIN.
Jesus reigns as King of kings, He rules with mighty sway,
Jesus reigns as Lord of lords and

Copyright, 1919, by C. C. Stafford, Oneonta, Ala. By per.

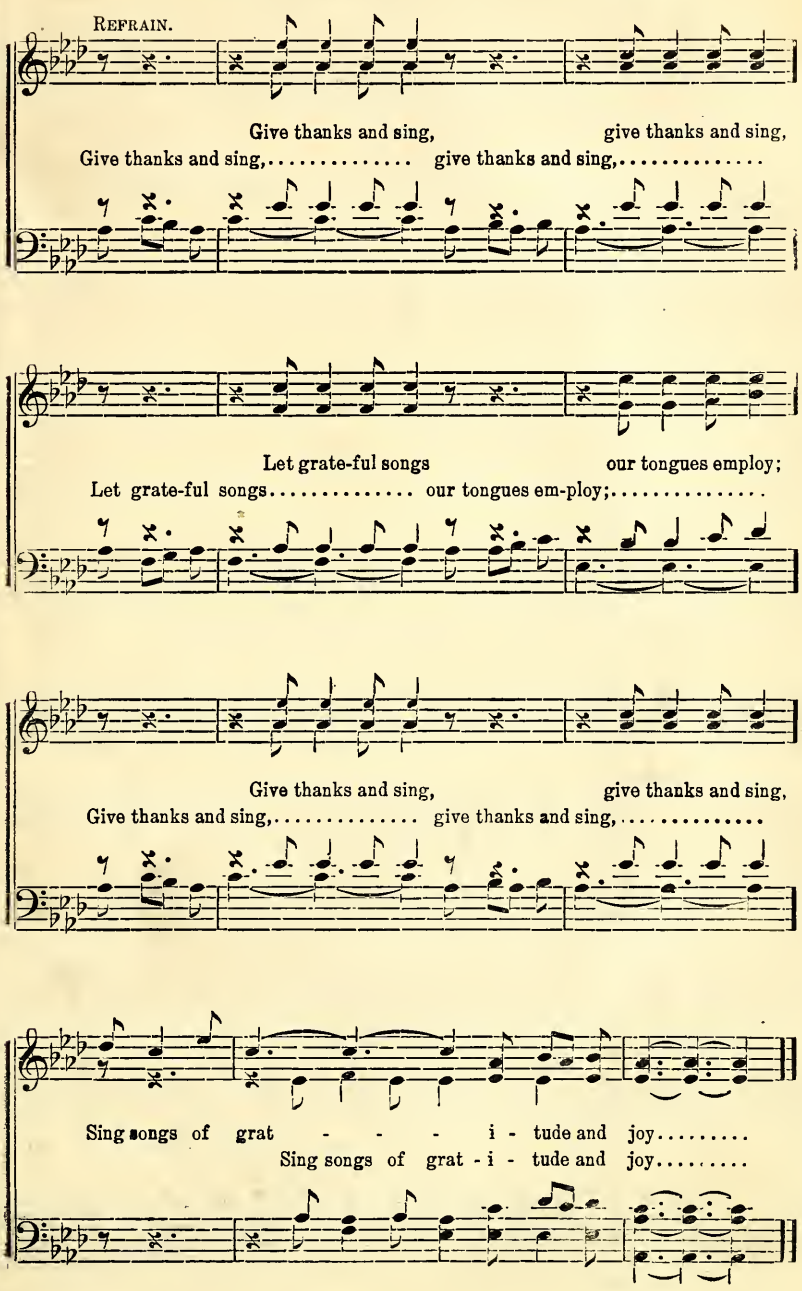
## KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. Concluded.

Great is the King, He shall ev - er be ex - alt - ed
monarchs flee a-way, King of glo - ry,
on His throne a - bove; All the na-tions of the earth His re-gal splen-dor
see, Great is the King,
Ev-'ry heart and tongue and voice proclaims His Maj-es-ty, King of glo - ry
Je - sus reigns as King of kings and Lord of lords, Je - sus reigns as
After last stanza.
ff
p
pp
King of kings and Lord of lords. A - men! A-men! A - men! and A - men!

## No. 124. GIVE THANKS AND SING.

Mrs. E. Greer Floyd. Emmett S. Dean.


1. I thank Thee, Lord,..... for life and light,.....
2. I thank Thee, Lord,..... that Thou didst die, .....
3. I thank Thee, Lord,..... that Thou didst rise,.....
1. I thank Thee, Lord, for life and light, for life and light,
And ev - 'ry good..... that comes from Thee;.....
That I, thro' Thee,..... might heav - en gain;.....
And there at God's..... right hand a - bove,.....
And ev - 'ry good, and ev - 'ry good that comes from Thee, that comes from Thee;
For home and friends,..... for day and night,.....
And in that great..... do-main on high, .....
Thou hast pre-pared..... be-yond the skies,.....
For home and friends, for day and night, for day and night,
And all that Thou..... hast done for me..... ....
For - ev - er in..... Thy pres-ence reign.....
For me, a home..... of peace and love.....
And all that Thou, and all that Thou hast done for me, hast done for me.

Copyright, 1904, by The Trio Music Co. By per.


Refrain.
Give thanks and sing, give thanks and sing,
Give thanks and sing,..... give thanks and sing,.....
Let grate-ful songs our tongues employ;
Let grate-ful songs..... our tongues em-ploy;.....
Give thanks and sing, give thanks and sing,
Give thanks and sing,..... give thanks and sing,.....
Sing songs of grat - - - - i - tude and joy.....
Sing songs of grat - i - tude and joy.....

No. 125. **PRAISE JEHOVAH.**

J. Graydon Hall. Adger M. Pace.

*Andante Maestoso.*

1. Praise Je - ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, all ye ransomed here be -
2. Praise Je - ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, for the blessings He doth
3. Praise Je - ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, till your pil-grim-age is

low, Praise Je-ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, let your songs of
send, Praise Je-ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, for His pre-cious
o'er, Praise Je-ho-vah, praise Je - ho-vah, till your soul has

*Andantino.*

ad - o - ra - tion flow; Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name, and His
grace that has no end; For the mer - cy He hath shown, to the
reached the shining shore; Then in that su - per - nal place, all those

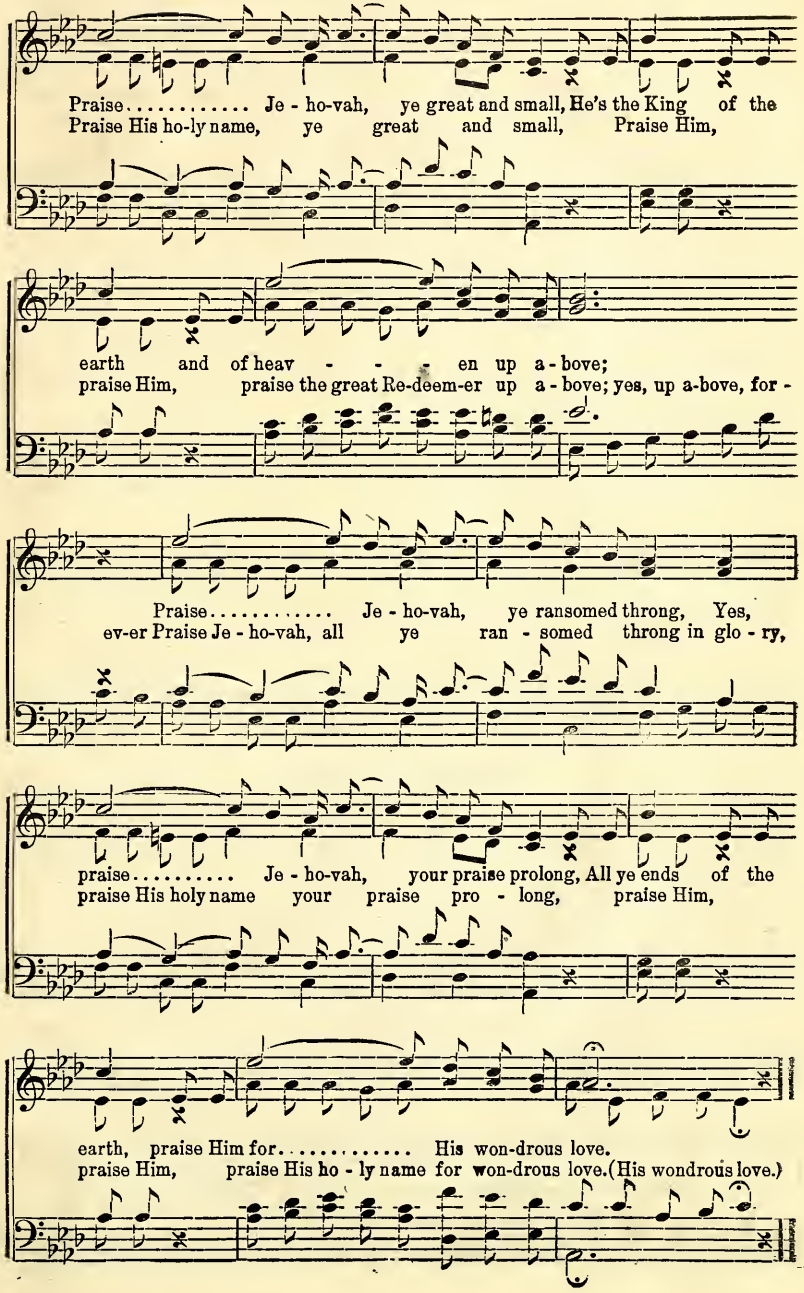
matchless worth proclaim, Till the world shall all His roy-al highness know.
world oh, make Him known, In sweet ac-cla-ma-tion let your voic-es blend.
who are saved by grace, Will u - nite and praise His name for ev-er-more.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

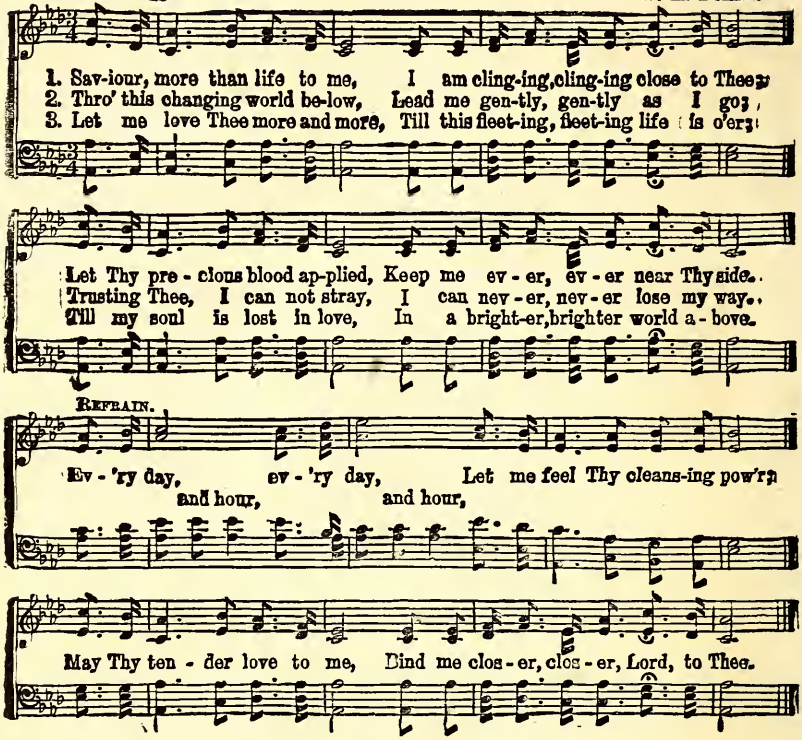
Praise ..... ..... Je - ho - vah, the Lord of all, Oh,
Praise Je - ho - vah, He's the Lord of all, for - ev - er,

A. M. Pace, owner, 1924.

# PRAISE JEHOVAH. Concluded.

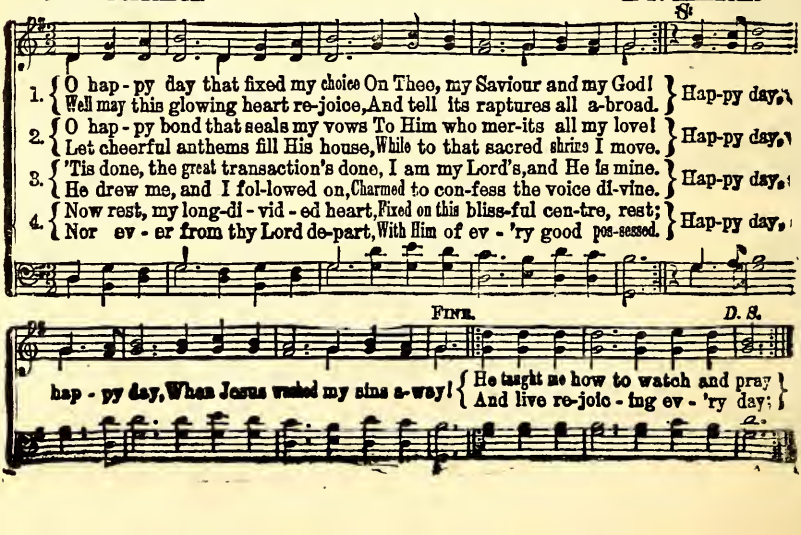

Praise..... Je - ho-vah, ye great and small, He's the King of the
Praise His ho-ly name, ye great and small, Praise Him,
earth and of heav - - - en up a - bove;
praise Him, praise the great Re-deem-er up a - bove; yes, up a-bove, for -
Praise..... Je - ho-vah, ye ransomed throng, Yes,
ev-er Praise Je - ho-vah, all ye ran - somed throng in glo - ry,
praise..... Je - ho-vah, your praise prolong, All ye ends of the
praise His holy name your praise pro - long, praise Him,
earth, praise Him for..... His won-drous love.
praise Him, praise His ho - ly name for won-drous love. (His wondrous love.)

## No. 126. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

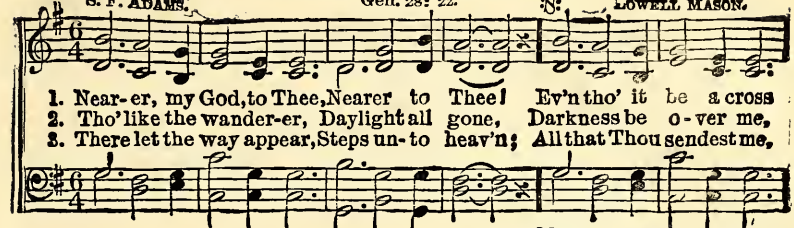
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r;
and hour, and hour,
May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

## No. 127. O HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. Hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Hap-py day,
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine. He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. Hap-py day,
4. Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest; Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos-sessed. Hap-py day,
FINE. D. S.
hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

## No. 128. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

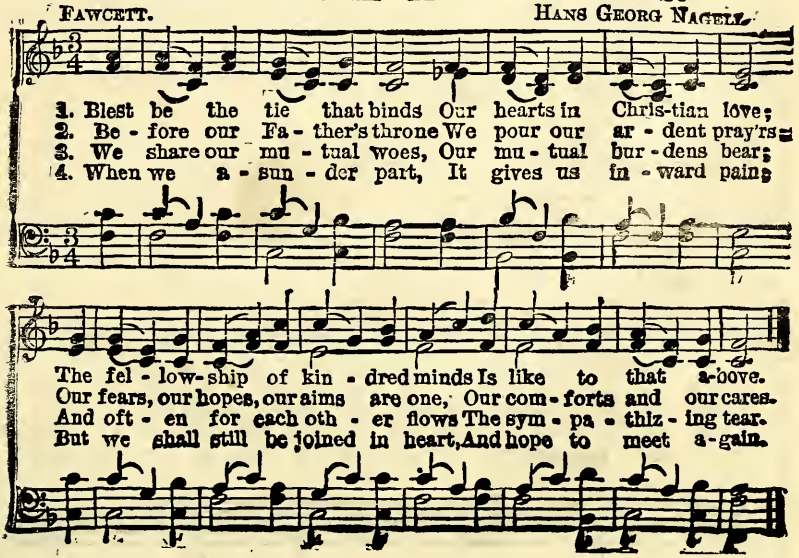
S. F. ADAMS. Gen. 28: 22. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wander-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
D.S. Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D.S.
That raiseth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
Near-er to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

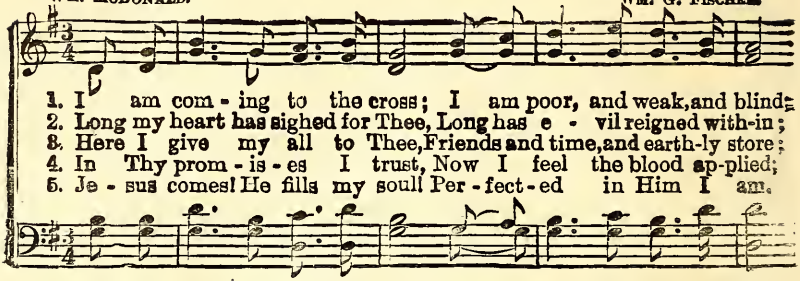
## No. 129. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

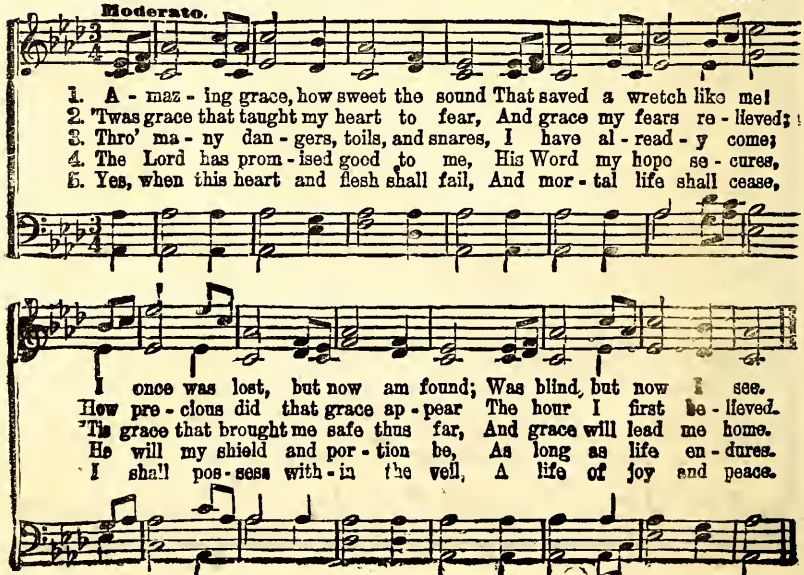
## No. 130. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am.
CHO—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va-tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me; "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

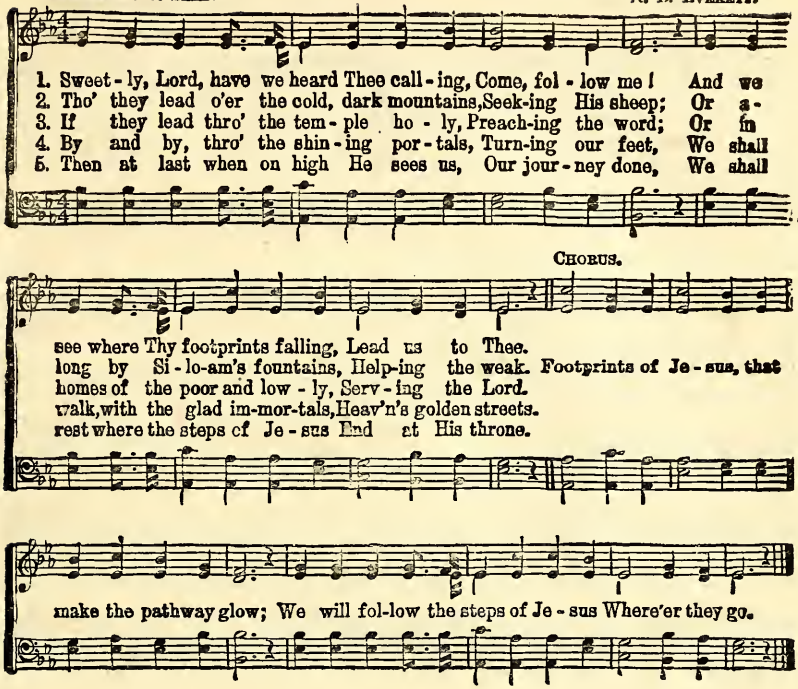
## No. 131. AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON. "Salvation is of the Lord."—JOHN 2: 9. WM. WALKER.


Moderato.
1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His Word my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

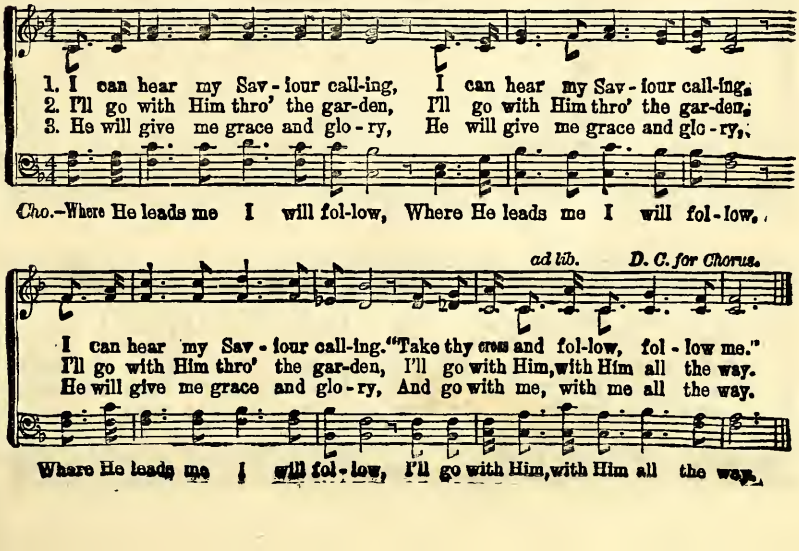
## No. 132. FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.


1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me! And we
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a -
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in
4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn-ing our feet, We shall
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We shall
CHORUS.
see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Help-ing the weak. Footprints of Je - sus, that
homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
walk, with the glad im-mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.
make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je - sus Where'er they go.

## No. 133 WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

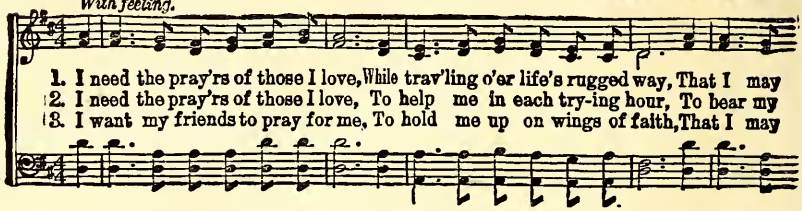
ARR.

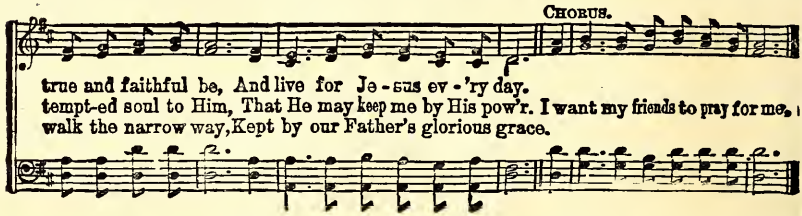

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Cho.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
ad lib. D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing. "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

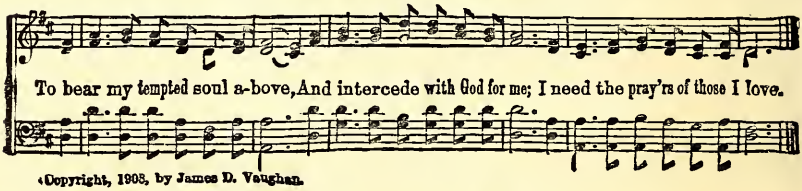
## No. 134. I NEED THE PRAYERS.

"—and pray one for another. . . . The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAMES 5: 16.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

*With feeling.*

1. I need the pray'rs of those I love, While trav'ling o'er life's rugged way, That I may
2. I need the pray'rs of those I love, To help me in each try-ing hour, To bear my
3. I want my friends to pray for me, To hold me up on wings of faith, That I may


CHORUS.
true and faithful be, And live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
tempt-ed soul to Him, That He may keep me by His pow'r. I want my friends to pray for me,
walk the narrow way, Kept by our Father's glorious grace.

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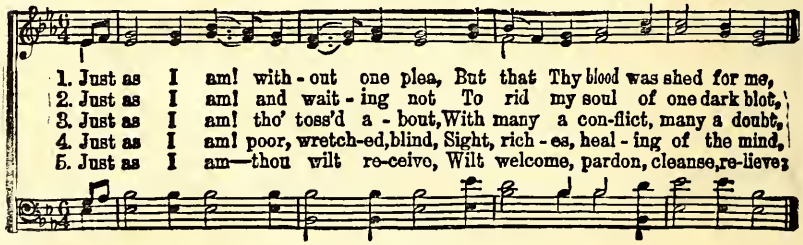
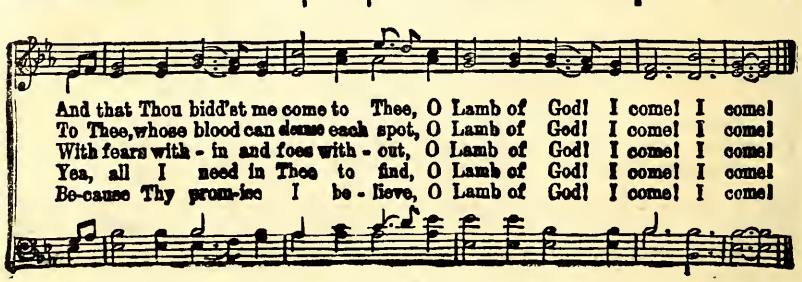
## No. 135. JUST AS I AM.

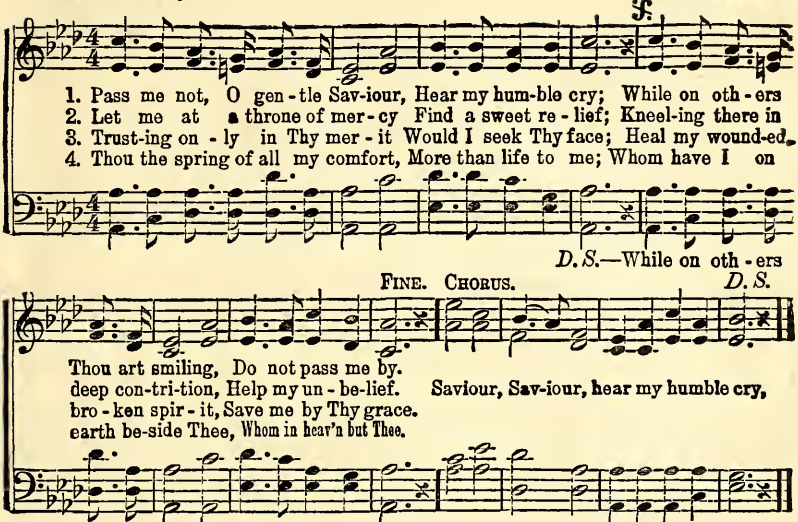
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;

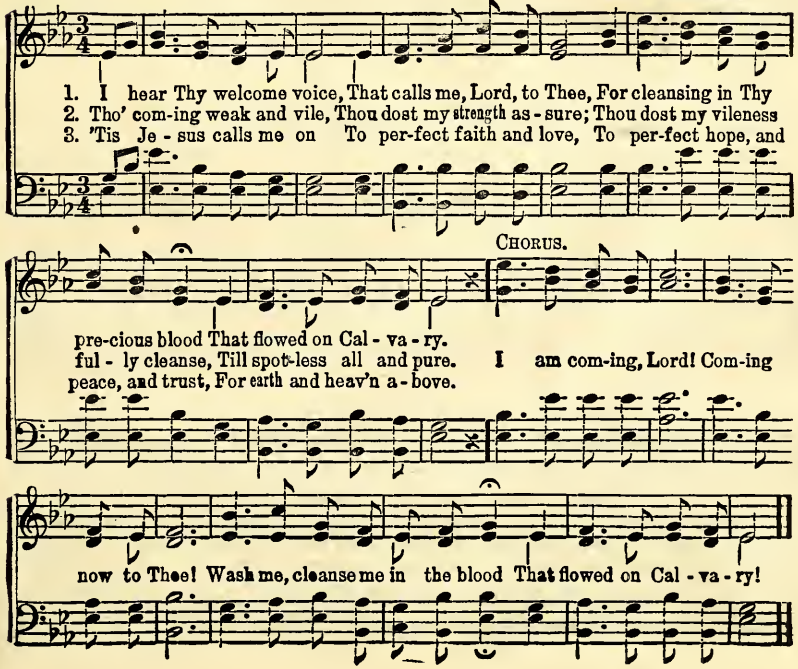

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
With fears with - in and foes with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

## No. 136. PASS ME NOT.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

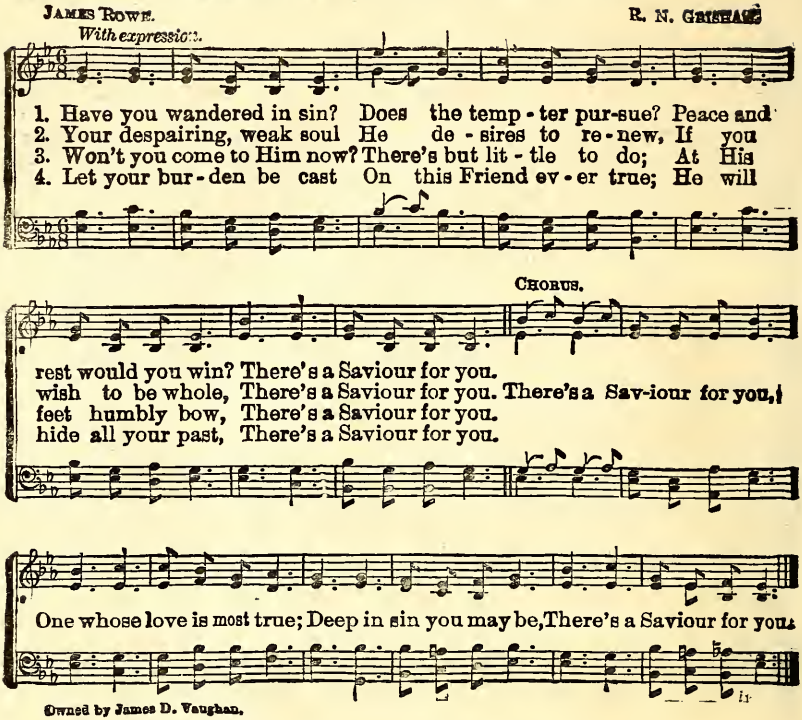

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on
D. S.—While on oth - ers
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Saviour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry,
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth be-side Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee.
Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

## No. 137. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

## No. 138. THERE'S A SAVIOUR FOR YOU.

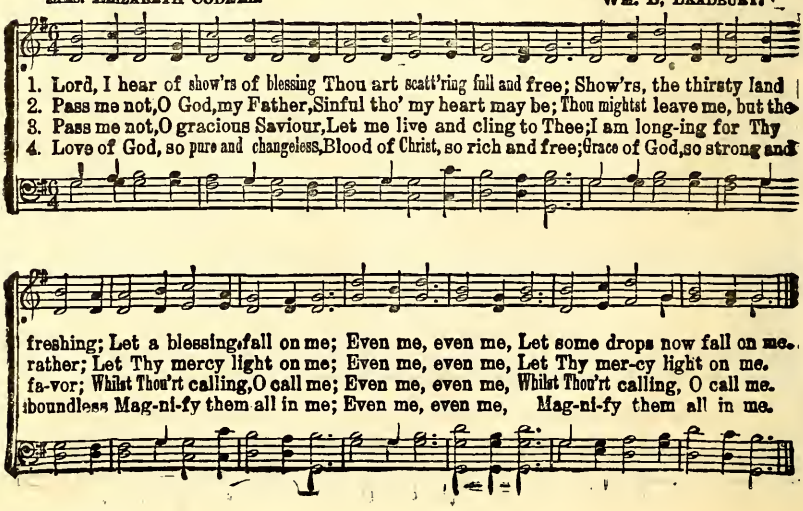
JAMES ROWE. R. N. GRISHAM.


With expression.
1. Have you wandered in sin? Does the temp - ter pur-sue? Peace and
2. Your despairing, weak soul He de - sires to re - new, If you
3. Won't you come to Him now? There's but lit - tle to do; At His
4. Let your bur - den be cast On this Friend ev - er true; He will
CHORUS.
rest would you win? There's a Saviour for you.
wish to be whole, There's a Saviour for you. There's a Sav-iour for you,
feet humbly bow, There's a Saviour for you.
hide all your past, There's a Saviour for you.
One whose love is most true; Deep in sin you may be, There's a Saviour for you.

Owned by James D. Vaughan.

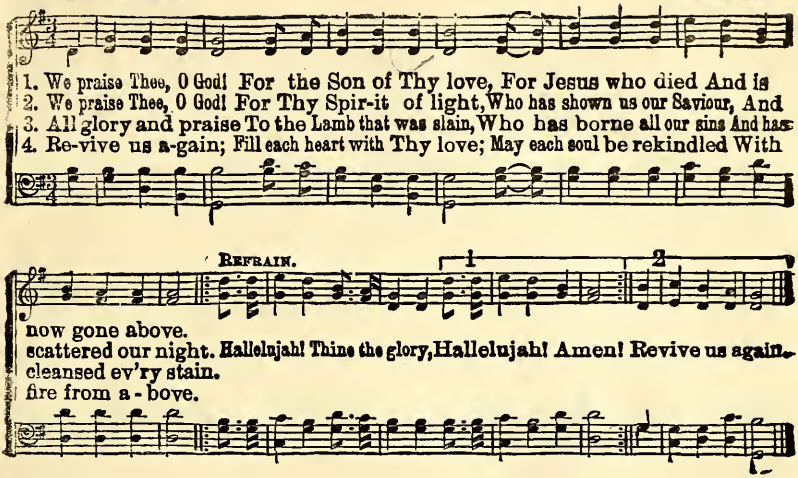
## No. 139. EVEN ME, EVEN ME.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirsty land
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long-ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
freshing; Let a blessing fall on me; Even me, even me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rather; Let Thy mercy light on me; Even me, even me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; Even me, even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me; Even me, even me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

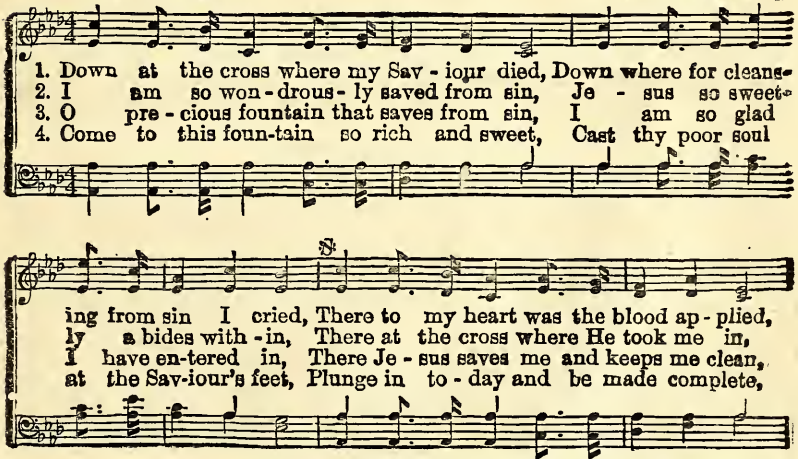
No. 140. **REVIVE US AGAIN.**

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died And is
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, And
3. All glory and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has
4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled With
REFRAIN.
1
2
now gone above.
scattered our night. Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen! Revive us again.
cleansed ev'ry stain.
fire from a-bove.

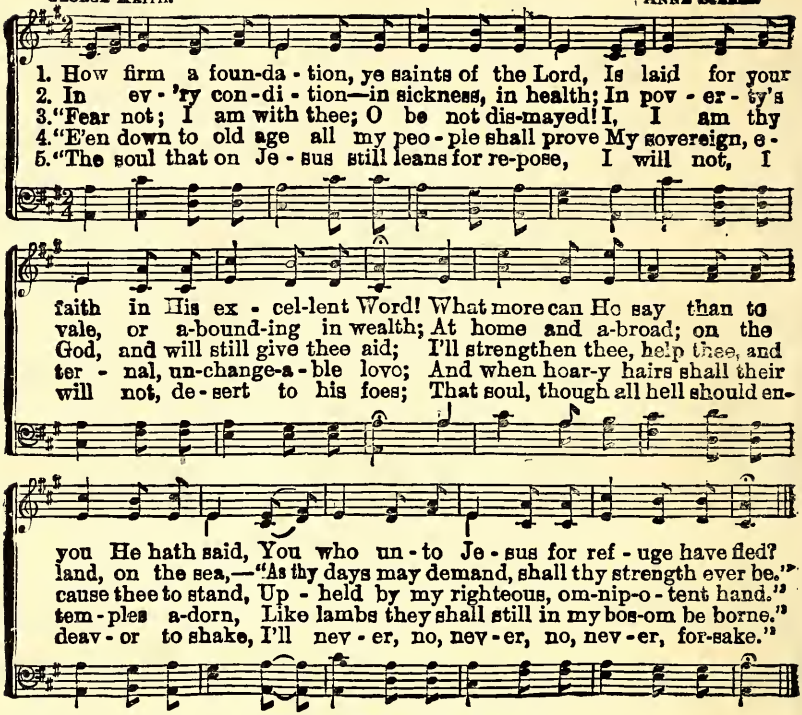
No. 141. **GLORY TO HIS NAME.**

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. O pre - cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul
ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied,
ly a bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in,
I have en-tered in, There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav-iour's feet, Plunge in to - day and be made complete,
D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied,*
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;
*Glo - ry to His name.*

## No. 142. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

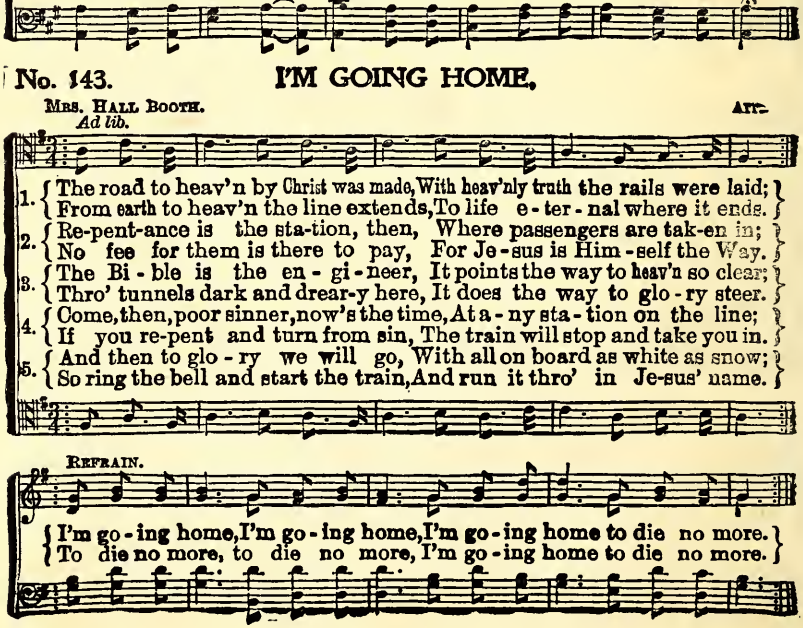
GEORGE KEITH. [ANNE STEELE.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the land, on the sea,—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand."
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sovereign, e-ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne."
5. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, for-sake."

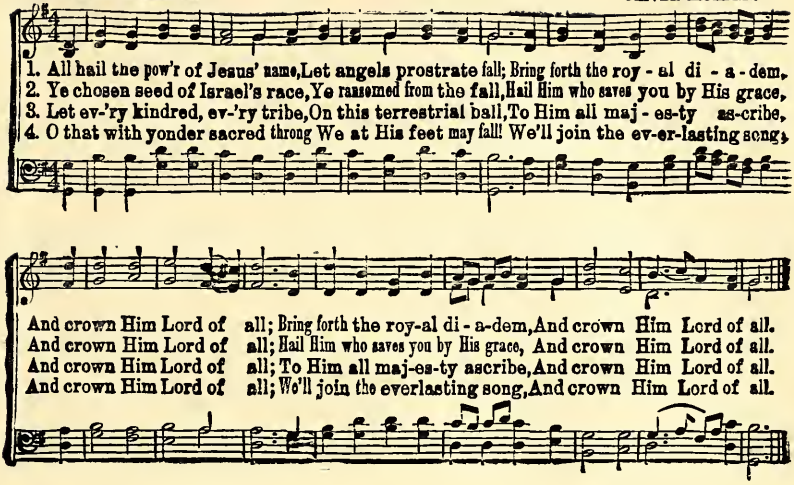
## No. 143. I'M GOING HOME.

MRS. HALL BOOTH. Arr.

*Ad lib.*

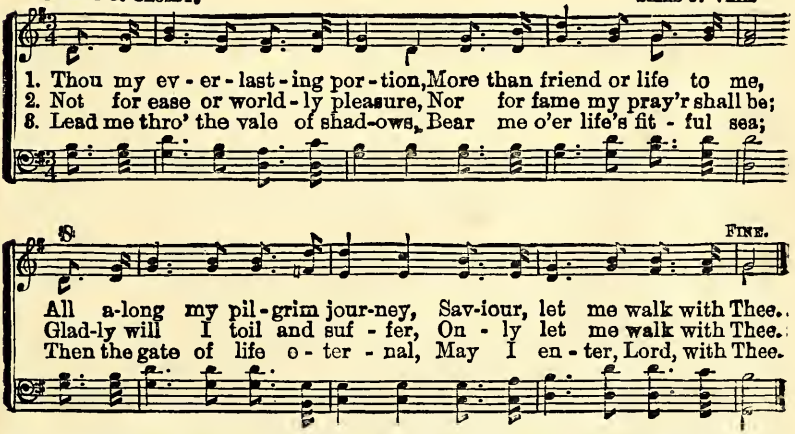

1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails were laid; From earth to heav'n the line extends, To life e-ter-nal where it ends.
2. Re-pent-ance is the sta-tion, then, Where passengers are tak-en in; No fee for them is there to pay, For Je-sus is Him-self the Way.
3. The Bi-ble is the en-gi-neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear; Thro' tunnels dark and drear-y here, It does the way to glo-ry steer.
4. Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time, At a-ny sta-tion on the line; If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
5. And then to glo-ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow; So ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je-sus' name.
REFRAIN.
I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more. To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

## No. 144. CORONATION.

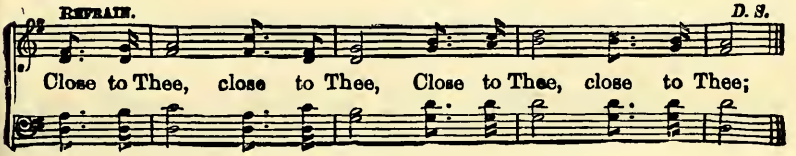
EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all maj - es-ty as-cribe,
4. O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-lasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 145 CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

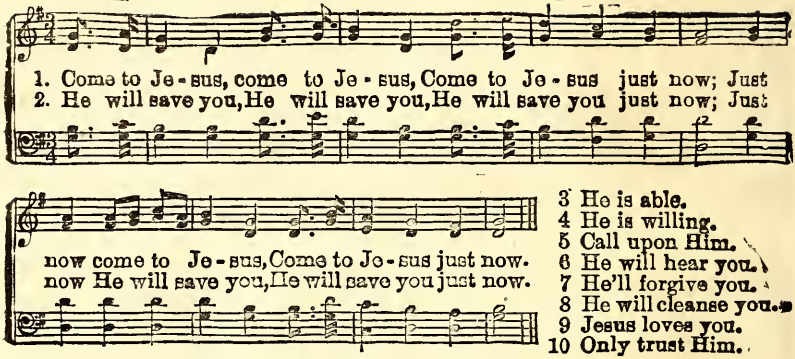

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
𝄋
FINE.
All a-long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life o - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

D.S.—*All a-long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.*
*Gladly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.*
*Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.*



## No. 146. COME TO JESUS.

Unknown.

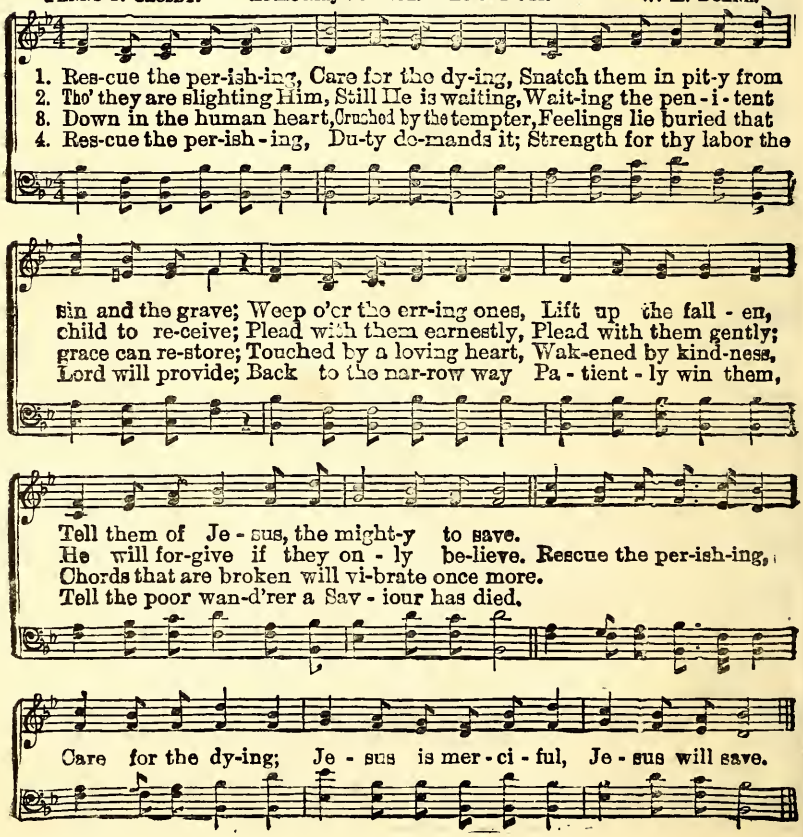

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just
now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
now He will save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

## No. 147. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

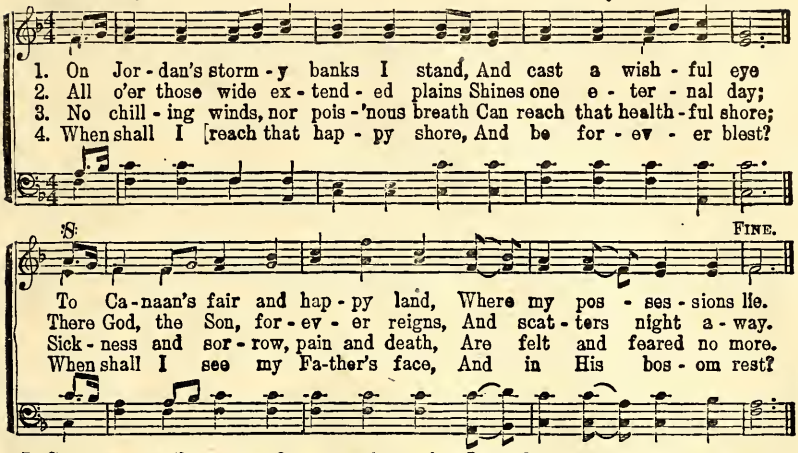
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per-ish - ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy labor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently;
grace can re-store; Touched by a loving heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will provide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them,
Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Rescue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are broken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

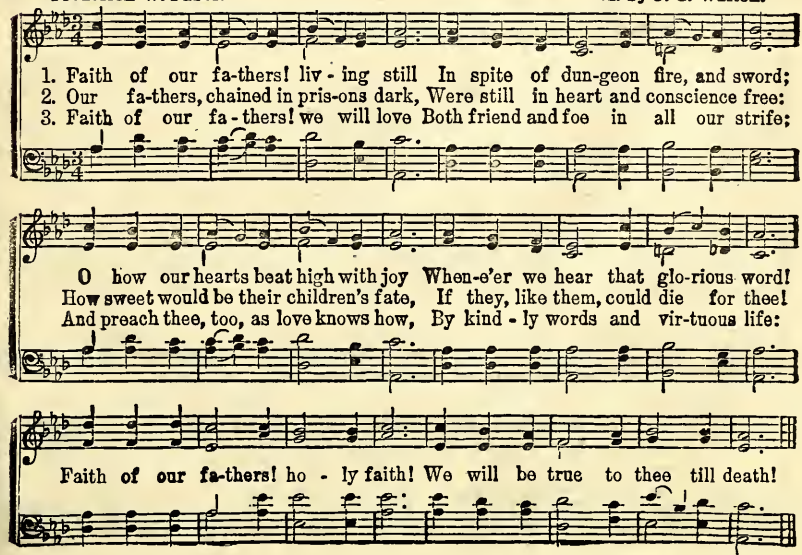
## No. 148. THE PROMISED LAND.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

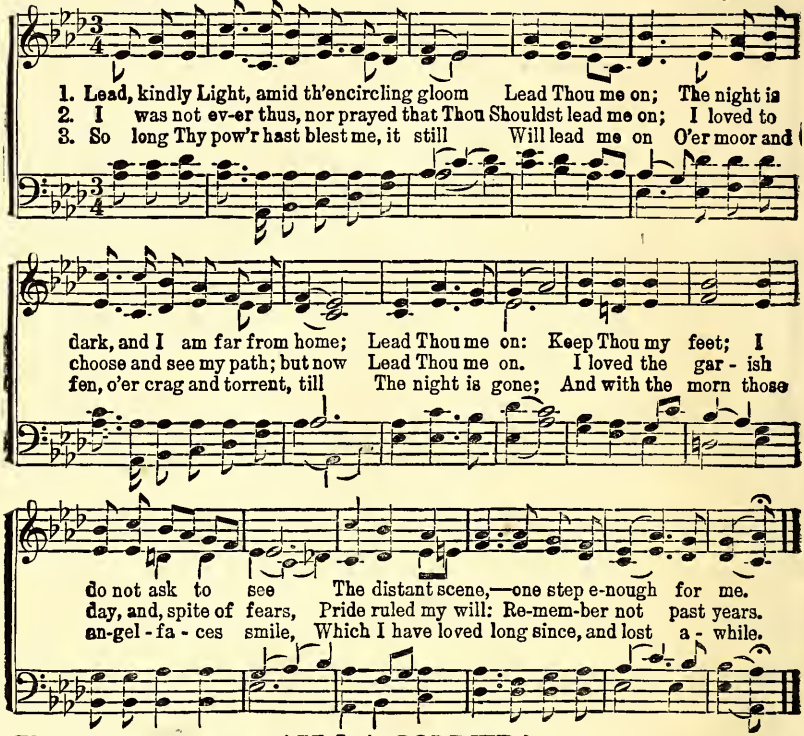

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois - 'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py shore, And be for - ev - er blest?
S.
FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D. S.—O who will come and go with me! I am bound for the promised land.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land (promised land,) I am bound for the promised land;

## No. 149. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Frederick W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.

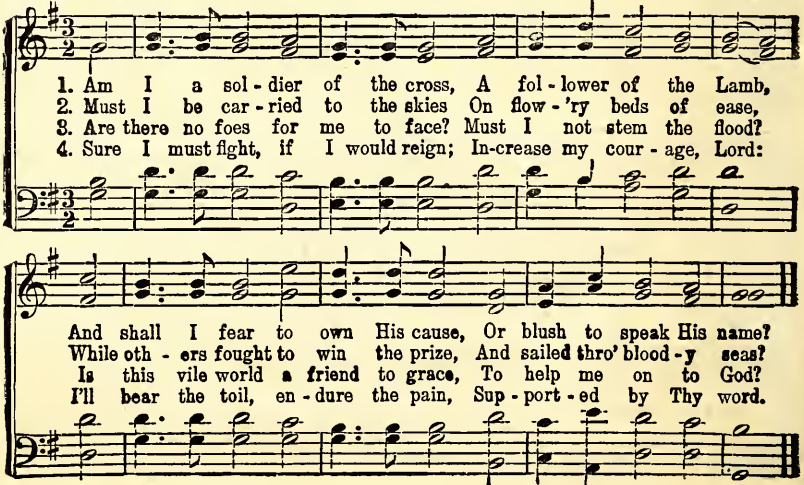

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon fire, and sword;
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

## No. 150. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

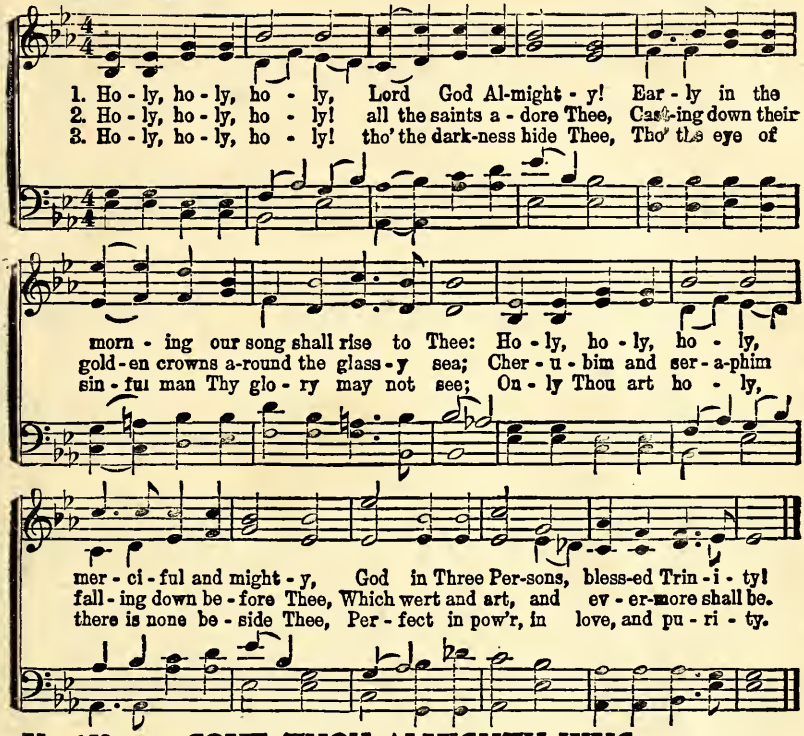
J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hast blest me, it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

## No. 151. AM I A SOLDIER?

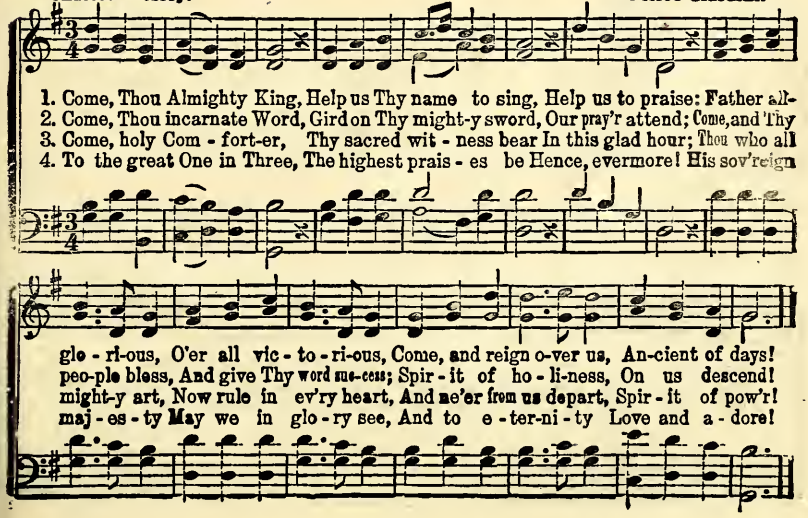
Isaac Watts. Thomas Arne.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord:
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

## No. 152. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

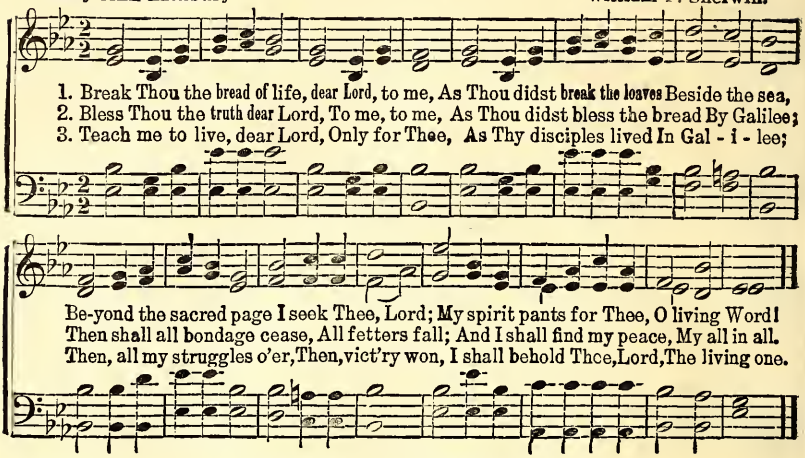
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a-phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shall be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

## No. 153. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

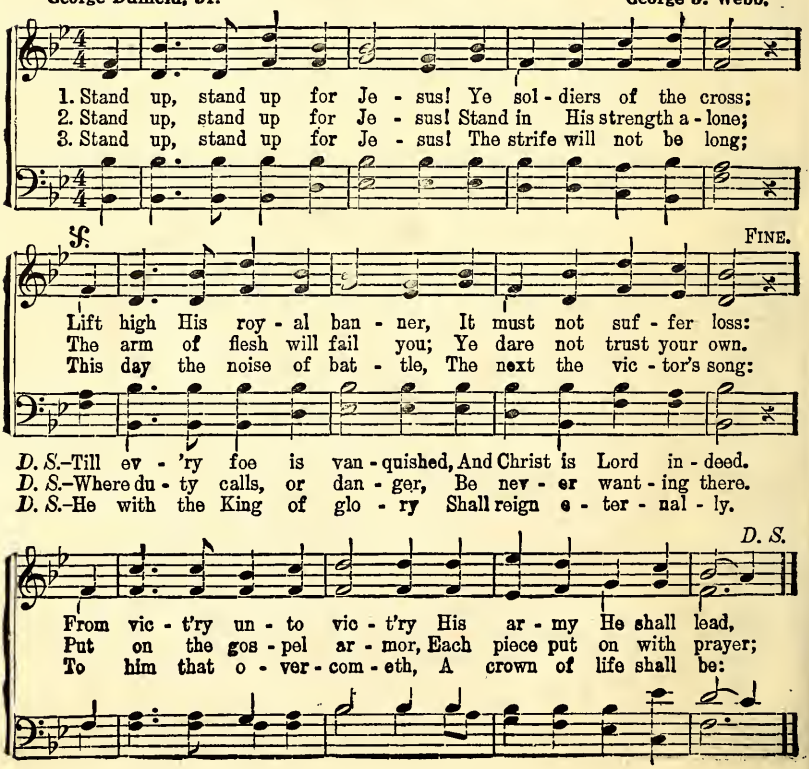
Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, holy Com - fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who all
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us descend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter-ni - ty Love and a - dore!

## No. 154. BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

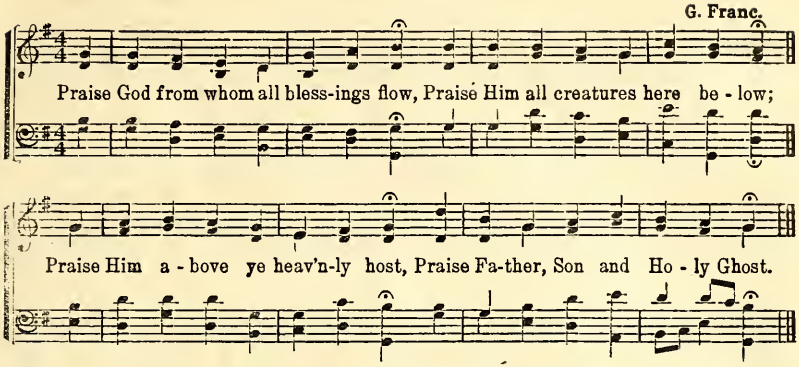

1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, Only for Thee, As Thy disciples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall; And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

## No. 155. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

George Duffield, Jr. George J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Sf.
FINE.
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
D. S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D. S.-Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D. S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
D. S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be:

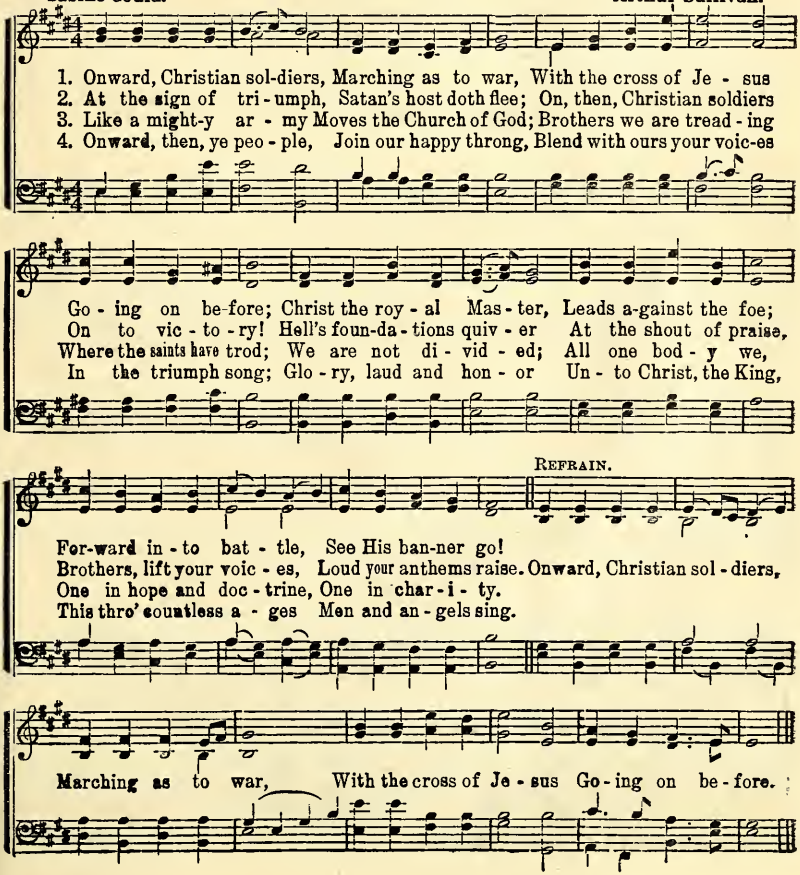
## No. 156. OLD HUNDRED.

G. Franc.

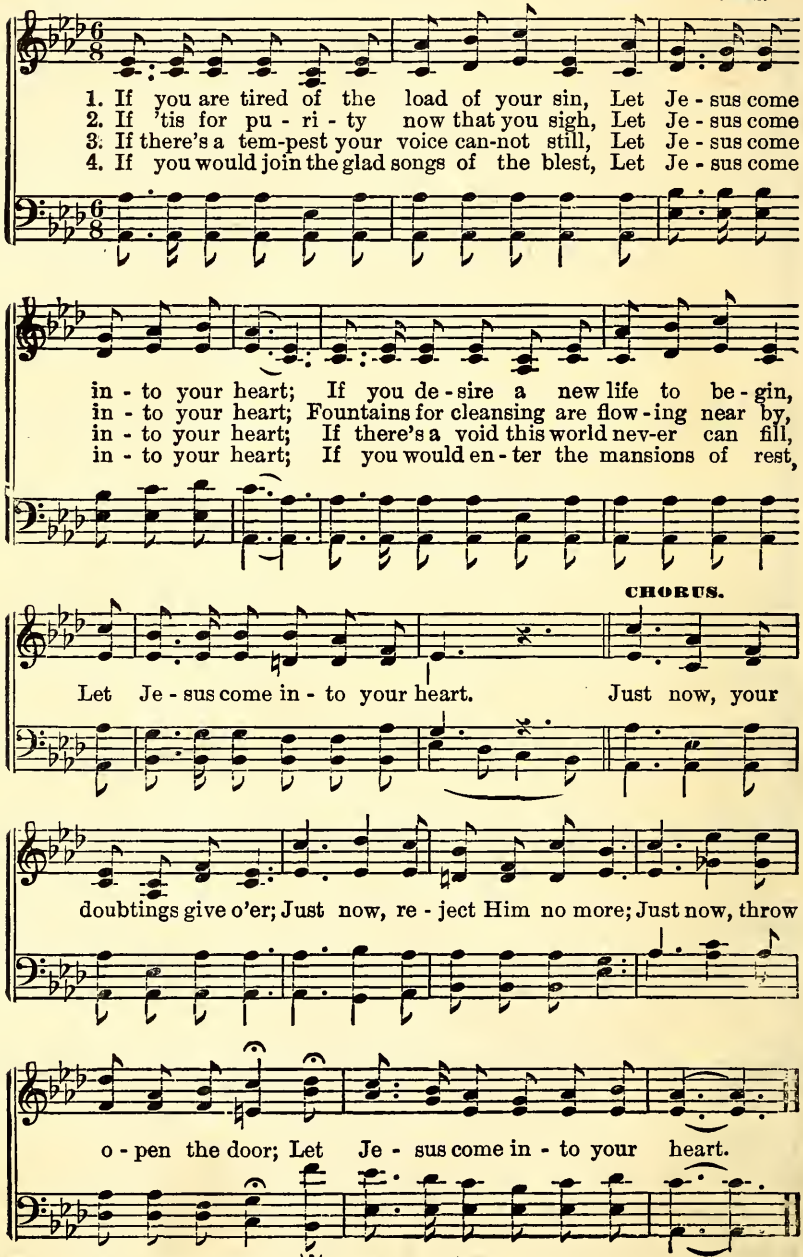

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

## No. 157. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es
Go - ing on be-fore; Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,
Refrain.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

## No. 158. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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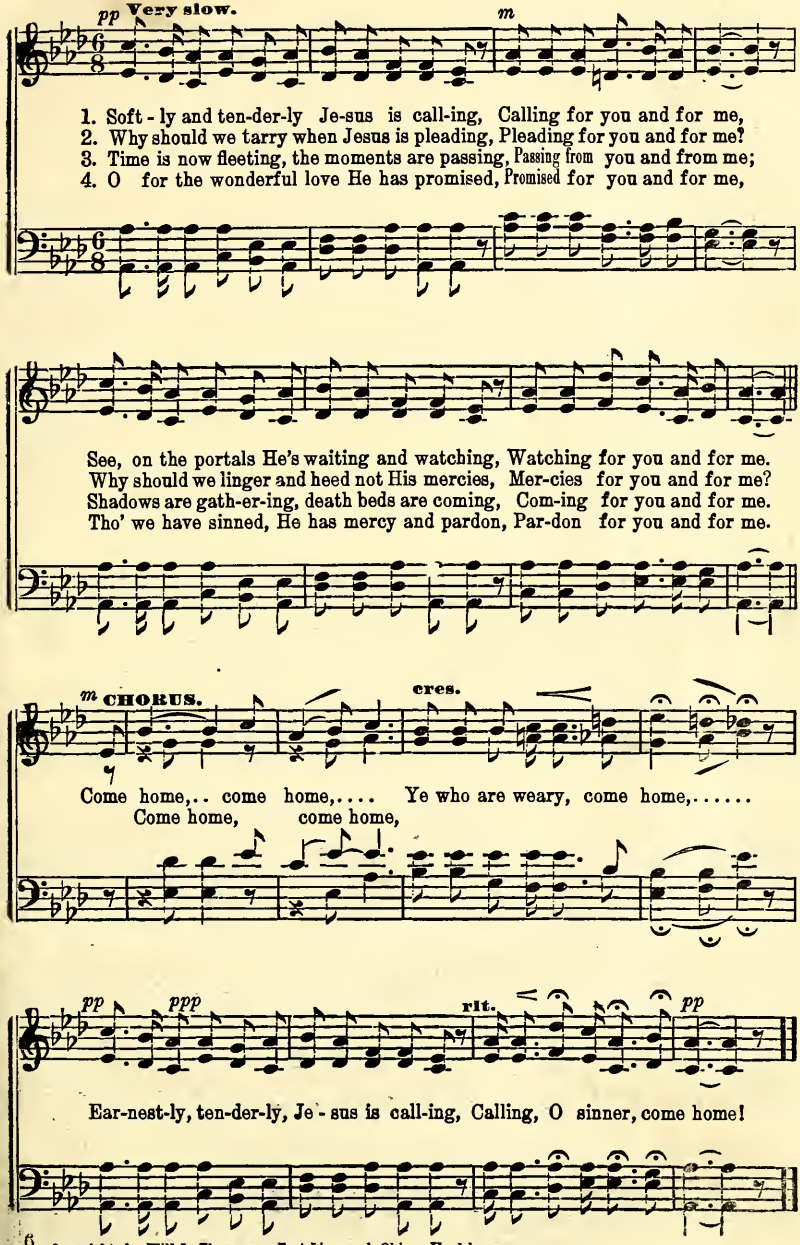
## No. 159. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp Very slow.
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home,.. come home,.... Ye who are weary, come home,.....
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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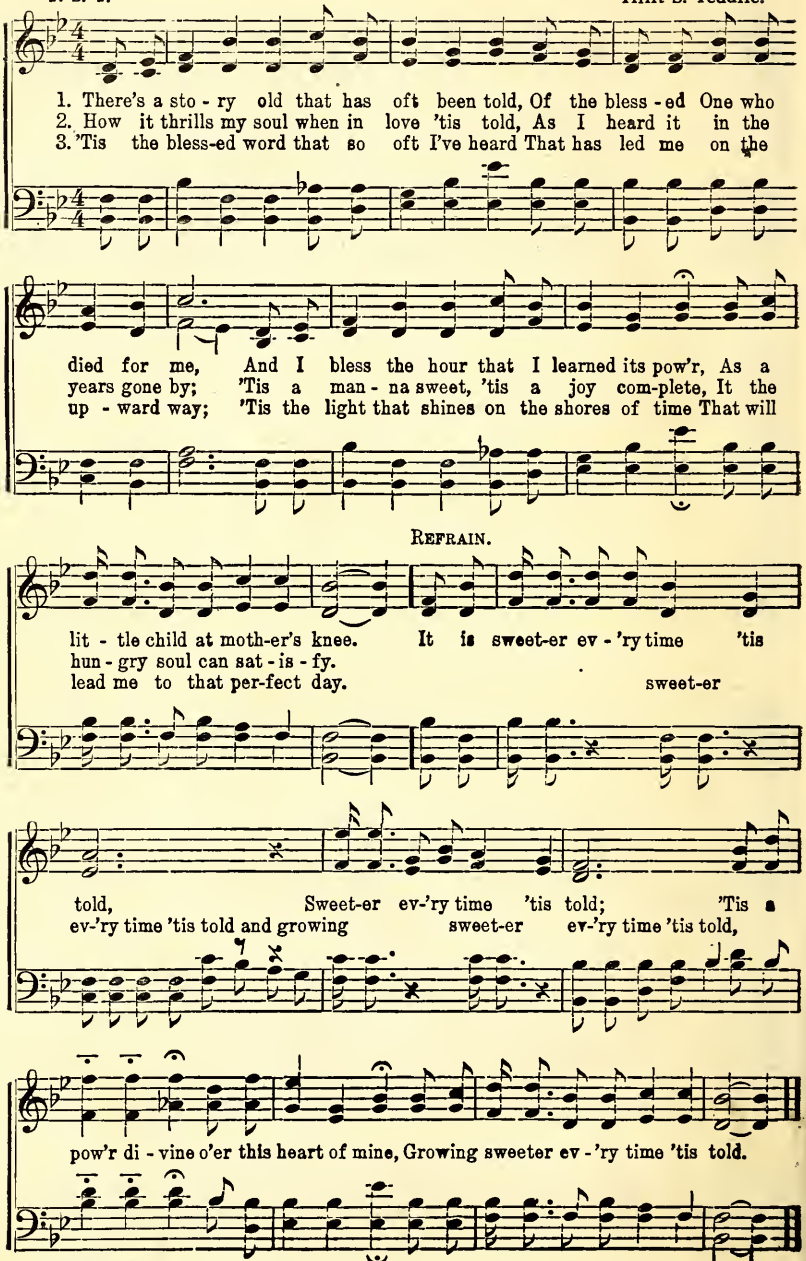
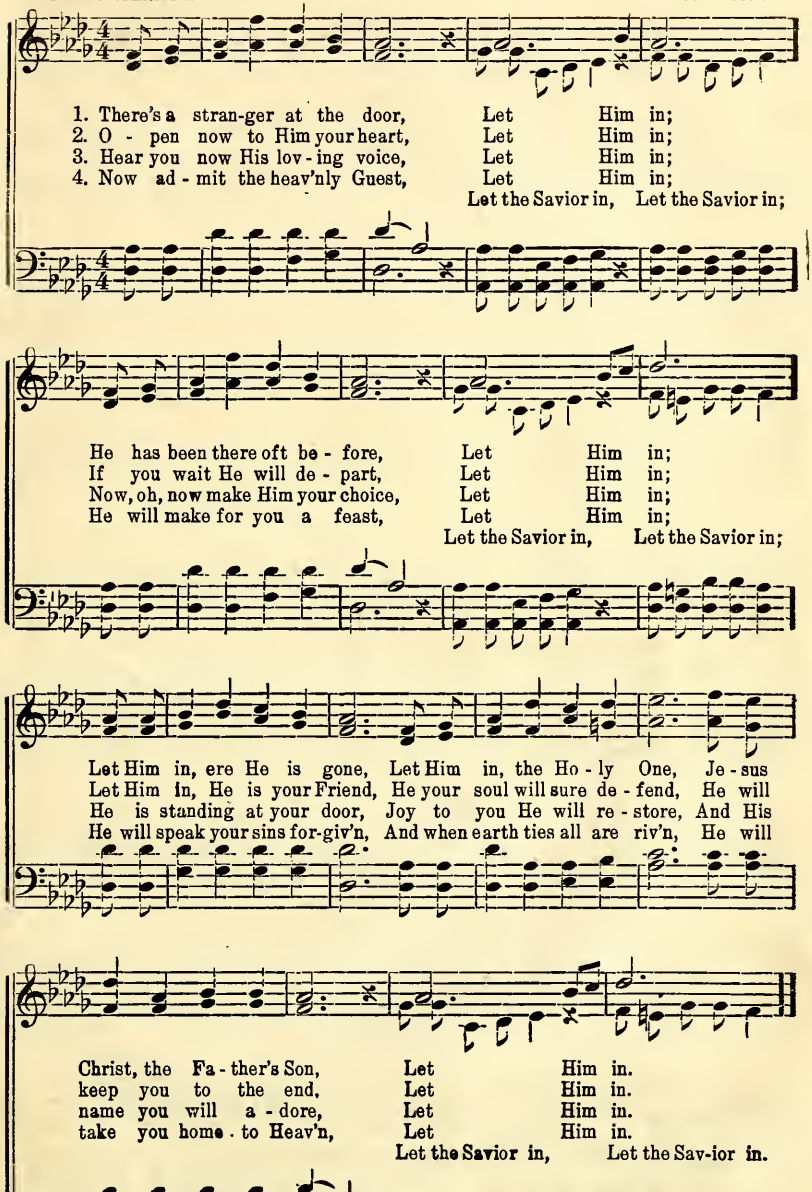
## No. 160. IT IS SWEETER EVERY TIME 'TIS TOLD.

T. S. T. Tillit S. Teddlie.

1. There's a sto - ry old that has oft been told, Of the bless - ed One who
2. How it thrills my soul when in love 'tis told, As I heard it in the
3. 'Tis the bless-ed word that so oft I've heard That has led me on the
died for me, And I bless the hour that I learned its pow'r, As a
years gone by; 'Tis a man - na sweet, 'tis a joy com-plete, It the
up - ward way; 'Tis the light that shines on the shores of time That will
Refrain.
lit - tle child at moth-er's knee. It is sweet-er ev - 'ry time 'tis
hun - gry soul can sat - is - fy.
lead me to that per-fect day.
sweet-er
told, Sweet-er ev-'ry time 'tis told; 'Tis a
ev-'ry time 'tis told and growing sweet-er ev-'ry time 'tis told,
pow'r di - vine o'er this heart of mine, Growing sweeter ev - 'ry time 'tis told.

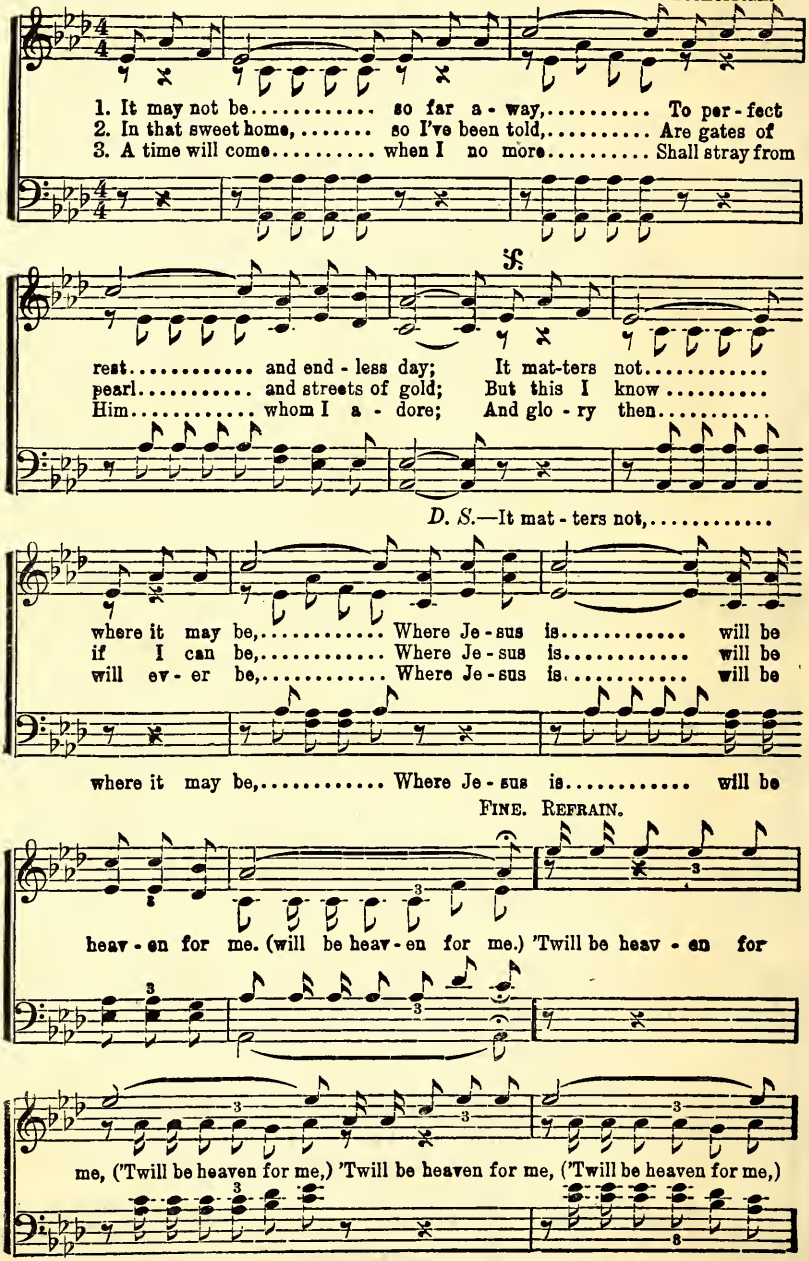
By permission.

No. 161. LET HIM IN.

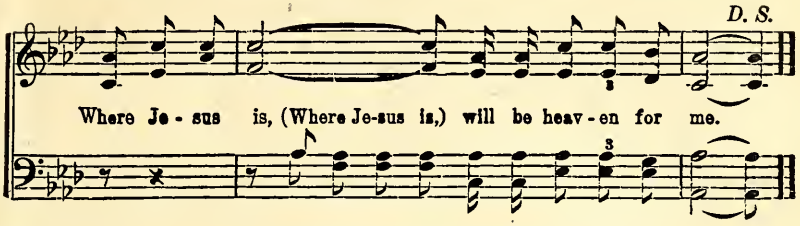
J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice, Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is standing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home . to Heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Savior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

Copyright, 1909, by E. O. Excell. Renewal.

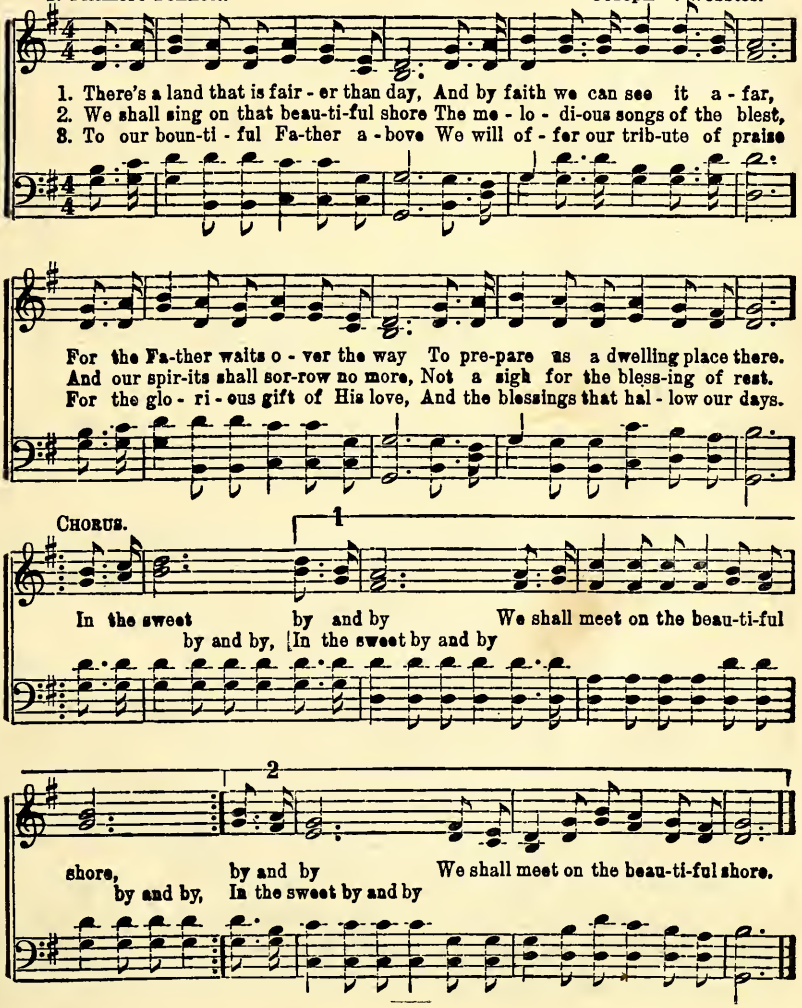
# No. 162. WHERE JESUS IS WILL BE HEAVEN.

J. R. B. J. R. Bickerstaff.

1. It may not be..... so far a - way,..... To per - fect
2. In that sweet home,..... so I've been told,..... Are gates of
3. A time will come..... when I no more..... Shall stray from
rest..... and end - less day; It mat-ters not.....
pearl..... and streets of gold; But this I know .....
Him..... whom I a - dore; And glo - ry then.....
D. S.—It mat - ters not,.....
where it may be,..... Where Je - sus is..... will be
if I can be,..... Where Je - sus is..... will be
will ev - er be,..... Where Je - sus is..... will be
where it may be,..... Where Je - sus is..... will be
FINE. REFRAIN.
heav - en for me. (will be heav - en for me.) 'Twill be heav - en for
me, ('Twill be heaven for me,) 'Twill be heaven for me, ('Twill be heaven for me,)

Property of J. R. Bickerstaff, 1910. Used by per.

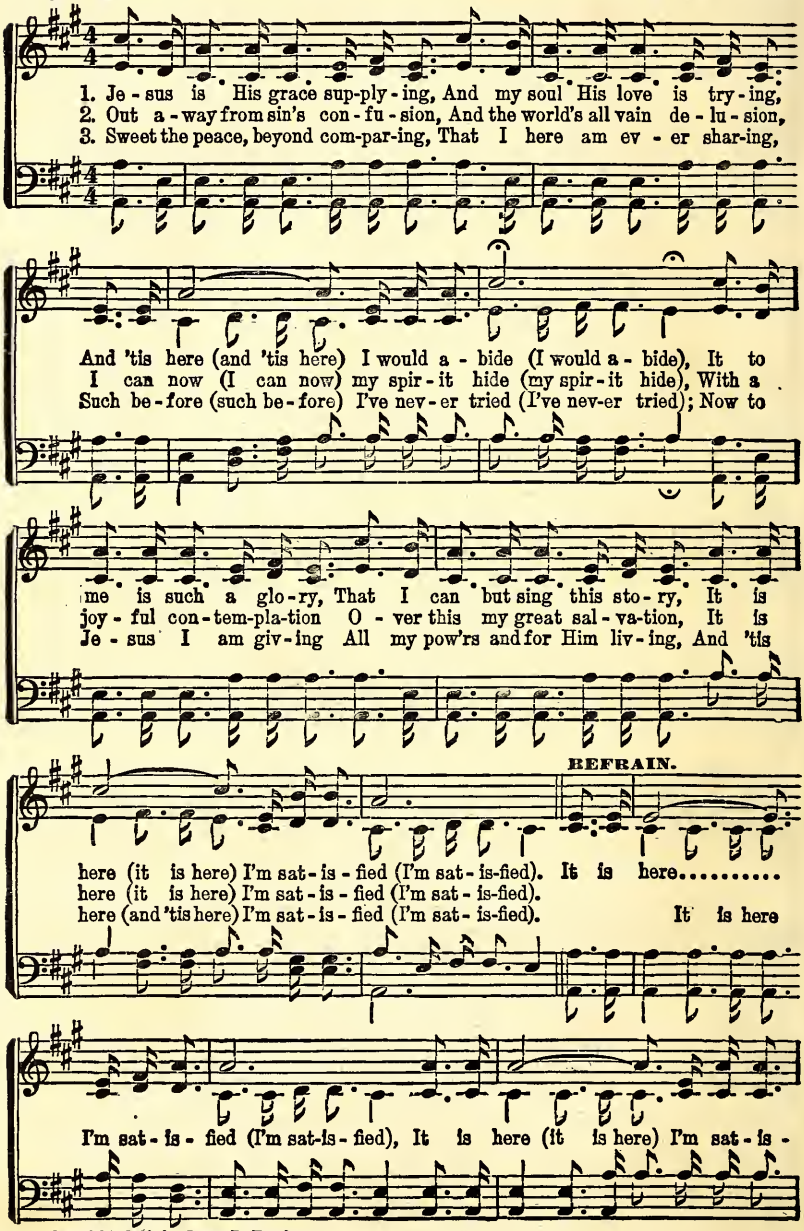
## WHERE JESUS IS WILL BE HEAVEN. Concluded.

## No. 163. SWEET BY AND BY.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Joseph P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa-ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise
For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal - low our days.
CHORUS.
1
In the sweet by and by We shall meet on the beau-ti-ful
by and by, In the sweet by and by
2
shore, by and by We shall meet on the beau-ti-ful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by

## No. 164. IT IS HERE I'M SATISFIED.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—GAL. 6 : 14.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Je - sus is His grace sup-ply - ing, And my soul His love is try - ing,
2. Out a - way from sin's con - fu - sion, And the world's all vain de - lu - sion,
3. Sweet the peace, beyond com-par-ing, That I here am ev - er shar-ing,
And 'tis here (and 'tis here) I would a - bide (I would a - bide), It to
I can now (I can now) my spir - it hide (my spir - it hide), With a
Such be - fore (such be - fore) I've nev - er tried (I've nev-er tried); Now to
me is such a glo - ry, That I can but sing this sto - ry, It is
joy - ful con - tem-pla-tion O - ver this my great sal - va-tion, It is
Je - sus I am giv - ing All my pow'rs and for Him liv - ing, And 'tis
REFRAIN.
here (it is here) I'm sat - is - fied (I'm sat - is-fied). It is here.....
here (it is here) I'm sat - is - fied (I'm sat - is-fied).
here (and 'tis here) I'm sat - is - fied (I'm sat - is-fied). It is here
I'm sat - is - fied (I'm sat-is - fied), It is here (it is here) I'm sat - is -

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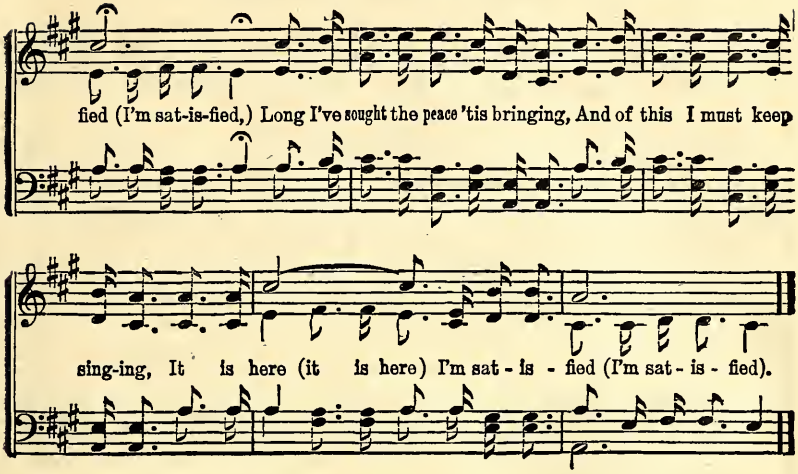
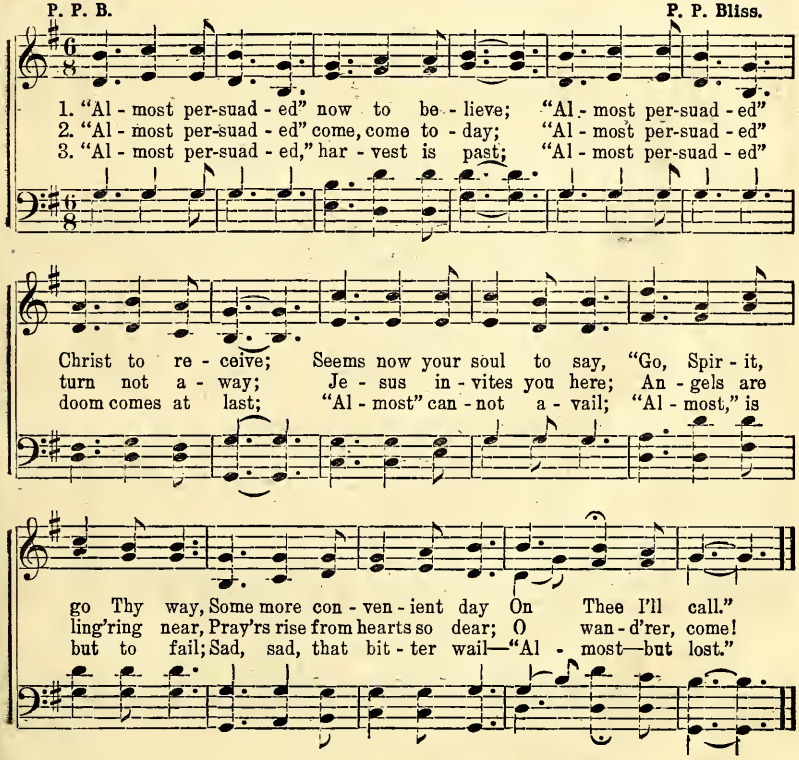
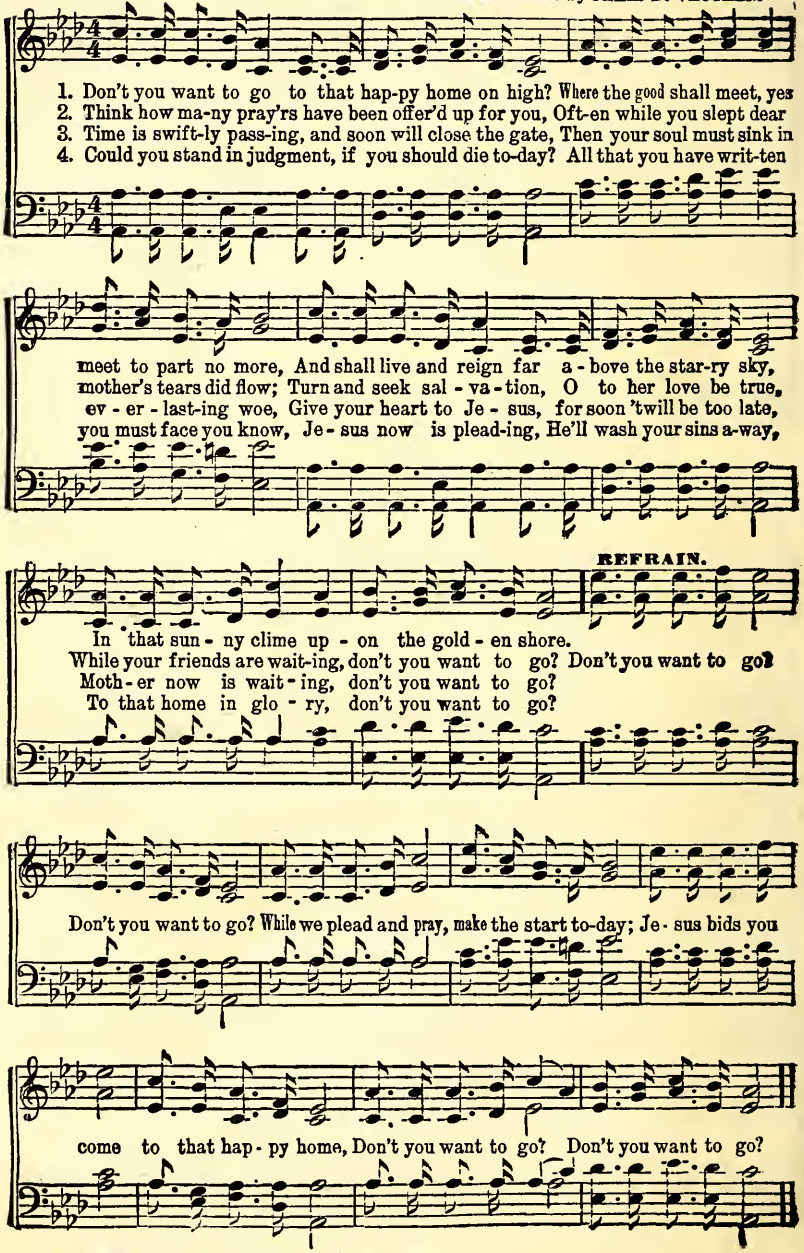

fied (I'm sat-is-fied,) Long I've sought the peace 'tis bringing, And of this I must keep
sing-ing, It is here (it is here) I'm sat - is - fied (I'm sat - is - fied).

No. 165.

## "ALMOST PERSUADED."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed" come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now your soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most," is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost."

## No. 166. Don't You Want To Go?

Words and music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offer'd up for you, Oft-en while you slept dear
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in
4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten
meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a-bove the star-ry sky,
mother's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal-va-tion, O to her love be true,
ev-er-last-ing woe, Give your heart to Je-sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
you must face you know, Je-sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,
REFRAIN.
In that sun-ny clime up-on the gold-en shore.
While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
Moth-er now is wait-ing, don't you want to go?
To that home in glo-ry, don't you want to go?
Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je-sus bids you
come to that hap-py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

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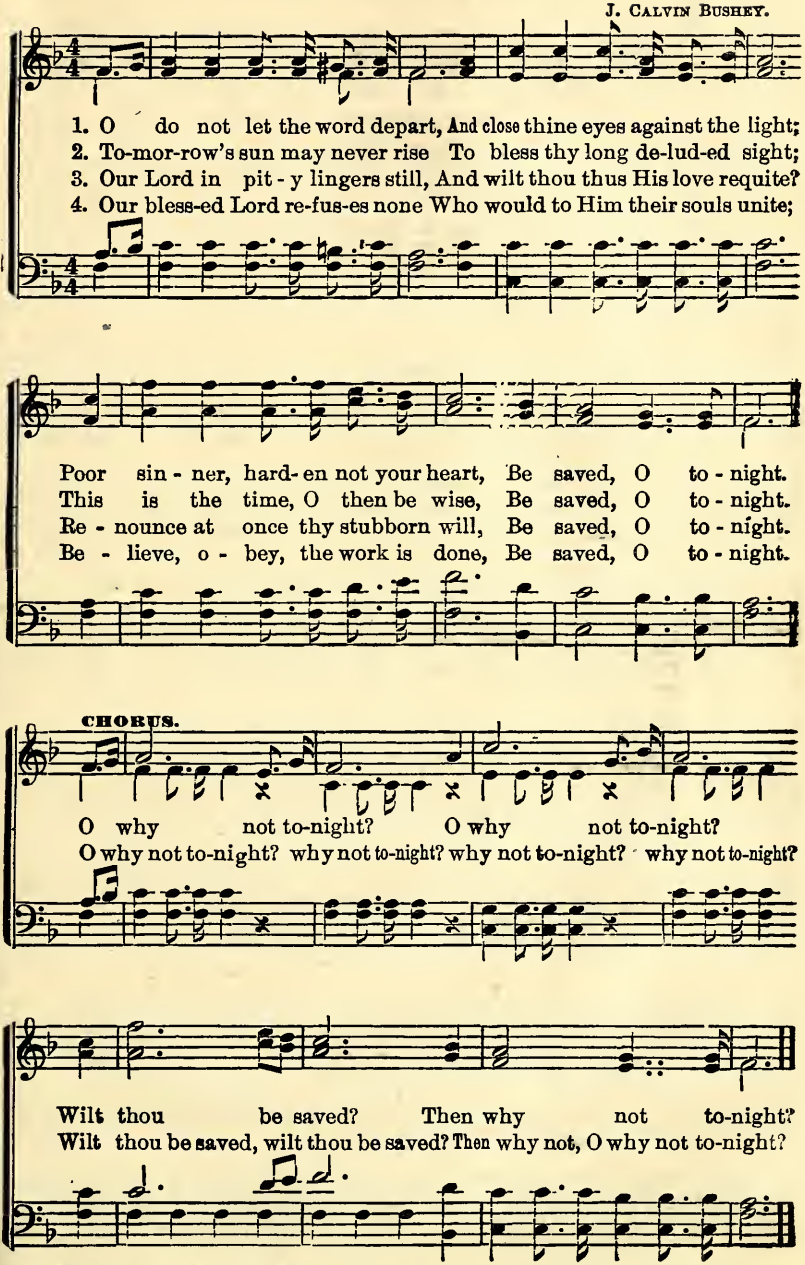
## No. 167. O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.


1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may never rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls unite;
Poor sin - ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
CHORUS.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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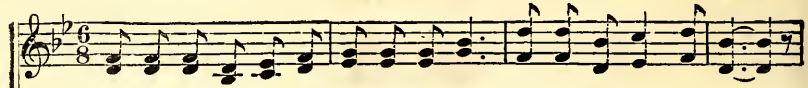
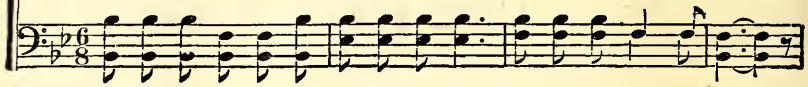
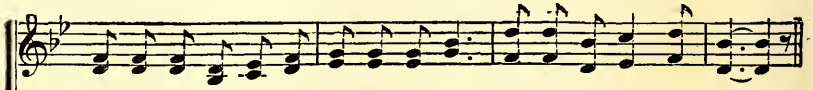
## No. 168. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

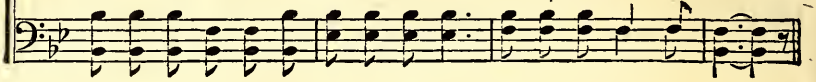


1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

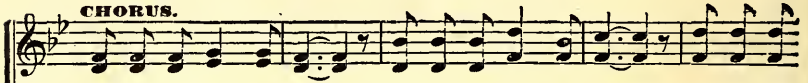


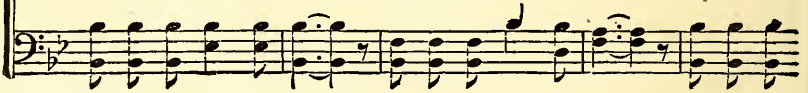
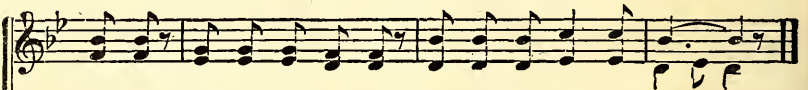
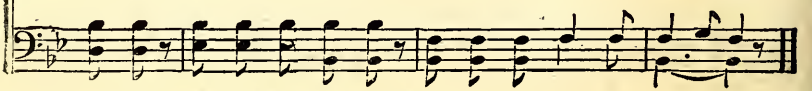


Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made

ho - ly, humble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?

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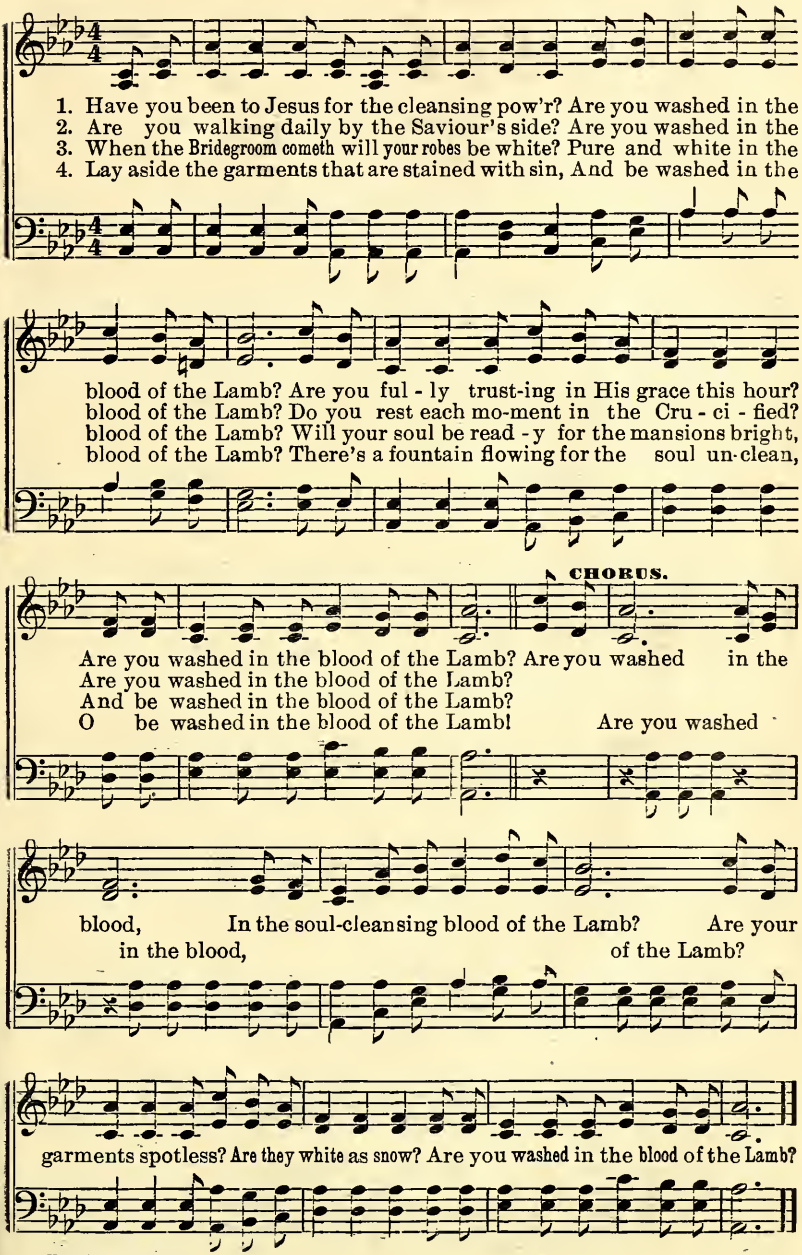
## No. 169. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,
CHORUS.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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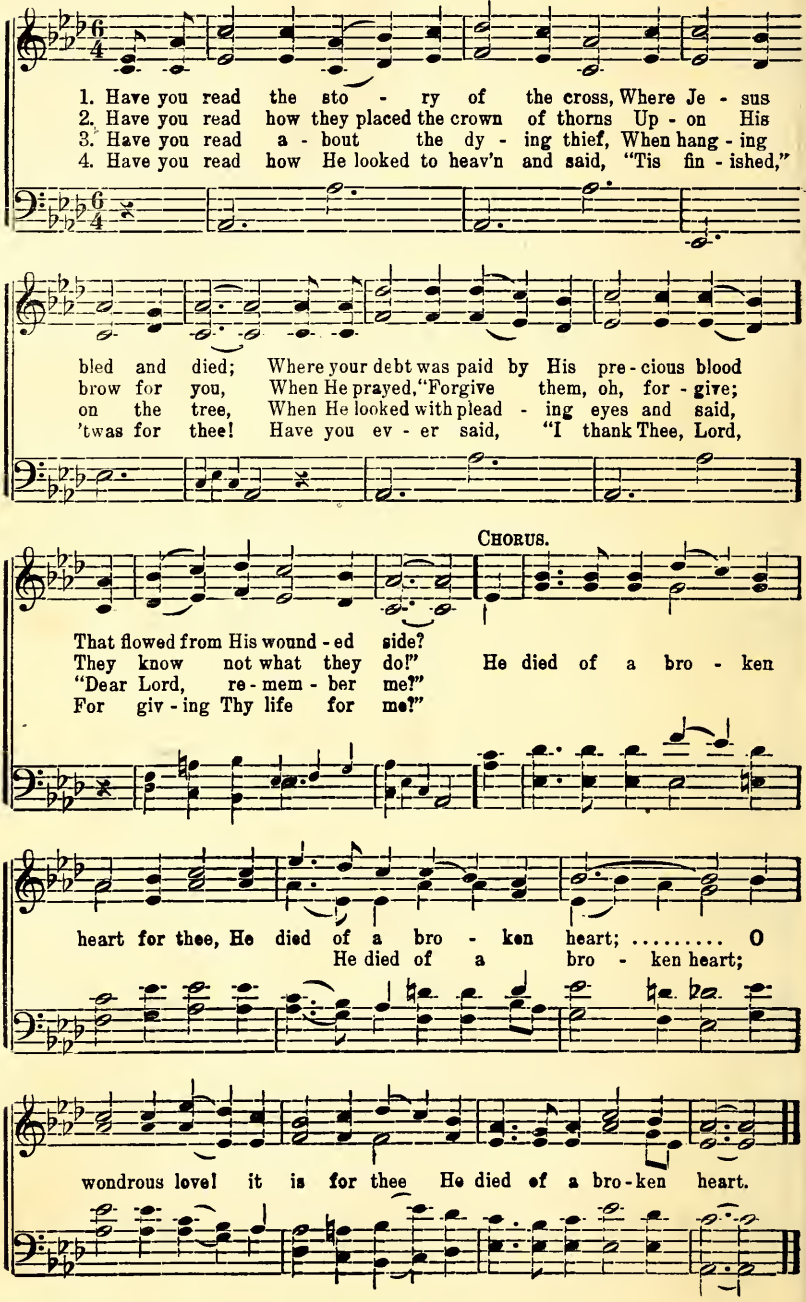
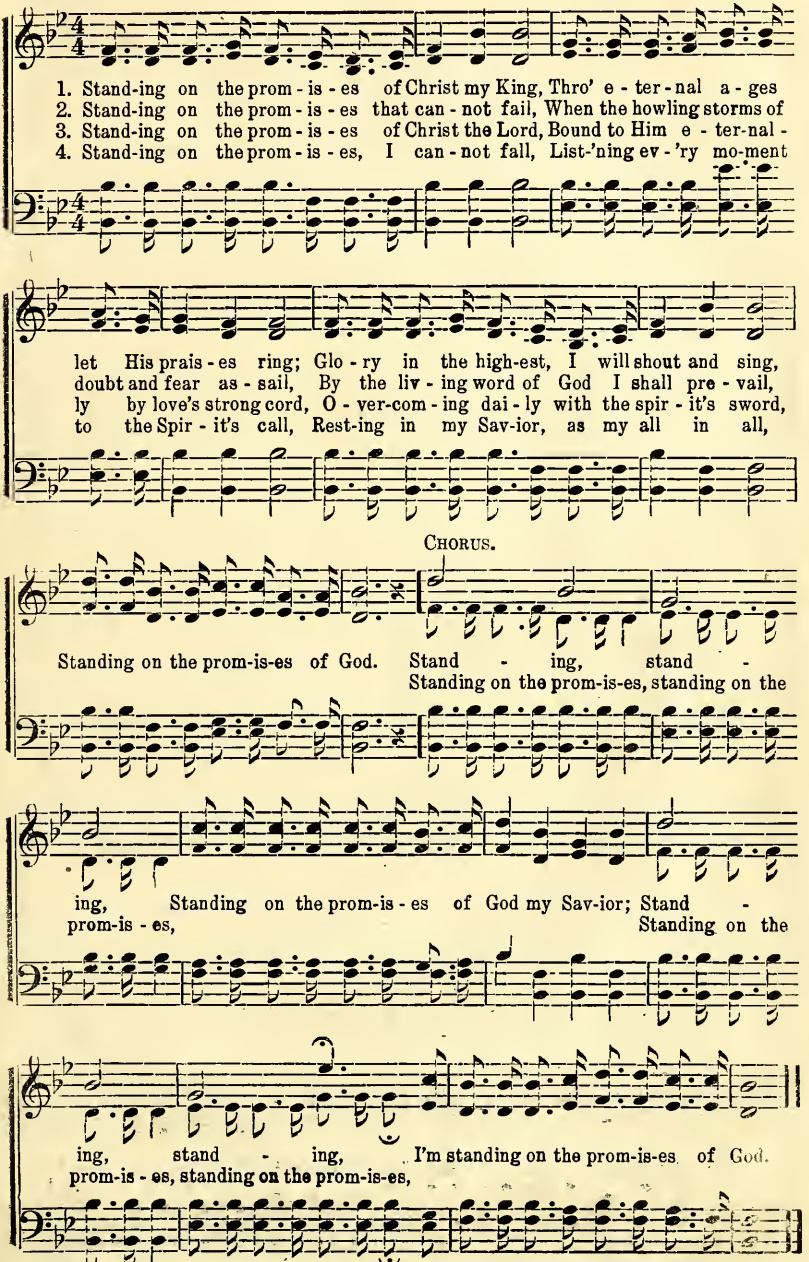
## No. 170. HE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

T. D. (Welch.) T. Dennis.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the cross, Where Je - sus
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up - on His
3. Have you read a - bout the dy - ing thief, When hang - ing
4. Have you read how He looked to heav'n and said, "Tis fin - ished,"
bled and died; Where your debt was paid by His pre - cious blood
brow for you, When He prayed, "Forgive them, oh, for - give;
on the tree, When He looked with plead - ing eyes and said,
'twas for thee! Have you ev - er said, "I thank Thee, Lord,
CHORUS.
That flowed from His wound - ed side?
They know not what they do!" He died of a bro - ken
"Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me?"
For giv - ing Thy life for me?"
heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart; ..... O
He died of a bro - ken heart;
wondrous love! it is for thee He died of a bro - ken heart.

## No. 171. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter-nal -
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es, I can - not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment
let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand -
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the
ing, Standing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav-ior; Stand -
prom-is - es, Standing on the
ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
prom-is - es, standing on the prom-is-es,

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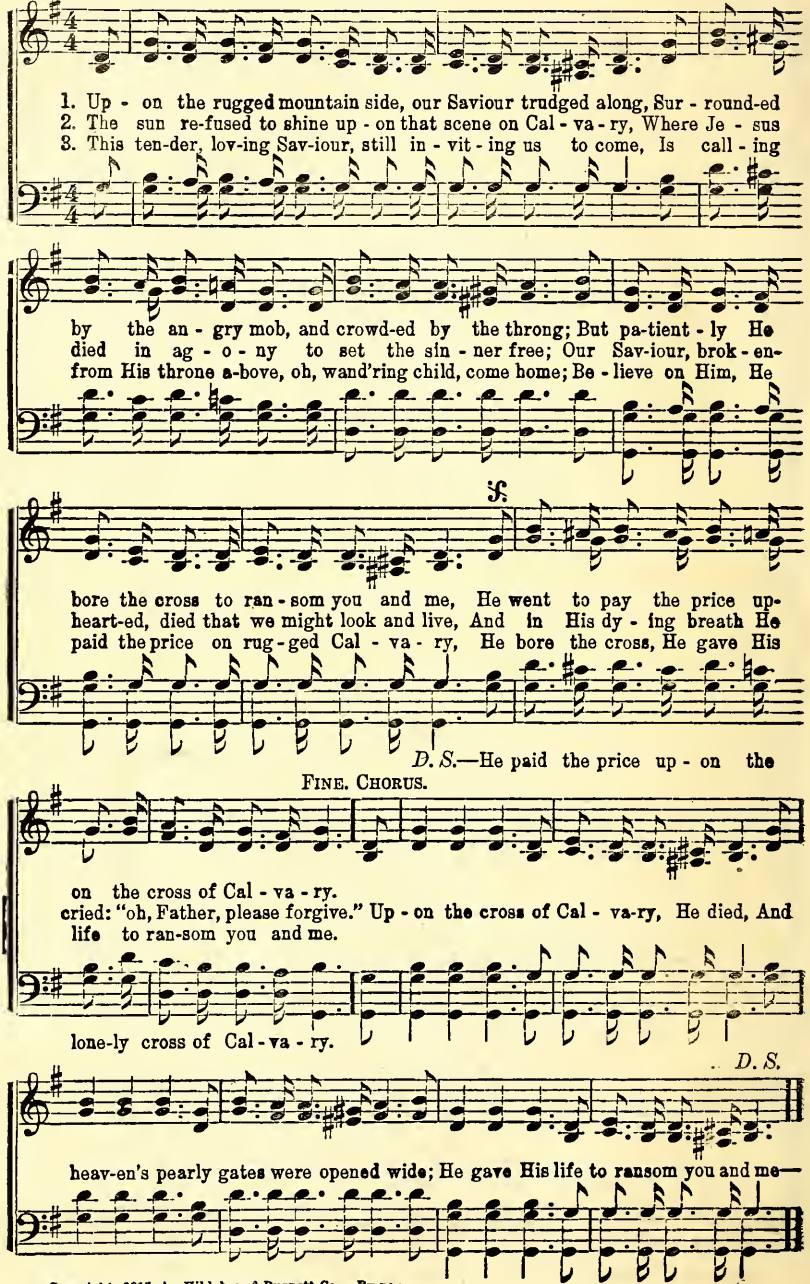
No. 172. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

E. G. Coleman. Howard E. Smith.


1. Up - on the rugged mountain side, our Saviour trudged along, Sur - round-ed by the an - gry mob, and crowd-ed by the throng; But pa-tient - ly He bore the cross to ran - som you and me, He went to pay the price up-
2. The sun re-fused to shine up - on that scene on Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died in ag - o - ny to set the sin - ner free; Our Sav-iour, brok - en-heart-ed, died that we might look and live, And in His dy - ing breath He
3. This ten-der, lov-ing Sav-iour, still in - vit - ing us to come, Is call - ing from His throne a-bove, oh, wand'ring child, come home; Be - lieve on Him, He paid the price on rug - ged Cal - va - ry, He bore the cross, He gave His
D. S.—He paid the price up - on the
FINE. CHORUS.
on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
cried: "oh, Father, please forgive." Up - on the cross of Cal - va-ry, He died, And life to ran-som you and me.
lone-ly cross of Cal - va - ry.
D. S.
heav-en's pearly gates were opened wide; He gave His life to ransom you and me—

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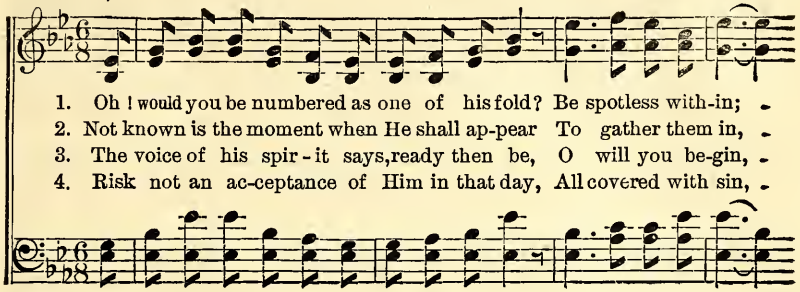
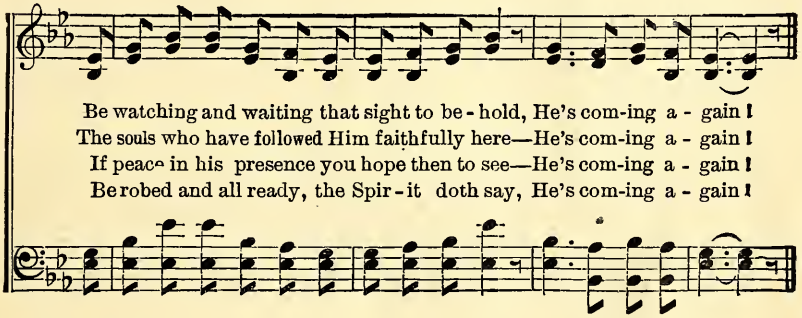
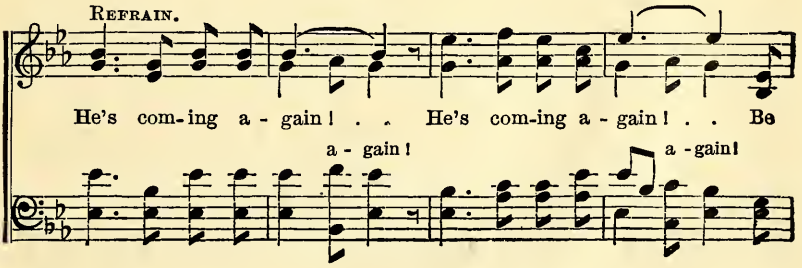
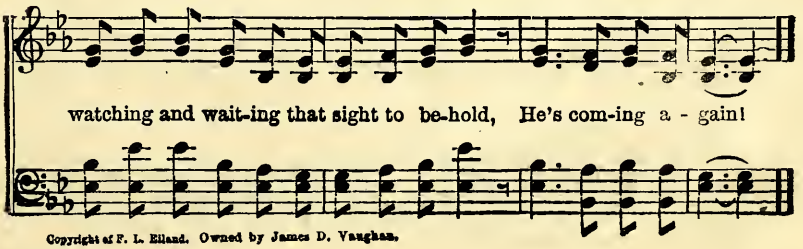
## No. 173. He's Coming Again.

F. L. E, F. L. Eiland.


1. Oh! would you be numbered as one of his fold? Be spotless with-in;
2. Not known is the moment when He shall ap-pear To gather them in,
3. The voice of his spir-it says, ready then be, O will you be-gin,
4. Risk not an ac-ceptance of Him in that day, All covered with sin,


Be watching and waiting that sight to be-hold, He's com-ing a-gain!
The souls who have followed Him faithfully here—He's com-ing a-gain!
If peace in his presence you hope then to see—He's com-ing a-gain!
Be robed and all ready, the Spir-it doth say, He's com-ing a-gain!

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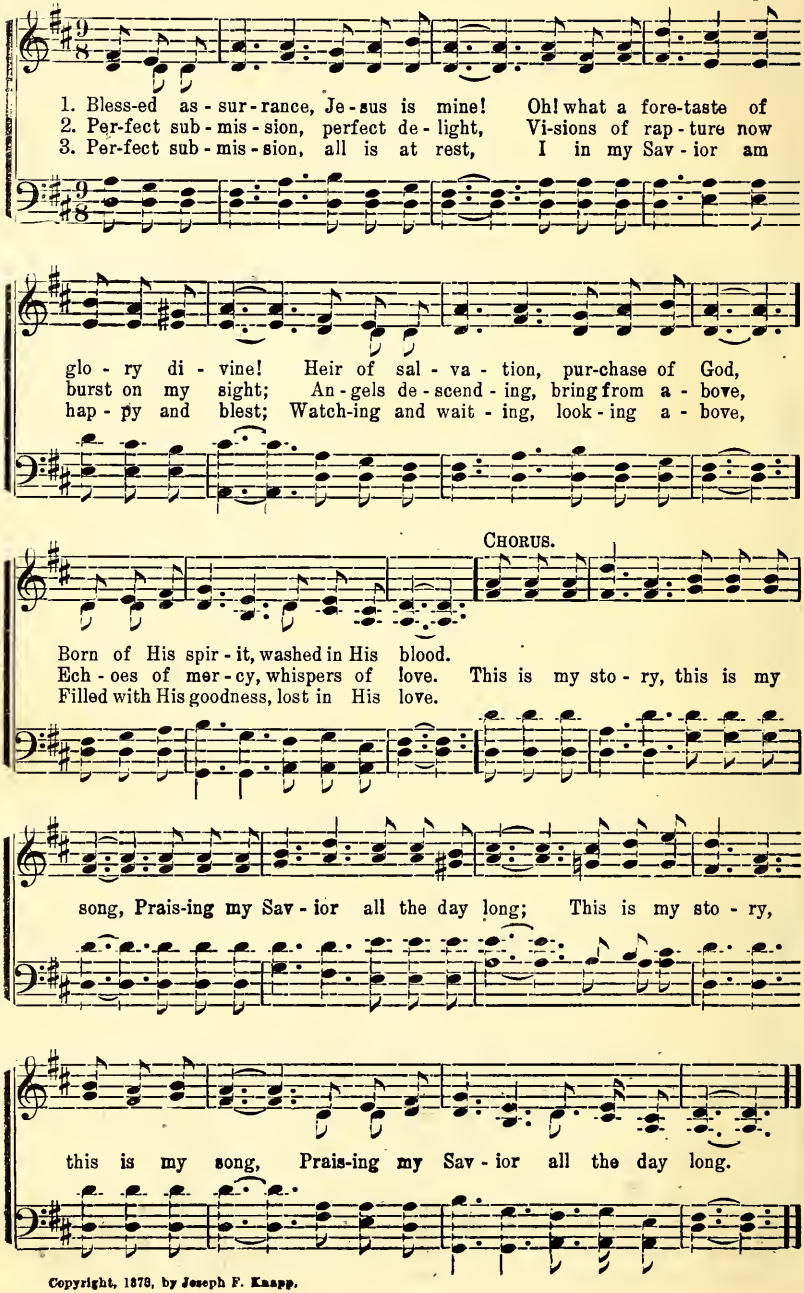
No. 174. **BLESSED ASSURANCE.**

Fanny Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - rance, Je - sus is mine! Oh! what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Vi-sions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove,
hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

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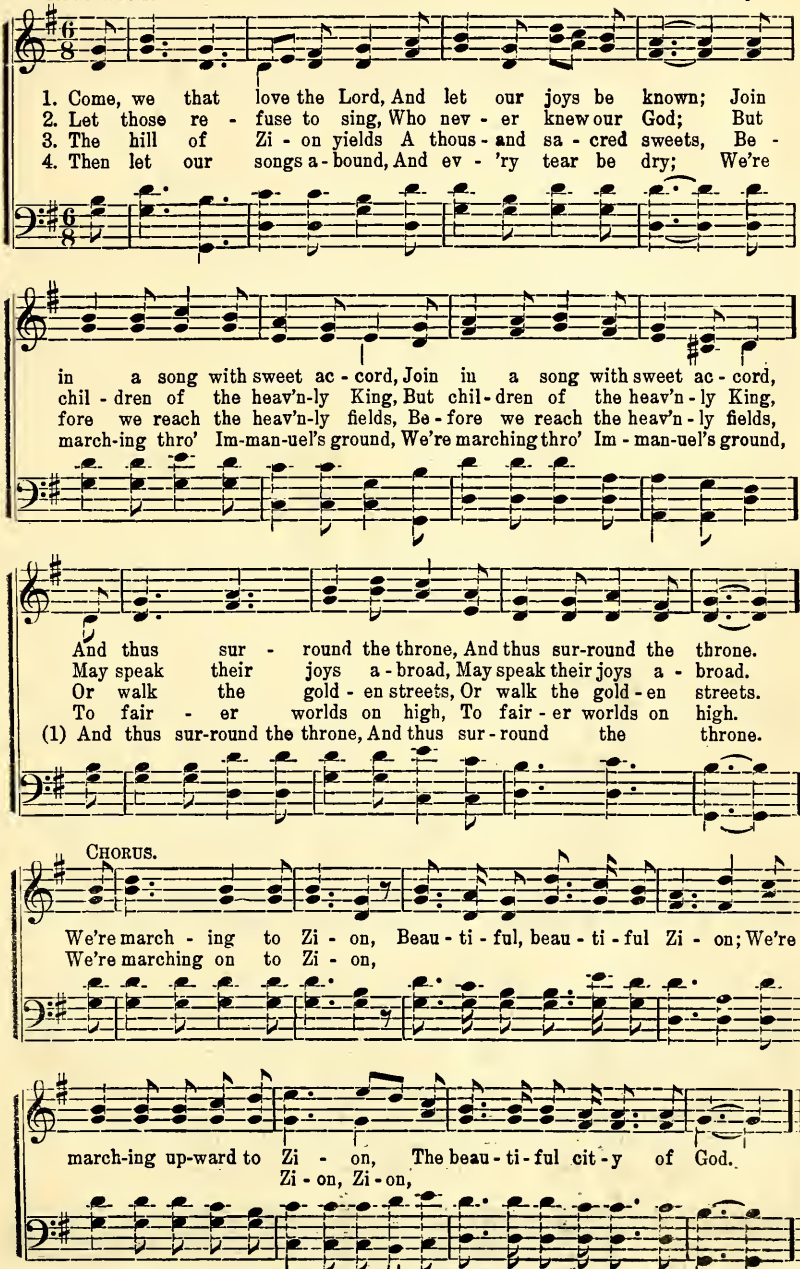
No. 175. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Isaac Watts. Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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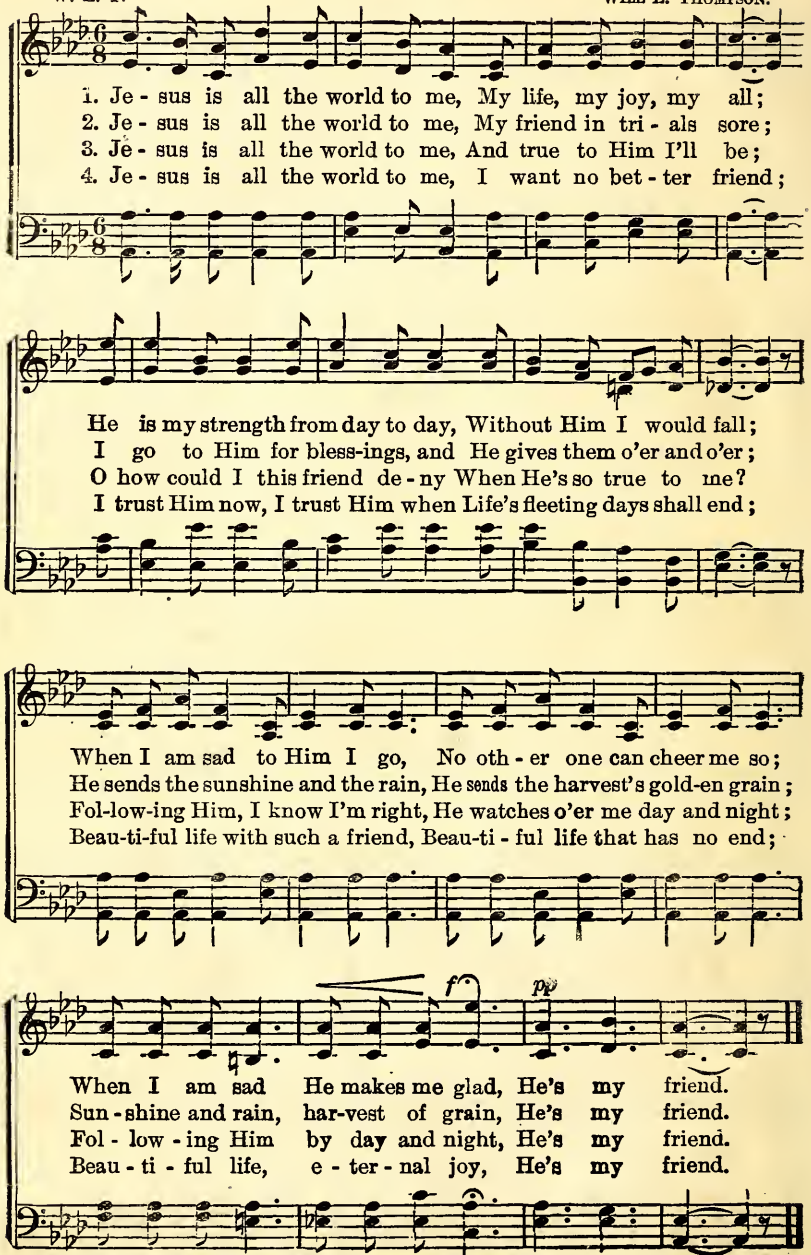
## No. 176. JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
O how could I this friend de - ny When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end;
When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him, I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti-ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
p
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my friend.
Beau - ti - ful life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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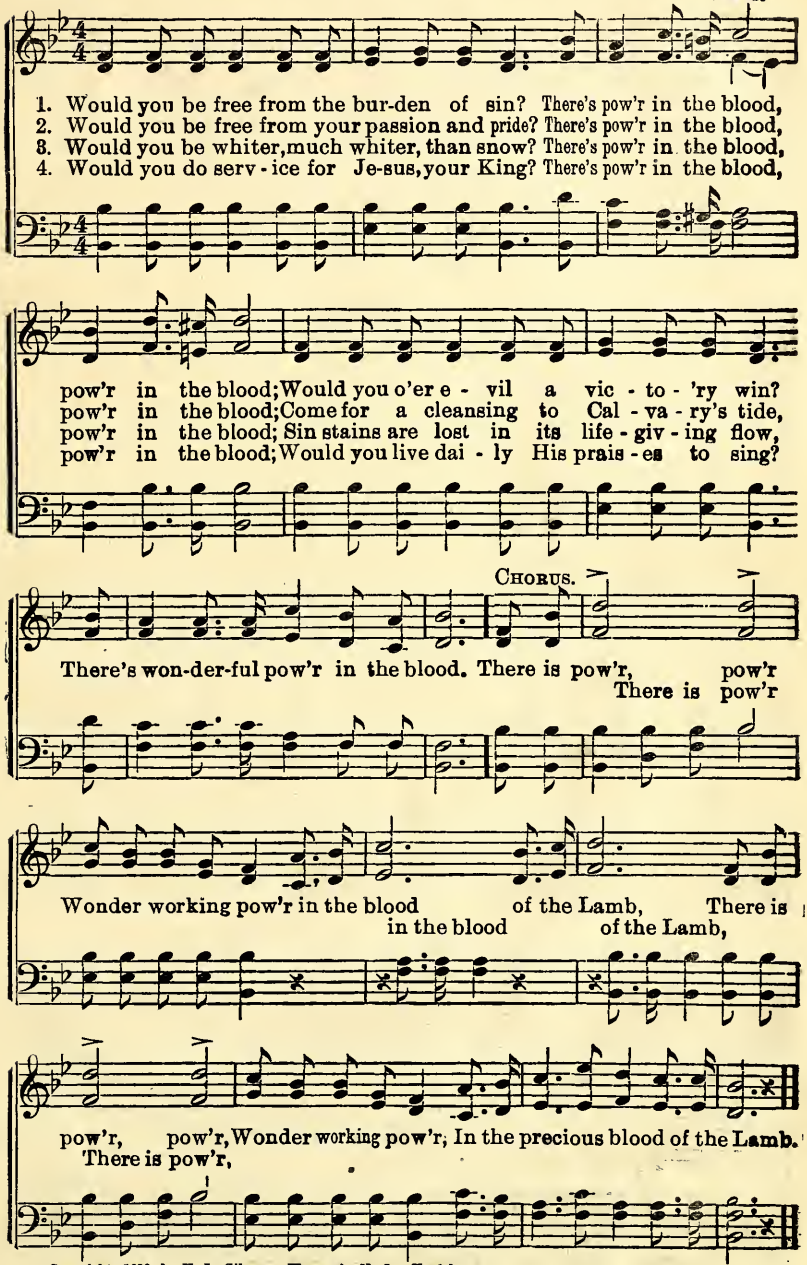
## No. 177. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from the bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-'ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r
There is pow'r
Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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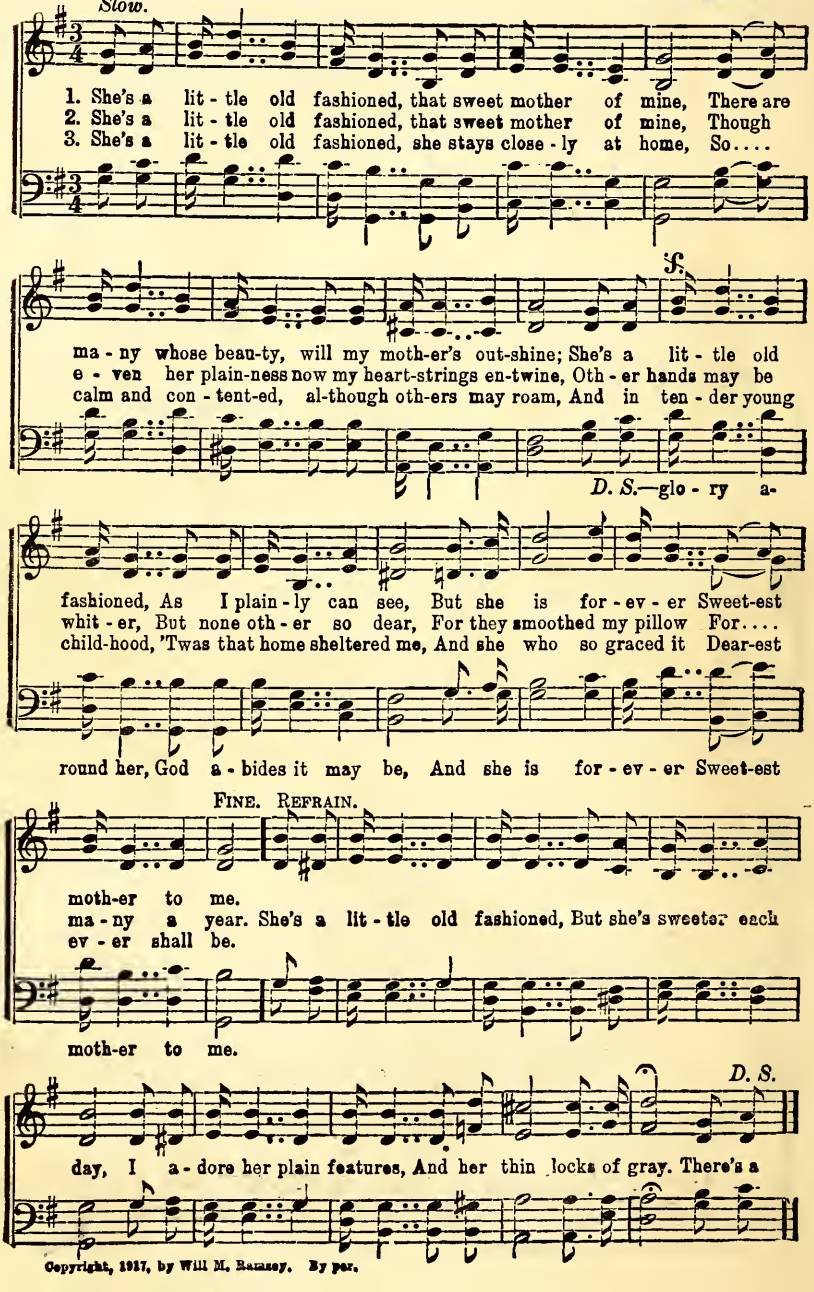
No. 178.

# SWEETEST MOTHER.

(MIXED QUARTET.)

Gertrude Stoddard Dennstedt. Will M. Ramsey.


Slow.
1. She's a lit - tle old fashioned, that sweet mother of mine, There are
2. She's a lit - tle old fashioned, that sweet mother of mine, Though
3. She's a lit - tle old fashioned, she stays close - ly at home, So....
S.
ma - ny whose beau-ty, will my moth-er's out-shine; She's a lit - tle old
e - ven her plain-ness now my heart-strings en-twine, Oth - er hands may be
calm and con - tent-ed, al-though oth-ers may roam, And in ten - der young
D. S.—glo - ry a-
fashioned, As I plain - ly can see, But she is for - ev - er Sweet-est
whit - er, But none oth - er so dear, For they smoothed my pillow For....
child-hood, 'Twas that home sheltered me, And she who so graced it Dear-est
round her, God a - bides it may be, And she is for - ev - er Sweet-est
FINE. REFRAIN.
moth-er to me.
ma - ny a year. She's a lit - tle old fashioned, But she's sweeter each
ev - er shall be.
moth-er to me.
D. S.
day, I a - dore her plain features, And her thin locks of gray. There's a

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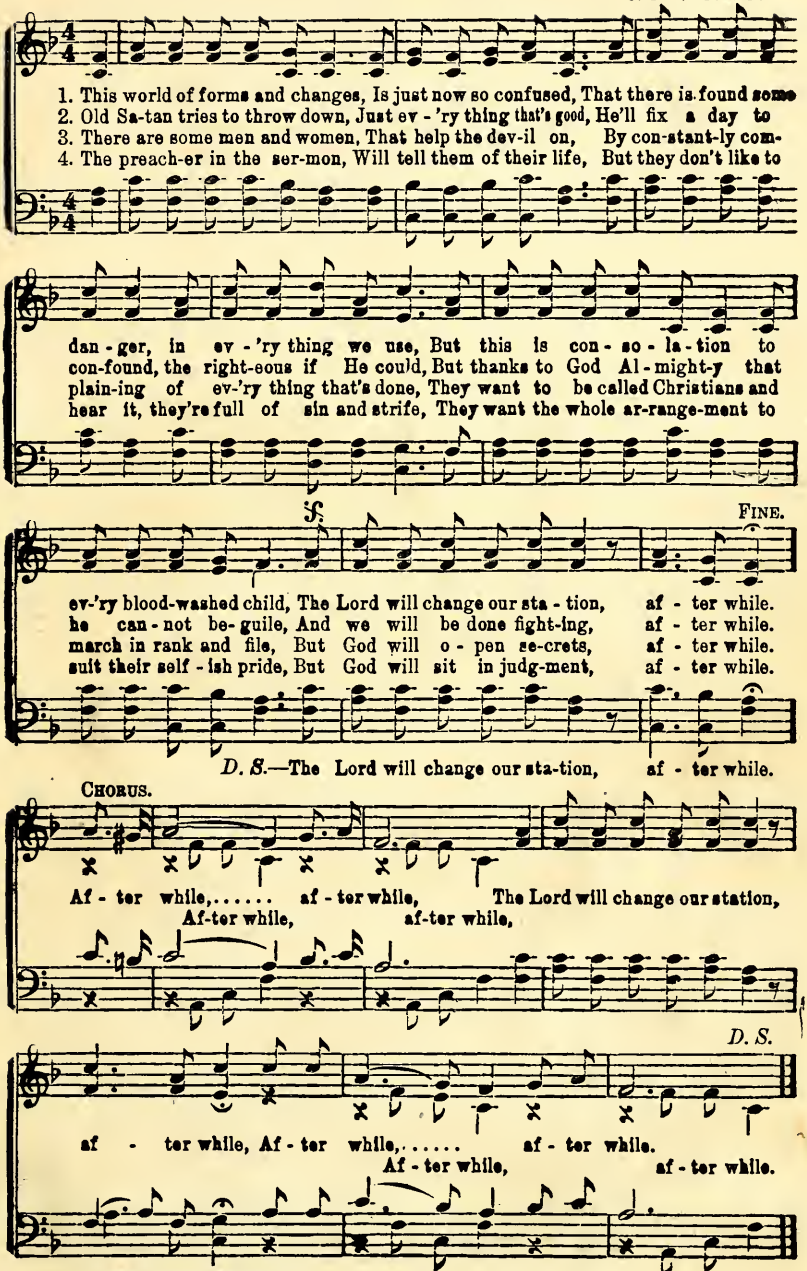
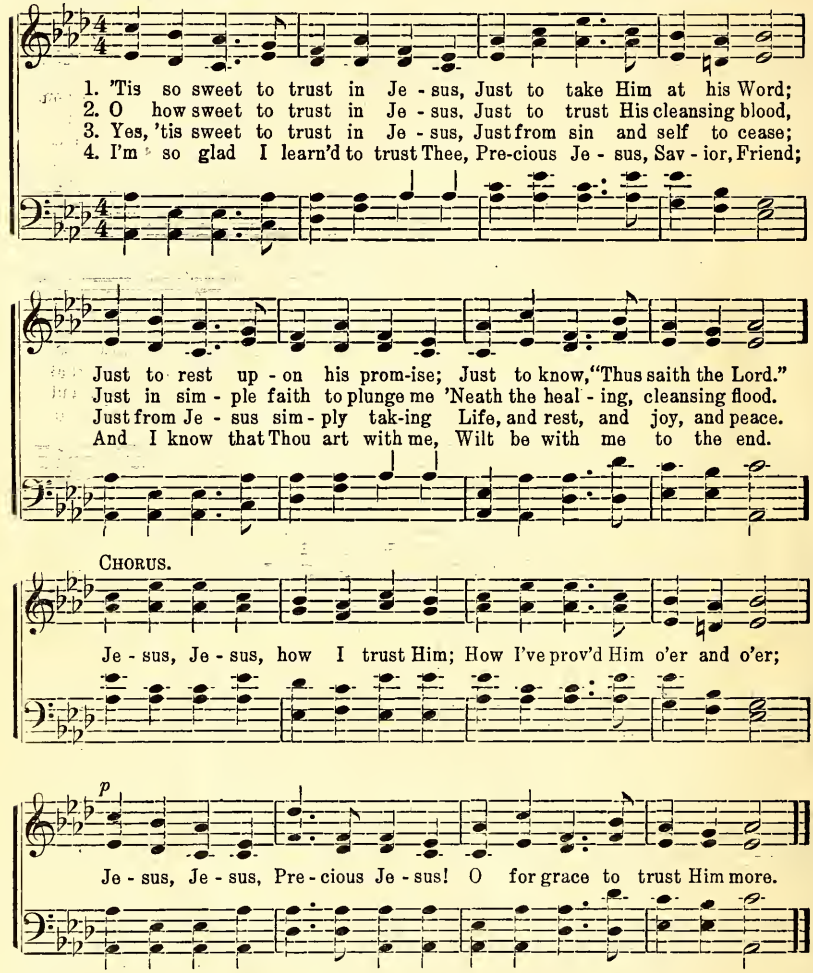
No. 179.

# AFTER WHILE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. This world of forms and changes, Is just now so confused, That there is found some
2. Old Sa-tan tries to throw down, Just ev - 'ry thing that's good, He'll fix a day to
3. There are some men and women, That help the dev-il on, By con-stant-ly com-
4. The preach-er in the ser-mon, Will tell them of their life, But they don't like to
dan - ger, in ev - 'ry thing we use, But this is con - so - la - tion to
con-found, the right-eous if He could, But thanks to God Al - might-y that
plain-ing of ev-'ry thing that's done, They want to be called Christians and
hear it, they're full of sin and strife, They want the whole ar-range-ment to
FINE.
ev-'ry blood-washed child, The Lord will change our sta - tion, af - ter while.
he can - not be-guile, And we will be done fight-ing, af - ter while.
march in rank and file, But God will o - pen se-crets, af - ter while.
suit their self - ish pride, But God will sit in judg-ment, af - ter while.
D. S.—The Lord will change our sta-tion, af - ter while.
CHORUS.
Af - ter while,..... af - ter while, The Lord will change our station,
Af-ter while, af-ter while,
D. S.
af - ter while, Af - ter while,..... af - ter while.
Af - ter while, af - ter while.

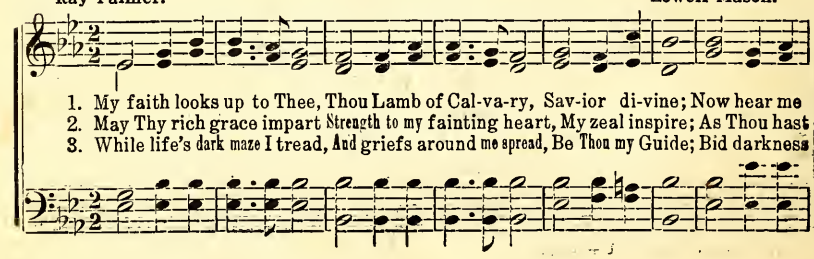
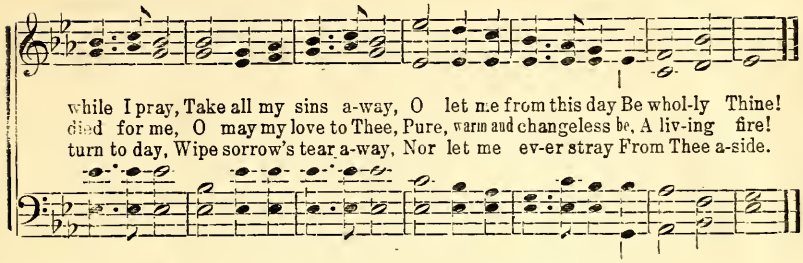
J. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

## No. 180. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at his Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood,
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak-ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
Chorus.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er;
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

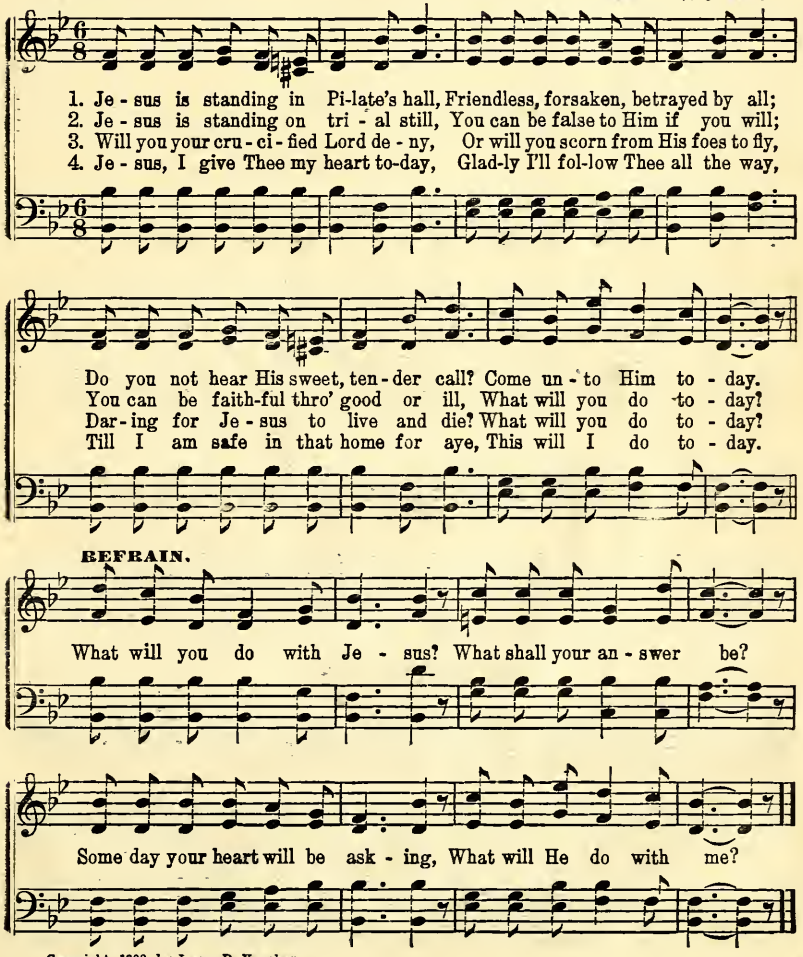
## No. 181. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sins a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.

## No. 182. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

JEROME MCCAULEY. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall, Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you your cru - ci - fied Lord de - ny, Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
4. Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to-day, Glad-ly I'll fol-low Thee all the way,
Do you not hear His sweet, ten - der call? Come un - to Him to - day.
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill, What will you do to - day?
Dar-ing for Je - sus to live and die? What will you do to - day?
Till I am safe in that home for aye, This will I do to - day.
REFRAIN.
What will you do with Je - sus? What shall your an - swer be?
Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do with me?

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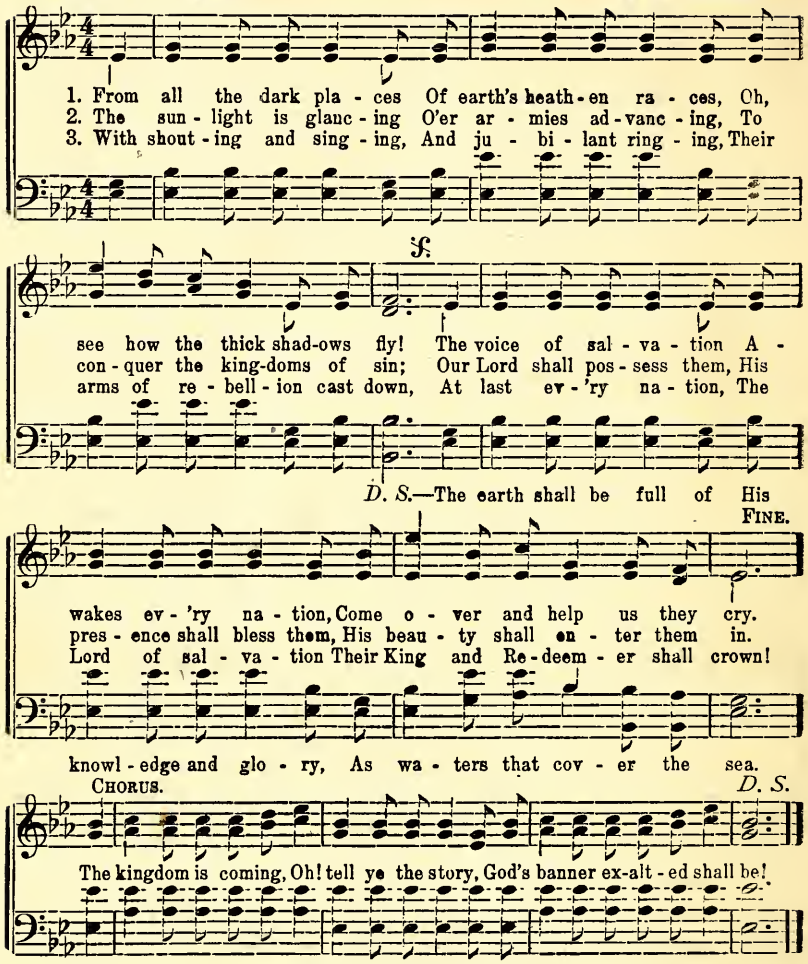
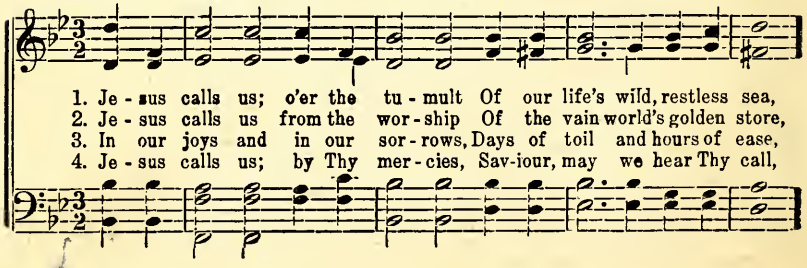
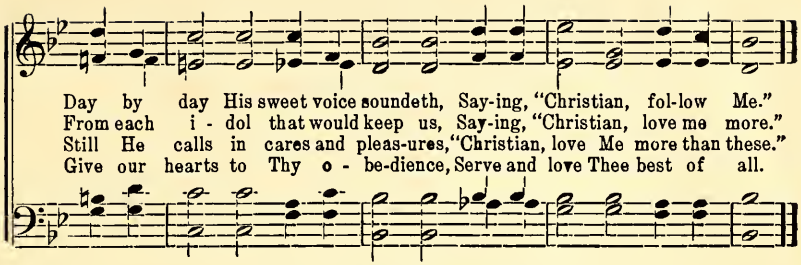
## No. 183. THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heath - en ra - ces, Oh,
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their
f.
see how the thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con - quer the king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The
D. S.—The earth shall be full of His
FINE.
wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!
knowl - edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.
CHORUS.
D. S.
The kingdom is coming, Oh! tell ye the story, God's banner ex-alt - ed shall be!

## No. 184. JESUS CALLS US.

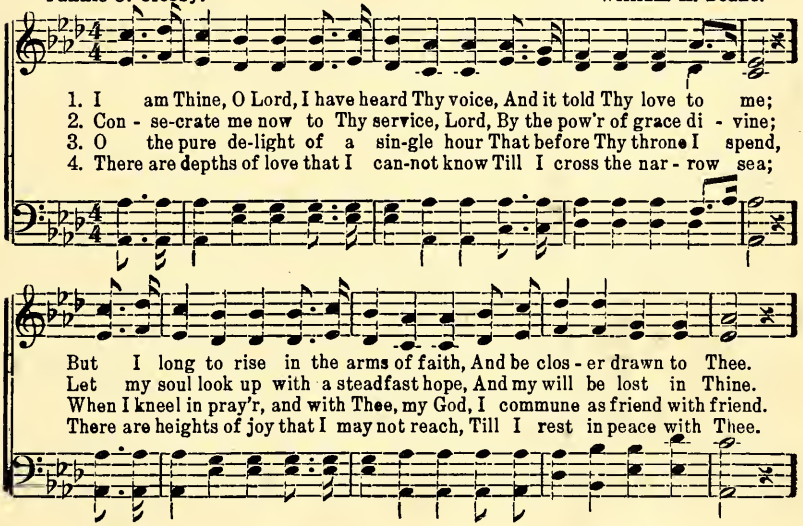
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude.

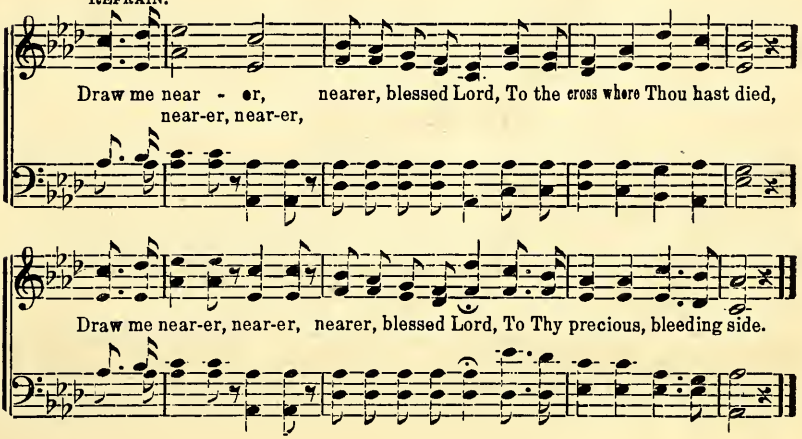

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love me more."
Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

## No. 185. DRAW ME NEARER.

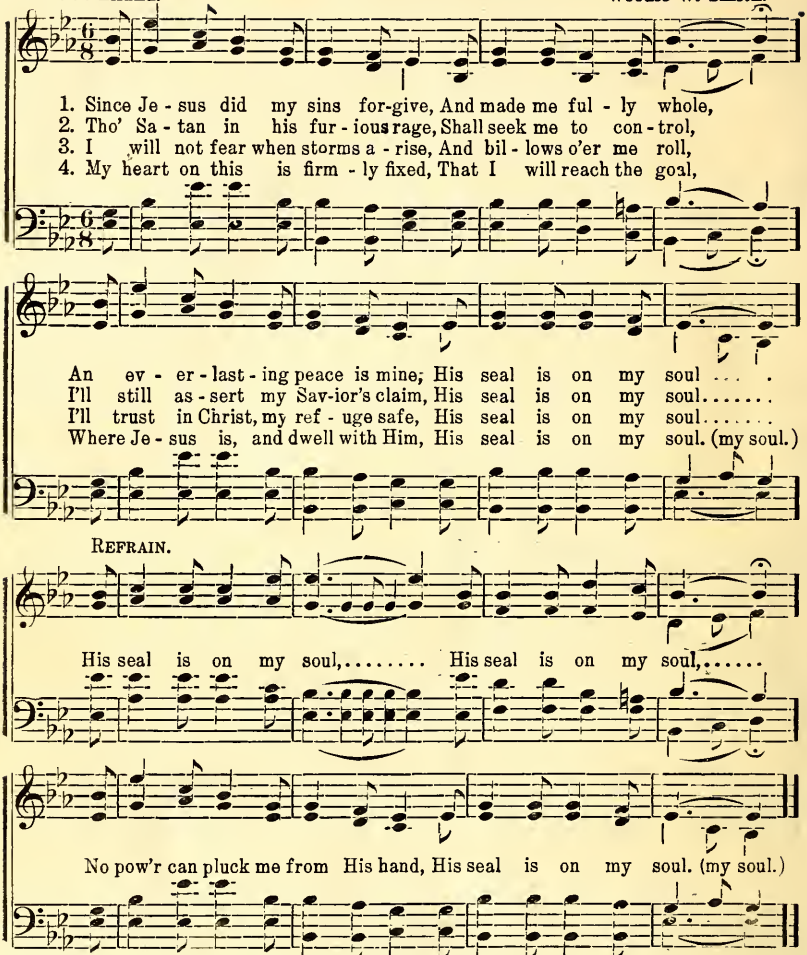
Fannie J. Crosby. William H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

## No. 186. HIS SEAL IS ON MY SOUL.

F. L. Eiland. Woodie W. Smith.


1. Since Je - sus did my sins for-give, And made me ful - ly whole,
2. Tho' Sa - tan in his fur - ious rage, Shall seek me to con - trol,
3. I will not fear when storms a - rise, And bil - lows o'er me roll,
4. My heart on this is firm - ly fixed, That I will reach the goal,
An ev - er - last - ing peace is mine; His seal is on my soul . . . .
I'll still as - sert my Sav-ior's claim, His seal is on my soul. . . . . .
I'll trust in Christ, my ref - uge safe, His seal is on my soul. . . . . .
Where Je - sus is, and dwell with Him, His seal is on my soul. (my soul.)
REFRAIN.
His seal is on my soul, . . . . . His seal is on my soul, . . . . . .
No pow'r can pluck me from His hand, His seal is on my soul. (my soul.)

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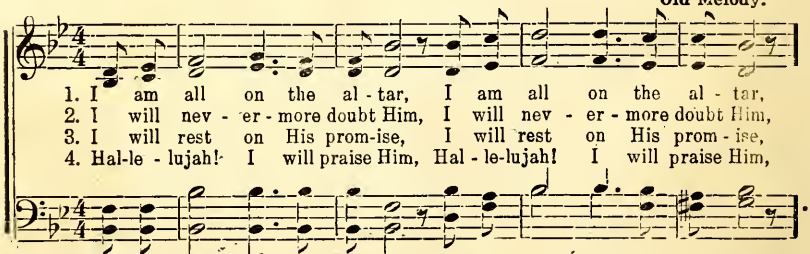
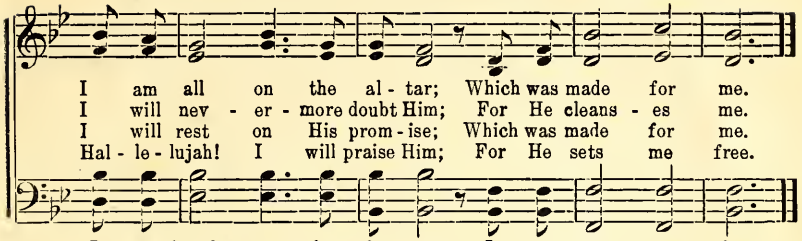
## No. 187. JESUS BREAKS EVERY FETTER.

Old Melody.

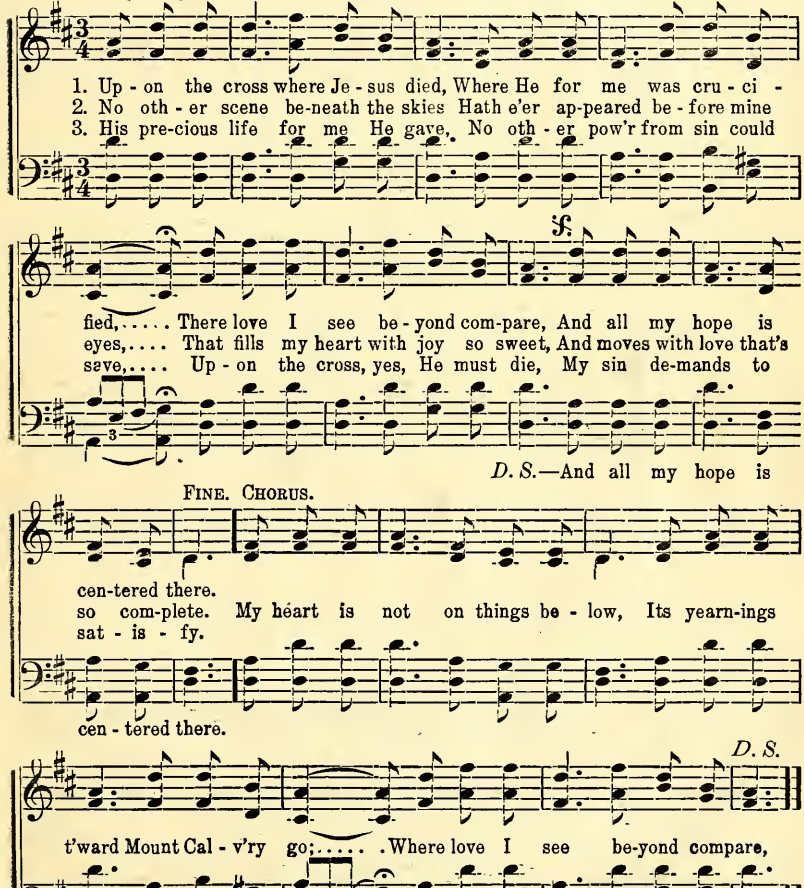

1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar,
2. I will nev - er - more doubt Him, I will nev - er - more doubt Him,
3. I will rest on His prom-ise, I will rest on His prom - ise,
4. Hal-le - lujah! I will praise Him, Hal - le-lujah! I will praise Him,
CHO.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter.

## JESUS BREAKS EVERY FETTER. Concluded.


I am all on the al - tar; Which was made for me.
I will nev - er - more doubt Him; For He cleans - es me.
I will rest on His prom - ise; Which was made for me.
Hal - le - lujah! I will praise Him; For He sets me free.
Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.

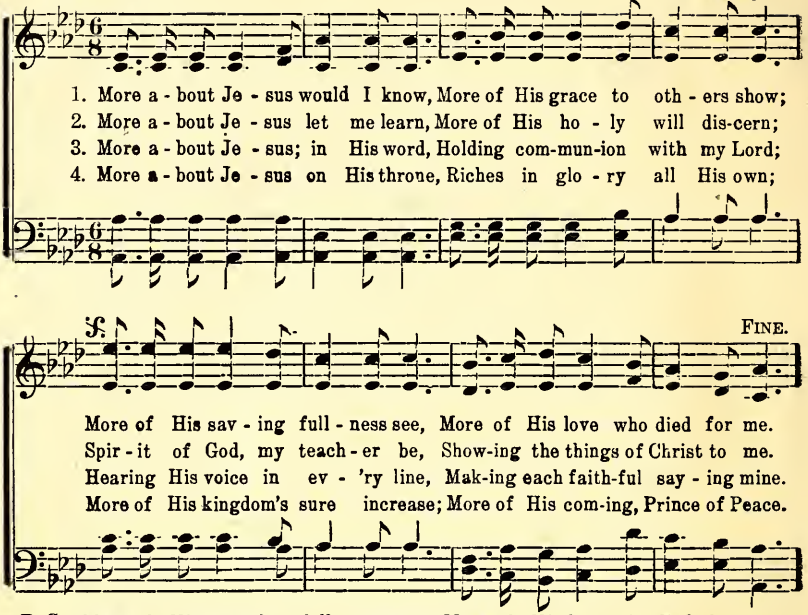
## No. 188. MY HOPE IS CENTERED THERE.

F. L. E. F. L. Eiland.

*Very slowly.*

1. Up - on the cross where Je - sus died, Where He for me was cru - ci -
2. No oth - er scene be-neath the skies Hath e'er ap-peared be - fore mine
3. His pre-cious life for me He gave, No oth - er pow'r from sin could
f.
fied,..... There love I see be - yond com-pare, And all my hope is
eyes,..... That fills my heart with joy so sweet, And moves with love that's
save,..... Up - on the cross, yes, He must die, My sin de-mands to
D. S.—And all my hope is
FINE. CHORUS.
cen-tered there.
so com-plete. My heart is not on things be - low, Its yearn-ings
sat - is - fy.
cen - tered there.
D. S.
t'ward Mount Cal - v'ry go;..... .Where love I see be-yond compare,

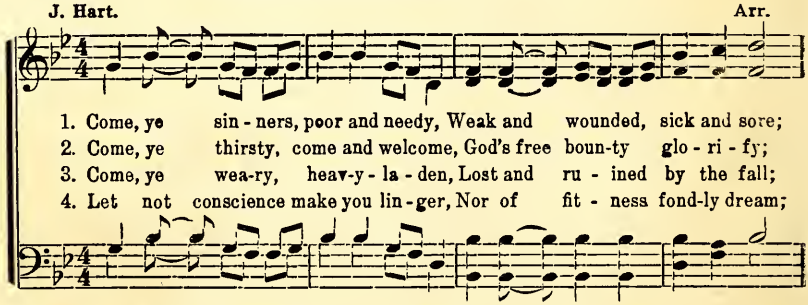
Owned by James D. Vaughan.

## No. 189. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;
FINE.
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
D. S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

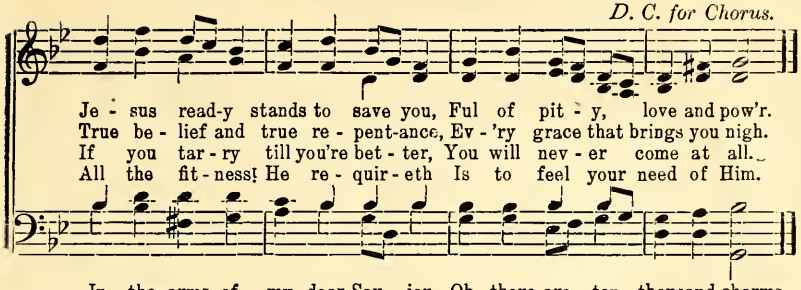
## No. 190. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

J. Hart. Arr.

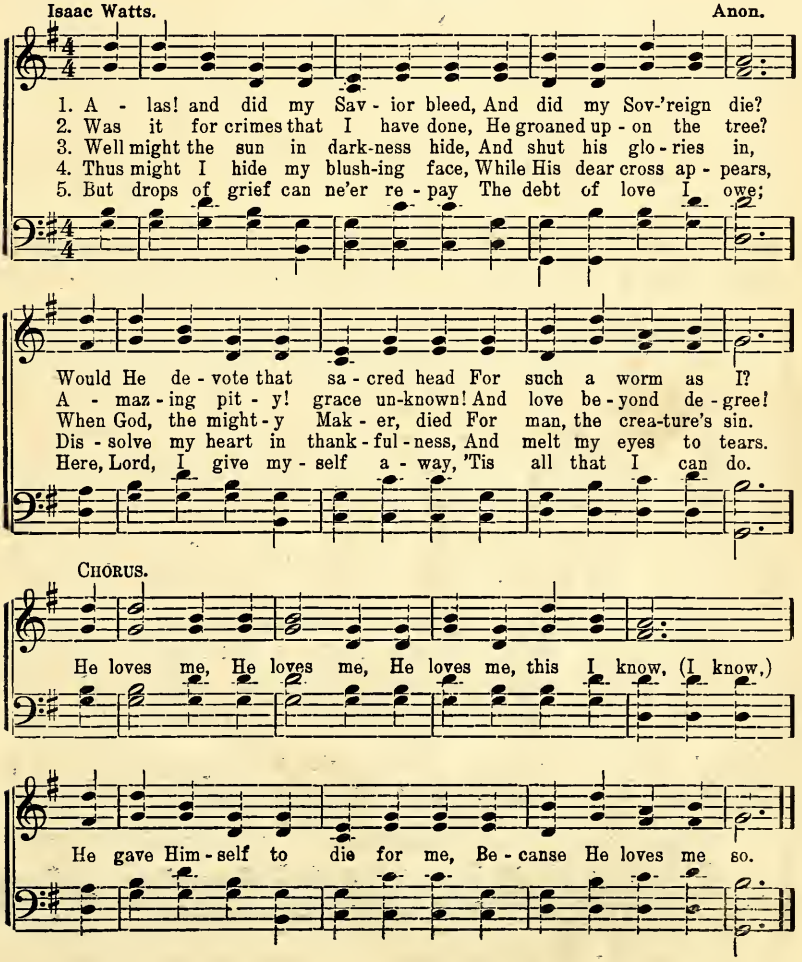

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

## I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS. Concluded.

*D. C. for Chorus.*


Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Ful of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness! He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

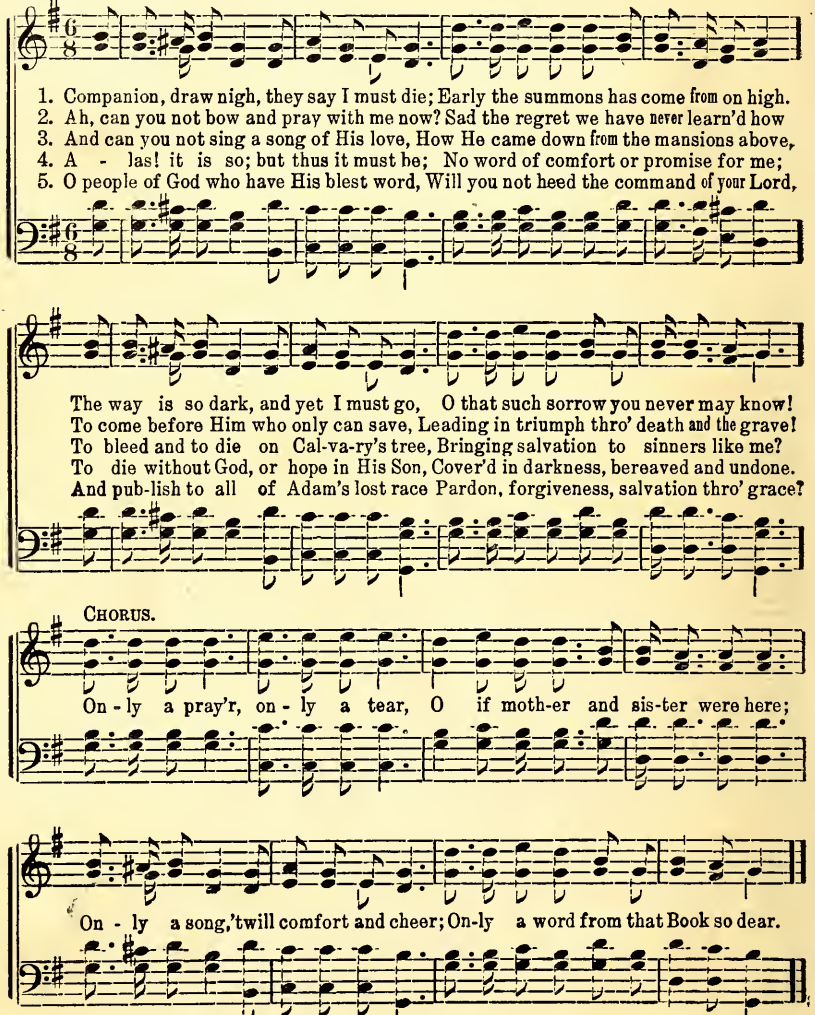
## No. 191. HE LOVES ME.

Isaac Watts. Anon.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know, (I know,)
He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - canse He loves me so.

# No. 192. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred, in which several men were injured; among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and, being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured, by his friend, that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed, "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.


1. Companion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Early the summons has come from on high.
2. Ah, can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learn'd how
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above,
4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,
The way is so dark, and yet I must go, O that such sorrow you never may know!
To come before Him who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave!
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bringing salvation to sinners like me?
To die without God, or hope in His Son, Cover'd in darkness, bereaved and undone.
And pub-lish to all of Adam's lost race Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thro' grace?
CHORUS.
On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if moth-er and sis-ter were here;
On - ly a song,'twill comfort and cheer; On-ly a word from that Book so dear.

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**THERE'S A BRIDGE O'ER THE RIVER**-Vaughan Quartet,piano acc.

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1125 { **ROCKING ON THE WAVES**—Vaughan Quartet, piano accomp.
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1175 { **ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS**—Vaughan Quartet, piano acc.
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**ONE SWEET DAY**—Solo, G. Kieffer Vaughan, piano accompaniment and Cello Obligato.

1225 { **LEAD ME, SHEPHERD**—Vaughan Quartet.
**WHEN JESUS COMES**—Vaughan Quartet, piano accomp.

1250 { **WHERE HE LEADS ME**—Vaughan Quartet.
**HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND**—Vaughan Quartet

1275 { **I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY**—Duet and Quartet, piano
**TRAVELING HOME**—Vaughan Quartet, piano accompaniment.

1300 { **OVER IN THE GLORYLAND**—Vaughan, Quartet, piano accomp.
**LORD, I WANT TO LIVE WITH THEE**—Duet and Quartet, piano accompaniment.

1325 { **THE PEARLY WHITE CITY**—Solo, Walter B. Seale, piano acc.
**GOLDEN SUNBEAMS OF LOVE**—Vaughan Quartet, piano acc.

1350 { **HE'S MY FRIEND**—Vaughan Quartet.
**JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL**—Duet and Quartet, piano accomp.

1375 { **TUNE IN ON HEAVEN**—Duet, Seale & Vaughan, piano accomp.
**WHAT WONDROUS LOVE**—Vaughan Quartet, piano accomp.

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**THE OLD RUGGED CROSS**—Vaughan Quartet.

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